Together

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families—November 1960

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We Live Longer

In 1 A.D., the average man lived only 24 years.
By 1776 life expectancy had risen to 35 years.
Now it's 70—and, thanks to science, still rising!

SUNSET ISSUE

Color pictorials and thoughtful articles by George H. Gallup, Dr. Paul Dudley White, and others . . . to help you in your quest for healthful, happy, and useful years ahead.

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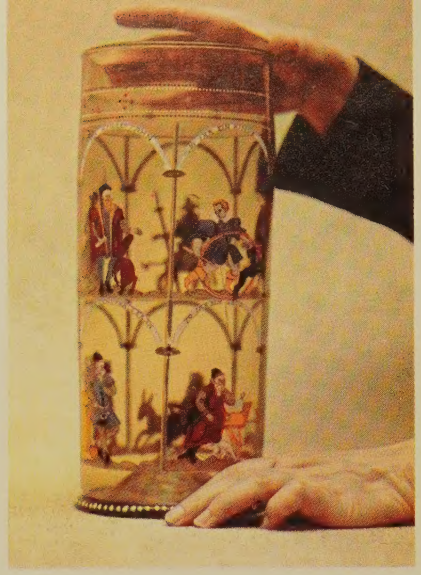

Panorama: Ten ages of man are depicted on a glass which once may have been used for Communion.

The Age

NEARLY 400 years ago, an unknown Bohemian art sat down to depict graphically an irrevocable sequen which all men have pondered — the several ages ma passes through in his adventurous journey across th stage of life. Even if modern photographic techniqu had been available, instead of the ground glass and meta lic oxides he used, it is doubtful that the artist could ha portrayed more accurately the waxing and waning of o allotted span. His unique work, immune to the vicis tudes that affect all men, survived the centuries to find place in Chicago's Art Institute. There it was discovere by TOGETHER and photographed for this issue.

The aging process, as shown here, has been decried b some who have hardly passed the third age. Yet man

At 10, the carefree child rolls his hoop and romps with his pet, a frisky kid.

At 20, he affects the air of a confident dandy ready for adventure.

At 30, he would think himself fearless and fier as a young bull.

At 60, he pauses to contemplate Age, which has caught him unawares.

At 70, he rests in retired leisure, the days occupied by memories.

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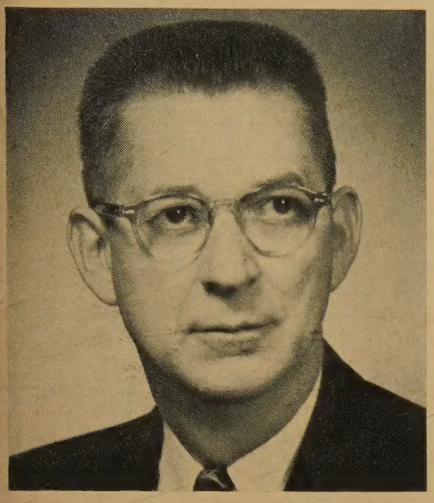
Together / SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition

NOVEMBER, 1960



Allen J. Carter, Sr.

Counselor Named for Stewardship Crusade

"Stewardship" is the word of the year for the California-Nevada Conference.

Now plan-building for a major, Conference-wide stewardship "crusade" during the fall and winter months ahead, the Long-Range Financial Program Committee has retained the H. P. Demand Associates for counsel and direction, according to the announcement of C. Clifford Pettygrove of Berkeley, chairman of the committee.

Assigned to assist in the initial planning and direction of the crusade is Allen J. Carter, Sr., of San Francisco, life-long Methodist, active member and trustee of Temple Church there, and former chairman of the official board. Allen has two sons in the Methodist ministry, both in the California-Nevada Conference.

Preliminary plans call for a special stewardship emphasis period throughout the Conference to be conducted during fall and winter months and before the period when churches generally stage an every-member canvass for support of local budgets.

A second major phase of the crusade will be support of four related agencies of the Conference: College of the Pacific, Fred Finch Home, Methodist Student Centers and California-Nevada Methodist Camps, Inc. The total objective is $1,547,000.

The comprehensive program will be evolved through consultation with the Conference Council, the Conference staff, the Bishop's cabinet, Conference boards, commissions and other groups. The aim is to gain and hold higher levels of commitment in the stewardship of possessions and service.

Bishop Announces New Appointments

An exchange of ministers between the California-Nevada Conference and the Southern California-Arizona Conference brought the Rev. Magee Wilkes of St. Paul's Church, Oxnard, to the pastorate of First Church, Oakland, and sent the former minister, the Rev. Daniel D. Walker, to First Church, Santa Monica, it was announced September 1 by Bishop Tippett.

In the Oakland post since 1957, Mr. Walker was serving as president of the Oakland Council of Churches and was recently moderator for bay area releases of the television feature *Talk Back*. He is a former pastor of Trinity Church, San Francisco, and a one-time conference youth director. He has been a delegate to two General and two Jurisdictional Conferences and now is serving his third four-year term on the General Board of Education.

Mr. Wilkes served churches in New England before coming to Southern California in 1940 to pastorate in Long Beach, Lompoc, Pomona, and Oxnard. He has been a leader in the area of stewardship and finance, membership, and evangelism, and on a district committee on church architecture and location.

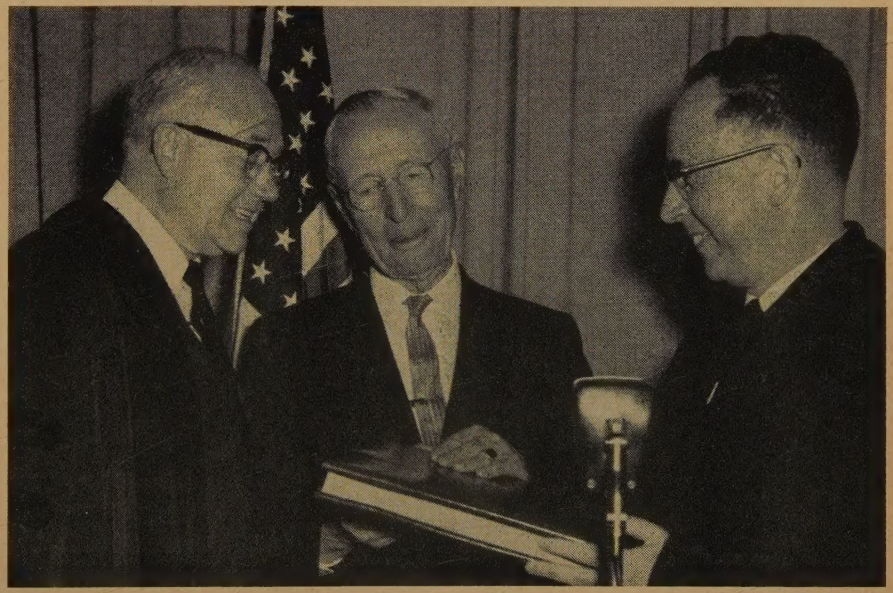
Since the 1960 Annual Conference sessions the bishop has confirmed other ministerial appointments. Dr. C. Maxwell Brown of Fargo, N.D., came to Calvary Church, San Jose in August, succeeding Dr. James H. Strayer, prominent community leader who retired after serving this church for 20 years. Dr. Brown has served four Dakota congregations and acted as a district superintendent since his graduation from Drew Theological Seminary.

The Rev. S. Milton Jarratt was assigned September first to Parkwood Church, South San Francisco. His former pulpit at Cloverdale is now occupied by the Rev. Bruce D. Jones from the N. Iowa Conference.

Two associate pastors have been placed, the Rev. Charles P. Milburn at Madera, from the Wisconsin Conference, and the Rev. Gustav C. Westmo to First Church, Vallejo.

Five new assistants have been named: Supply pastors Robert H. Schwartz at First Church, Alameda, Elwood R. Gaillard at Santa Clara, and Norman L. Gould at St. Peter's Church, Stockton, and probationers Victor I. Matson, Jr., at Trinity Church, Berkeley, and Jesse Paul Mark at Wesley Church, Hayward.

The Rev. Royal C. Satterlee from the Detroit Conference has become Minister to Youth at First Church, Palo Alto, while the Rev. Wendell B. Kramer is on special assignment to the Provisional Annual Conference of Bolivia.



Bishop Donald H. Tippett (left), entering his fourth quadrennium as bishop of the San Francisco Area, greets Dr. William Rankin at an Oakland reception honoring his 60 years in the ministry, while the Rev. Daniel Walker, formerly of Oakland First now of Santa Monica First, presents book of congratulatory letters to Dr. Rankin.

VITAL CHURCH STATISTICS

Fire on Monday, ground breaking Sunday was the story at Grace Church, Oakland, in early September.

Just as the congregation was completing plans for the traditional earth-turning ceremony to start construction on a new education building, fire swept through the sanctuary and caused major damage, not officially estimated at this report. But the first shovelfull for the new building was lifted on schedule, and the spirit and purpose of the Church were lifted by the responses of many who brought money, labor, or materials to aid in the sanctuary restoration, according to the after-the-fire-extra edition of the Grace Church *Visitor*. The Rev. Don Mueller and Bay View Superintendent Dr. Gene Carter were among principals in the ground-breaking ceremonies.

Bishop Tippett was presented on October 2 for the sermon and to conduct the service of consecration for the new plant of the Mill Valley Church.

The bishop's bookings also included the dedication of new Christian education buildings at Soulsbyville, September 11, and at Millbrae, September 25.

The Soulsbyville ceremonies marked the centennial observance of the church as well as the dedication of the new Sunday-school building. The building was started this spring and is nearing completion. The finishing work on the interior is being done by the men of the Church.

According to the pastor, John L. Robie, the Methodist church in Soulsbyville was formed in 1860 by a group of residents who came from Cornwall, England. These early miners and settlers brought Methodism with them. In 1866 a building was constructed which served as a school during the week and as a house of worship on Sunday. The present church was completed in February of 1908. The church now has 72 members with an average attendance of about 60 in the Sunday school.

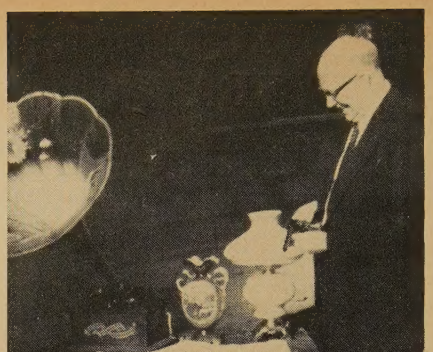
In order to raise the funds necessary for the completion of the education building, the church is putting on another of its unique relic sales.

Business Conference Set

Many Christian businessmen will be attracted to the second annual College of the Pacific Business Conference at Stockton, November 10-12.

Outstanding university and industry leaders will head the program of lectures, seminars, workshops, and exhibits turning on the theme: "The 1960's—Challenge to Management."

Conceived by Dr. Arthur Beckwith of Grace Church, Stockton, chairman of the C.O.P. department of business administration, the conference draws management people from throughout northern California. This year, while Dr. Beckwith is on sabbatical leave, the sessions will be directed by Frank L. Roberts, recently appointed acting director.



Bishop Tippett examines antiques to be offered at the Soulsbyville Church auction.

Gratitude From India

Forty ministers and leaders of the Bombay and Gujarat Conferences, who recently concluded a five-day school and retreat in Baroda, have well remembered their colleagues in the California-Nevada Conference who sustain this annual study and fellowship opportunity in India.

Letters addressed to Bishop Tippett from Bishop Mangal Singh of the Bombay Area and two members of the retreat, high-school principal Mrs. Daisy Samuel and the Rev. Eric Mitchell, express deep gratitude: "For the third year in succession your generosity has made it possible for such a retreat to be held. . . . Our hearts have been warmly stirred during the periods of worship, our thinking has been clarified as we have studied vital subjects together, and once again the fellowship in Christ which we have enjoyed together has been inspiring."

Regional Meetings Tackle Christian Social Concerns

Dr. Dillon W. Throckmorton of Modesto, director of the Heifer Project, was general chairman for briefing sessions on Christian social relations ideas and techniques held at First Church, Hollywood, in September.

One of five such meetings across the nation, it was sponsored by the Board of Christian Social Concerns and regional committees within the 12 western states.

Speakers, who lead discussion and workshop groups included Bishop Donald H. Tippett, Dr. Gene W. Carter, superintendent of Bay View District, and Donald Sutcliffe of San Francisco, staff member of the White House Committee on Aging.

Church strategy in the areas of gambling, alcohol, church-state relations, labor-management relations, disarmament and the aging were studied. The program centered on methods of dealing with these subjects in local church programs directed by the now mandatory commissions on Christian social concerns in the local church.

Leadership Workshops Attract Many Workers

More than 250 workers representin churches of the new Bay View Distri attended the first two in a series conference-wide Leadership Worksho for local church leaders extending November 13.

An estimated 2,000 laymen will hav received new resources and instructio through the workshops in the directio of church programs in evangelism, wo ship, education, social concerns, mission and public relations. Each worksho schedule provides three hours of inte sive study in each of the subject areas, a hour of inspiration and worship, and th fellowship of a dinner hour.

Leadership for leadership training supplied by the several boards and com missions involved and by the Conferenc staff.

A co-ordinating theme for the work shop sequence is stewardship—the stew ardship of service and resources based o the unqualified commitment to th Christian way of life.

The remaining calendar:

Oct. 22—Fresno District, Bakersfield St. Mark's

Oct. 23—Fresno District, Fresno, Firs

Oct. 29—San Jose District, San Jose Calvary

Oct. 30—Golden Gate District, Sout San Francisco, St. Paul's

Nov. 12—Sacramento-Nevada District Sacramento, Oak Park

Nov. 13—Sacramento-Nevada District Fallon, Nev.

Methodists Men of the Fortuna Church have topped their goal of providing 60 tons of surplus food in 1960 for distribution by the Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief. At the rate of 437 pounds per dollar they had raised enough in September for 65 tons of food.

The only Chinese food available to most of the Chinese patients at Stockton State Hospital is the annual dinner given by the Woman's Society of Christian Service at St. Mark's Church, Stockton, for these patients and their attendants.

The project is sponsored by the Christian Social Relations committee of the WSCS, whose members are recognized as hospital volunteers. In charge this

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When We Were Younger

From the files of Streamlines-Messenger and the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE *Supplement, these clippings revive San Francisco Area news five, ten, and twenty years ago.*

1940

The Rev. Daniel D. Walker, director of young peoples in the California Conference, was initiated into the work at the President's Banquet in Oakland when 750 young people also honored Paul and Helen Campbell, the retiring workers.

1950

After nearly 100 years, the first church building in the community of Courtland is being completed. This community of 600 has never had a church building. Construction began in August on the first unit of the Courtland Community Methodist Church. The cornerstone laying ceremonies were conducted later by the pastor, the Rev. W. R. Troutner.

1955

Without a protestant church in its history and with no church for 35 years, Coulterville now has Methodist services. John L. Robie was appointed to supply the church. Charter day was October 14.

year were Mrs. Gertrude Hanna and Mrs. Minnie Chew.

The dismantled old Grace-Barry Church which formerly stood on the O'Banion Corners in Yuba City is rising again in Princeton. Material from the historic structure is being used in the building of four new units, among which the new Princeton Church office has been completed.

A blood bank has been organized by Grace Church, Fresno, to serve members and others who may need emergency help at Community Hospital.

The youth group at Guinda got organized only early in 1960, but they're already active in many and varied ways.

On one Sunday, the noise of pigeons in the belfry was too competitive for the sermon by the Rev. Bruce Baker, so he stopped while David Bradshaw, 13, and Allen Scott, 12, volunteered to go after the birds.

The pigeons eluded capture Sunday, but on Monday the boys returned, rounded up 48 birds, and patched holes to prevent their return.

Three young people are being sponsored this year by the Commission on Missions of the Burlingame Church. Miss Yayomi Hirayama of Tokyo, Japan, both of whose parents are ministers in the United Church of Japan, and who is a graduate of the Women's Methodist Christian University in Tokyo, will study church music under the leadership of John McIntosh, church organist and Earl Jones, director of music. Under the International Christian Youth Exchange program Anna Elfstrom of Orebro, Sweden, will attend Burlingame High School and Joanne Hall of the Burlingame Wesley Fellowship will spend the school year in Norrkoping, Sweden, as guest in the home of a Lutheran pastor. This Commission has now sponsored a total of nine exchange students.

Three students awarded Methodist Crusade Scholarships are studying at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, Raymond Baines in pastoral theology, Kenneth Miyake in systematic theology, and A. Cecil Williams in social ethics.

The Conference board of Missions reports that the Rev. Vincent A. Rutherford, missionary from Pakistan, will be available for speaking engagements in the California-Nevada Conference area in December, January, and February. Bookings for him may be arranged through District missionary secretaries or by addressing him at Route 1, Box 695, Boulder Creek.

At Cincinnati in September Don Baldwin of San Rafael was elected as a representative of the Methodist Youth Fellowship to the general Board of Education for the new quadrennium.

David Wellenbrock of Chester recently reached a high point in scouting when he received the Life Scout award, according to the columns of *Pine Breezes*, monthly newsletter of Community Church, while *Grace Notes* of Grace Church, Stockton, reports three boys who attended the fifth national Boy Scout Jamboree in Colorado: Carl Beam, Leon Casenave, and Jerry Winges.

Golden Wedding anniversaries were recently celebrated with church friends by Mr. and Mrs. Neal Dow of Wesley Church, Modesto, and Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Schackelford of Grace Church, Stockton, while WSCS ladies of Wayside Church, Vallejo, went all out in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Hegendeffer on their 40th anniversary.

Sterling Redman, layman of First Methodist Church, Burlingame and Sunday-school teacher for 30 years, has been named executive director of the Peninsula Council of Churches.

The Rev. Robert Boswell, Fresno District superintendent, was reported recovering well from recent surgery at Community Hospital, Fresno.

Mary Cilley of Vallejo recently celebrated her 86th birthday, a special one because it marked for her 60 years of service in First Church there.

James McGiffin of Los Altos, director of Christian education and youth work in the outposts and mission conferences for the Board of Missions, is heading a series of workshops for church-school teachers in the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference running through February, according to the Conference newsletter.

The Rev. Douglas Henderson of St. Stephen's Church, Oakland, was among 12 award winners in the 1960 missionary hymn competition conducted by *World Outlook*, national Methodist magazine of missions.

Dr. Evelyn Berger's newest TV program, "Family Affair," is currently aired by KRON, Channel 4, San Francisco, Sundays at 9:30 a.m. The noted consulting psychologist and Methodist churchwoman presents typical family problem situations, followed by an analysis with guides to the problem solution.

Eight California-Nevada Conference ministers completed the four-year course of professional study provided by the Western Jurisdiction during the summer season at the College of the Pacific in Stockton. The men and their charges, first row, left to right, are the Revs. J. Allen Sowards, Portola; Joseph Garcia, Dinuba; George Lewis Green, and John Robie, Coulterville-Jamestown-Soulsbyville. Second row, William Wingstrom, St. Helena; Bruce T. Baker, Guinda and Yolo County Parish; Robert T. Tanner, Tuolumne, and James A. B. Haggart, Fall River Mills.

A religious counselor at the universities of Wisconsin, Michigan, and California for a total of 50 years, Dr. Edward W. Blakeman of Trinity Church, Berkeley, was honored there September 11 with a this-is-your-life program marking his 80th birthday.

Carolyn Schuler of Orinda, Olympic Games gold medal winner in the women's 100-meter butterfly swim, is the granddaughter of the late Methodist minister, Dr. Edgar Lowther. Carolyn and her parents, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Schuler, now are members of the Orinda Community Church.

Honor Methodist Oldsters

Bishop George A. Miller, 92, of Lafayette and of Central America fame, received a *Who's Who in America* citation for special educational philanthropy. The citation records his missionary work started 40 years ago in Costa Rica which culminated recently in a Methodist training school at Alajuela, as a result of his recent gifts.

The notice continues, "He not only founded the school, but personally provided funds for the purchase of land, erection of a chapel, plus various other buildings. Throughout the years he has consistently advocated the training of Costa Rican leaders."

Mrs. Elizabeth Newman, 96, member of the First Church, Redwood City, was the subject of a recent feature biography by Phyllis Mackall in the *Redwood City Tribune*. A Methodist for 84 of her years she attends church services whenever possible and enjoys the Woman's Society of Christian Service. Far from living in the past, she says, "I never saw the day when I felt old. I have no desire to go back to the good old days. Things are more liveable now."

Amos Alonzo Stagg, 98, of Central Church, Stockton, on his latest birthday received the gold medal of the National Football Foundation. Only two others of these medals have been struck—for Dwight D. Eisenhower, and Douglas MacArthur. Mr. and Mrs. Stagg are still regulars at Sunday morning worship —the 9:30 service.

Colleges Expanding

The California-Nevada Conference gives direct support to three major educational institutions, College of the Pacific at Stockton, Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley, and the Southern California Theological Seminary at Claremont. All reported burgeoning enrollments, curricula, and faculty at the opening of the college year.

College of the Pacific welcomed the largest freshman class in its history when it opened its doors to begin its 110th year in mid-September, President Robert E. Burns has reported.

Approximately 475 freshmen joined 200 other new students and 922 preregistered students this fall.

Sixty-nine men and women from 20 states and 3 foreign countries participated in the Orientation Week Program for new students at Pacific School of Religion, according to President Stuart LeRoy Anderson. The entering class is one of the largest in the history of the school. Pacific School of Religion is interdenominational and the new students represent 14 different denominations.

Three new members of the faculty were welcomed to the campus. Dr. Vere V. Loper, pastor emeritus of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley, is visiting professor of homiletics for the year, taking the place of Dr. Harland E. Hogue who is on sabbatical leave.

Mr. Edward S. Setchko is instructor in pastoral phychology and counseling and director of the Pastoral Counseling Service for the coming year.

Dr. Donald A. McGavran, former missionary to India and presently a member of the faculty of the College of Missions of the United Christian Missionary Society, is visiting professor of world Christianity and missions.

After welcoming 48 new students largest entering class yet recorded, th Southern California School of Theolog staged a convocation September 2 marking the 75th anniversary of the ori gin of the school.

Indonesian Families Come To California Churches

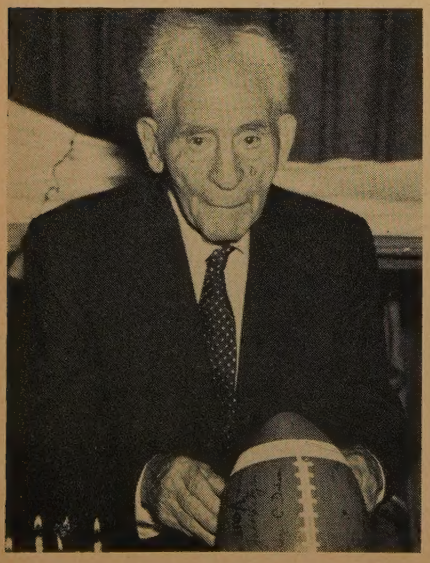
The reception of five more Indonesian families by churches in the California Nevada Conference has been reported in recent weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Armand Brard, three year-old Sheree, two-year-old Reggie, and their grandmother, Mrs. Eugene Clignett were warmly welcomed in August both by the weather in San Jose and by St. Paul's Church. Mr. Brard is a former marine engineer. He and Mrs. Clignett are already employed.

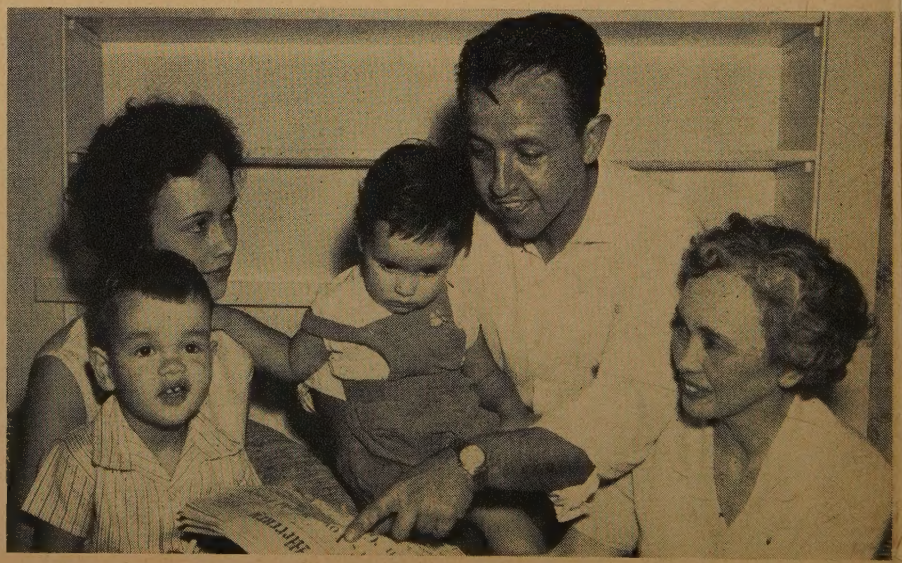
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Hamer arrived via Holland at San Carlos where they moved into an apartment provided by their sponsor, the Claremont Church. They are seeking employment for Mr. Hamer. *The Vine,* Claremont's newsletter, published a plea for contacts for Mr. Hamer, experienced in the import-export business.

Mr. and Mrs. Mendes da Costa and their children, Leon 14, Robert 7, and Louise 13, were welcomed to Sunnyvale by First Church. After being forced to leave Indonesia where they had been in Japanese interment they went first to Holland. A house for the family and a job for Mr. da Costa as custodian at the high school was arranged by the church on their arrival at Sunnyvale.

Mr. and Mrs. Hubert R. Schifferling became South San Francisco residents where they were sponsored by St. Paul's Church. Mr. and Mrs. Fritz De Jong and his brother Reinhold, now live near Fresno where they were received and guided by the Calway Church.



Amos Alonzo Stagg at 98.



Indonesian family Brard—Mrs. Brard with Reggis, and Armand Brard with Sheree.

# of Man

They form a theme from Genesis to the Space Age.

who love life welcome the experience, maturity, wisdom, and assurance that can be the reward of our fleeting years. If it is a crime, as George Bernard Shaw said, that youth has to be wasted on the young, it is equally true that one is old only once, just as one is young only once.

"Old age, especially an honored old age, has so great authority that this is of more value than all the pleasures of youth." These are the words of Cicero, born a century before Christ and nearly 2,000 years before Social Security, pension plans, fantastic advances in geriatrics and nutrition, and the recent upsurge in longevity.

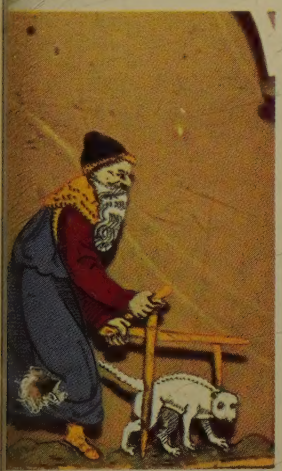
Today, increasing millions of happy faces are around to speak *for* the sunset years. Comparatively few, even now, can expect to reach the century mark by way of these 10 ages, although there are scores among TOGETHER readers who are 100 or older. Yet, certainly, the rewards of later years are far richer now than they were in that distant time when our unknown artist created his masterpiece on pale green glass.

Walt Whitman, the poet, also found a favorite subject in the ages of man. "Youth, large, lusty, loving—Youth full of grace, force, fascination," he observed. "Do you know that Old Age may come after you with equal grace, force, fascination?"

What Whitman had to say about the sunset years could be echoed, we're sure, by many we meet each day—those oldsters who still find life wonderful and each day fresh and full of challenge.

secure in the
of his years, he's a
his prime.

At 50, midway point,
he's an important man if
ever he's to become one.



, bent by his
years, he needs a
for walking.

At 90, he's puzzled
to find himself more
foolish—yet wiser!

At 100, he welcomes the dark stranger who will lead him off stage. Here the artist who satirized man's earlier years has softened his touch.

Now-A Lifetime Hospitalizatio

The Gold Star Plan Costs Less—Pay

To readers of this magazine who do not drink, we are pleased and proud to offer the Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy, which will pay you $100 a week from your first day in the hospital, and will continue paying as long as you are there, even for life!

If you do not drink, and are carrying ordinary hospitalization insurance, you are of course helping to pay for the accidents and hospital bills of those who do drink.

Now, for the first time, you can get the newest and most modern type of hospitalization coverage at an unbelievably low rate because the Gold Star Policy is offered ONLY to non-drinkers. With this policy, you receive $100 a week from the first day and as long as you remain in the hospital! This money is paid you in cash to be used for rent, food, hospital, or doctor bills — anything you wish. Your policy cannot be cancelled by the company no matter how long you remain in the hospital or how often you are sick. And the present low rate on your policy can never be raised simply because you get old, or have too many claims, but only in the event of a general rate adjustment up or down for all policyholders!

One out of every seven people will spend some time in the hospital this year. Every day, over 43,000 people enter the hospital—32,000 of these for the first time! No one knows whose turn will be next, whether yours or mine. But we do know that a fall on the sidewalk or stairs in your home, or some sudden illness, could put you in the hospital for weeks or months, and could cost thousands of dollars.

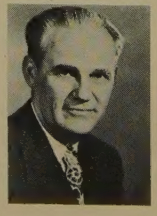
How would you pay for a long siege in the hospital with costly doctor bills and expensive drugs and medicines? Many folks lose their car, savings, even their home, and are sunk hopelessly in debt for the rest of their lives. We surely hope this won't happen to you, but please don't gamble! Remember, once the doctor tells you it's your turn to enter the hospital, it's too late to buy coverage at any price.

Outstanding Leaders Say:

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, noted minister and editor, Christian Herald: "The advantages of a hospital plan which is available to non-drinkers only are obvious. The lower rate is made possible because you are not paying the bills for the illnesses and accidents of those who use alcohol."

Upton Sinclair, Pulitzer Prize Author: "I think your idea of giving people the insurance discount which they earn by not shortening their lives with alcohol is a brilliant one, and I am glad to be counted in on it."

Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, Minister, Christ Church, New York, nationally known Methodist Preacher and Author: "I recently heard about the Gold Star Plan and think it is something that has been needed for a long time. It only seems fair and just that some such plan should be put in operation so that those who do not drink should not be penalized for those who do."



Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, General Secretary of the Board of Temperance of The Methodist Church: "The non-drinker being a better insurance risk should be entitled to a lower premium rate on his policy. I want to congratulate you on bringing this low-cost Gold Star Insurance Plan to total abstainers."

Happy Policyholders Write:

"Thank you for the cash settlement of my claim. Every cent was paid according to your policy. I had only made one payment before I was stricken, and you paid up immediately with no questions asked. I heartily recommend this policy to any one."

Mrs. G.G., Neillsville, Wisc.

"It's wonderful to know we have someone like you to take such an interest in poor people, especially us older ones. Too bad their aren't more people like you in the world."

Mrs. R.T.S., Troy, N. H.

"Thank God someone saw fit to put out such a policy."

Mrs. H.R.D., Yuma, Ariz.

"I had other protection but it cost me more for three months than your policy and protection does for a year."

Mrs. C.H., Berkley, Mich.

"Enclosed is my check for your special hospitalization policy. I am pleased to know that non-drinkers can now obtain such insurance without paying the higher rate required by others."

Mr. G.H., Rosamond, Calif.

"This is a much needed type of policy for today, for why should those who do not drink pay for those who do?"

Mr. J.W.B., Zanesville, Ohio

"I received the policy you sent me and had my lawyer check it. He says it's the best one he has seen yet."

Mrs. E.W., Kernersville, N. C.

"I do appreciate the check and the good service rendered by your company in our sickness. It was purely a coincidence that Mrs. D. entered the hospital on the very day that our policy went into effect. I was very glad that I had made application and had been accepted by your company because the check was really needed. Thanks again for all your consideration."

Mr. J.B.D., Flint, Mich.

"Thank you ever so much for your draft received so promptly in payment of my claim for benefit . . . I have found that I am insured in a very reliable company, proved by your prompt and considerate handling of my claim."

Mrs. E.G.P., Norwalk, Ohio

"We are thankful that we did have this insurance policy. With no other income while my husband was in the hospital, this check certainly helped out."

Mr. D. McC., Yuma, Ariz.

"I have long wondered why such a policy could not have been offered, especially at such a reasonable price where we can all reach it . . . I wish to commend your company for coming forth with such a plan and offering such splendid coverage at such a reasonable cost."

Rev. G.H.C., Reidsville, Ga.

Senior Citizen's Policy

Those over 65 frequently find it difficult to get hospitalization insurance. De Moss Associates offer a special Senior Citizen's Policy for those between 65 and 100 at only $6.00 per month, or $60 per year, offering identically the same liberal benefits as the standard Gold Star $100 policy.

Money-Back Guarantee

We'll *mail* your policy to your home. No salesman will call. In the privacy of your own home, read the policy over. Examine it carefully. Have the policy checked by your lawyer, your doctor, your Christian friends or some trusted advisor. Make sure it provides *exactly* what we've told you it does. Then, if you are not fully satisfied, mail it back within 10 days, and we'll promptly and cheerfully refund your money by return mail, with no questions asked. So, you see, you have *everything* to gain and nothing to lose!

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TOTAL ABSTAINERS • GOLD STAR • HOSPITALIZATION POLICY

100 Weekly From 1st Day for Life!

Check These Remarkable Features:

- Guaranteed renewable. (Only YOU can cancel)
- Good in any accredited hospital anywhere in the world! (Including missionary hospitals)
- Pays in addition to any other hospital insurance you may carry.
- All benefits paid directly to you in cash!
- No health examination necessary.
- No automatic age termination.
- Immediate coverage! Full benefits go into effect noon of the day your policy is issued.
- No limit on number of times you can collect.
- Pays from the very first day in hospital.
- No policy fees or enrollment fees!
- Ten-day money-back guarantee!

Gold Star Pays For FULL STAY In Hospital

With a Gold Star Total Abstainer's Hospitalization Policy, you would receive $100 per week in cash as long as you remain in the hospital. Even if you are already covered by another policy, the Gold Star Plan will supplement that coverage and pay IN ADDITION to your present policy.

This wonderful, generous protection costs only $4 a month for each adult, age 19 through 64, or $40 for twelve full months. For each child under age 19, the cost is just $3 for a month's protection. And for each adult of age 65 through 100, the cost is only $6 a month.

NO TIME LIMIT! NO SALESMAN WILL CALL!

The day your policy is issued, full benefits go into effect — there's no time limit, no waiting periods. The Gold Star Policy will be mailed to your home — no salesman will call. All benefits are paid to you in CASH and can be used for rent, food, hospital, doctor bills — anything you wish. Even if you're already insured with another Policy, get the Gold Star Policy for vital EXTRA protection. Look ahead! — before it's too late. You may be happy and healthy today but tomorrow you may be in a hospital bed. It does and can happen, and with shocking suddenness! Think what a blessing it will be to fall back on reliable help. So be wise! Rush coupon to insure your protection NOW! This policy is sold only by mail.

Only Conditions Not Covered

Following are the only conditions this policy does not cover: any act of war; pre-existing conditions; pregnancy or hospitalization caused by the use of alcoholic-beverages or narcotics. Everything else IS covered!

The World Mutual Health and Accident Insurance Company

World Mutual has been operating since 1920 and has an unimpeachable record of honesty, integrity and dependability. By special arrangement with De Moss Associates, World Mutual has underwritten this Gold Star Total Abstainers' Hospitalization Policy.

This plan offered exclusively by

DE MOSS ASSOCIATES

VALLEY FORGE, PA.

"Special Hospital-Medical Plans for Special People"

Additional Benefits

Pays $2,000 for accidental death.

Pays $2,000 cash for loss of one hand, one foot or sight of one eye.

Pays $6,000 cash for loss of both eyes, both feet, or both hands.

Pays double the above amounts (up to $12,000) for specified travel accidents!

RUSH COUPON NOW

TO ASSURE YOUR PROTECTION

APPLICATION TO T1160

World Mutual Health and Accident Ins. Co. of Penna.

My name is.....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Date of birth: Month..... Day..... Year.....

My occupation is.....

My beneficiary is.....

I also hereby apply for coverage for the members of my family listed below:

	Name	Date of Birth	Age	Relationship	Beneficiary
1.					
2.					
3.					
4.					

(A) Do you and all members listed above certify that you do not use alcohol?
Yes ☐ No ☐

(B) Do you and all members listed above certify that you are in sound and healthy condition mentally and physically to the best of your belief and knowledge?
Yes ☐ No ☐

If no, please state details including operations, sickness or disabilities during the past five years:

(C) Do you hereby apply to the World Mutual Health and Accident Ins. Co. of Penna. for a policy based on the understanding that the policy applied for does not cover conditions originating prior to the date of insurance, and that the policy is issued solely and entirely in reliance upon the written answers to the foregoing questions? GEN—APP—3-59
Yes ☐ No ☐

Date..... Signed: X.....

Enclosed is my remittance in the amount of:

- ☐ $4 for each adult, ages 19-64 for one month's protection
- ☐ $40 for each adult for 12 month's protection
- ☐ $3 for one month's protection for each child under age 19
- ☐ $30 for 12 months' protection for each child
- ☐ $6 for each adult, age 65-100 for one month's protection
- ☐ $60 per adult for your Senior Citizen's Policy for 12 months

Check here for Gold Star's $50 per week Plan:

☐ I am enclosing one-half of the designated premium for half benefits.

Mail this application with your first premium to —

DE MOSS ASSOCIATES — Valley Forge, Pa.

Music In God's World
For the music of the wind
Rustling thru the leaves
For the singing of the birds
In the tree tops high
Our Father, we thank Thee
For the rushing of the waterfall
And the bubbling of the brook
For the chirping of the crickets
And the music of the bees
Our Father, we thank Thee
For the bright blue sky
The clouds and suh,
For the dark night sky
The stars and mobn light
Our Father, we thank Thee
For the ringing of the bells
Calling us to church
For the hymns we love to sing
Praising Thee
Our Father, we thank Thee
Amen

Our Father, We Thank Thee!

"GRATITUDE is the mother of all virtues and it springs from an awareness of God's goodness to us." That's how Bishop Arthur J. Moore, now retired, states a great theological truth appropriate to recall this Thanksgiving Day month of November.

Young children often have the same insight, but don't express it in theological terms. They tell it through games that flex arms and legs, or through singsong words and phrases that lilt and may even rhyme.

It was so with third-graders taught by Mrs. Arthur Cook, Jr., at the vacation church school of the Jamestown Methodist Church in Elkhart, Ind. While studying a textbook, *The Earth Is Full of His Riches,* reports Mrs. Cook, the class felt a joyous compulsion to say "Thank you" to God.

The result was the prayer above. On a huge paper tablecloth they lettered their verses, then illustrated them with color pictures clipped from TOGETHER.

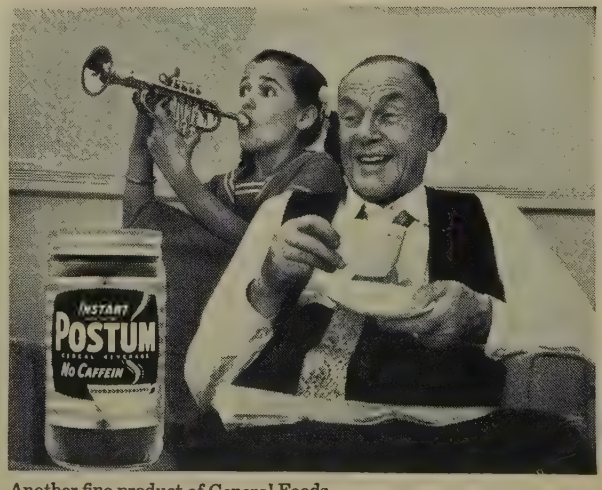
"Because I was nervous—a 'Grumpy Grandpa'—my doctor started me on Postum."

"My grandchildren made me realize how irritable and nervous I was. 'Gee, Grandpa's grumpy!' I heard them whispering. Was there something wrong with my nerves?

"The doctor didn't think so. He asked if I'd been sleeping well. I hadn't. Then he asked if I'd been drinking lots of coffee. I had. It seems many people can't take the caffein in coffee and I'm one of them. Change to Postum, the doctor advised. It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake.

"Did my grandchildren notice the difference? They certainly did. When you sleep well, when you're not on edge, you have lots more patience. I'm sold on Postum —I like the way it makes me feel. You will too!"

Postum is 100% coffee-free



Another fine product of General Foods

Cooling golden shadows, stay awhile; his reading's not yet done.

A Time There is...

Old bones take to a chair in sun until
A sudden twilight finds them lingering;
Old bones are not for sitting in the chill
That rides in on the night wind of the Spring.
Old bones should stir themselves before the night
Spins memories along the lilac street
As lovers meet beneath a circled light
Where lovers, long ago, were wont to meet.
This chair was not reserved for fools like me...
Best, now, to go. There is a hint of rain.
A fire brings comfort, and a pot of tea
Spells comfort at the ending of the lane.
Then shall I latch the door. The hour is late.
No more comes April, whistling at my gate...

—BEULAH FENDERSON SMITH

Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship.

—John Wesley (1703-1791)

WE INTRODUCE this special issue of TOGETHER with these words written recently by Bishop Arthur J. Moore of Atlanta as he prepared to retire after 30 years in the episcopacy:

"Next to the mercy of God and the influence of my family, I place the friends with whom I have walked in the way. In recent years I have found myself lingering lovingly upon their names; they have been with me in many hours and circumstances. Some of them have passed through the gates eternal and are at home in God's house, yet many remain on this side of the river and the privilege of standing beside them puts iron into my blood and courage into my soul. . . . Friends such as these make heaven necessary and immortality compulsory. In that country where God lets us reside when the sun goes down in our west, where long shadows never darken, I shall live with this gracious company and be happy there as I have been here."

Back in 1909, a little South Georgia circuit took Bishop Moore "on trial." He was a country preacher then—but his parish soon grew to embrace the world. Placed in charge of Methodist missionary activities in China, Japan, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Korea, Belgium, and the Congo, he became a cosmopolitan in the true sense of the word. Though widely traveled and much honored, he coveted no title higher than that of "Methodist preacher."

This philosophy, we think, fits the Methodist tradition patterned by John Wesley in the words that top this column. The essential things in life are not found in far places, in exotic surroundings, in fame or wealth. For when the time comes to contemplate the sunset, it is rewarding to look back and find those golden rays illuminating a fellowship that glows because of a heart right with one's fellow man, because of a love of and a service to God.

—YOUR EDITORS

• • •

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NOVEMBER 1960 / VOL. IV, NO. 11

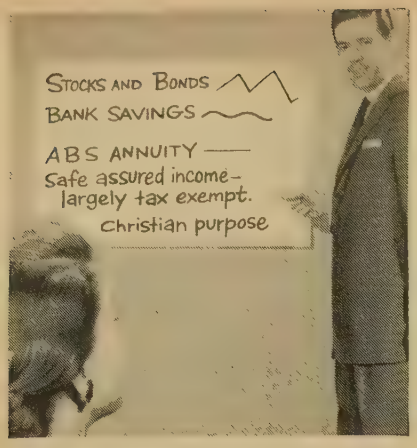
Together

The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

The Ages of Man ... *(Color Pictorial)* 2
Our Father, We Thank Thee! ... 6
A Time There Is . . . ... Beulah Fenderson Smith 8
Looking Ahead at 95 ... Edward J. Aikin 17
Government Cannot Enact Happiness ... George H. Gallup 18
Uncle Sam's Helping Hand ... 20
They Make a Joyful Noise ... *(Pictorial)* 22
How to Avoid a Heart Attack ... Paul Dudley White 26
If a Heart Attack Strikes ... E. Vincent Askey 28
Compulsory Retirement at a Fixed Age? ... *(Powwow)* George E. Johnson, Robert J. Havighurst 29
Experience That's Priceless ... 32
Living Those Sunset Years ... Helen Keller 33
Why We Live Longer ... Louis I. Dublin 34
Why Methodists Live Longer ... 35
Old As Methuselah ... 36
How to Live With Teen-Agers . . . and Like It! Richmond Barbour 37
A Room for Grandma ... Parker B. Lusk 39
Three Generations Under One Roof ... Katharine Holmes 40
How About Living Alone? Myrtle M. Creasey, Dale Fife 42
New Ideas in Old Folks' Homes ... Herman B. Teeter 45
Mr. Wesley Vexed Dr. Johnson, But 48
Love Your Neighbor ... Mary C. Barnett 49
New Goals for Old Marriages ... Ray Giles 50
A New Tonic for Old Hearts ... 52
Wise Words ... 53
Do You Remember, Dear? ... Earl Reed Silvers 54
God's Glory at Eventide ... *(Color Pictorial)* 57
If You Forget . . . a Little ... George W. Crane 67
Picture in an Old Frame ... Frances Rodman 68
Raise Your Flag ... Helen F. McKee 69
Unusual Methodists ... 70
My Baby-Sitter Problem Is Named Mrs. Hale Charlotte H. Smith 72
I Was a Child Bandit ... Katharine P. Hadley 74
Your Will Can Be a Part of You ... Charles C. Parlin 75
A Boy's Will ... Dale Sander 77
Hospital Volunteers ... *(Pictorial)* 80
Ride a Hobby That Pays ... Frances Hathaway 85
Roadman Family Reunion ... *(People Called Methodists)* 89
News of the World Parish ... 100
'I Will Meditate on Thy Wondous Works' *(Color Pictorial)* ... Lowell Thomas 113

SPECIAL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters ... 10
Newsletter ... 15
Spiritual Efficiency ... 56
Teens Together ... 65
Your Faith and Church ... 66
Light Unto My Path ... 78
Small Fry ... 82
Name Your Hobby ... 87
Looks at Books ... 92
Browsing in Fiction ... 98
Camera Clique ... 106
Shopping Together ... 109



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Letters

At 74, He Climbs Sierras

ROBERT KLIPFEL
Tuolumne, Calif.

Your mountain-climbing cover picture in August was the prize cat's whiskers!

Onward and Mostly Upward in the same issue [page 66] is my dish, too, except mine is in the High Sierras of California.

Hooray for the 75-year-old Methodist chaplain who climbed 14,500-foot Mount Whitney. I have climbed it three times myself since 1951, including a hike this August. But, of course, I'm only 74!

Bishop McCabe Recalled

MRS. M. H. ALSPAUGH
Lewisburg, Ohio

Recently, while searching for material for a missionary program, I found in TOGETHER an article mentioning Bishop Charles C. McCabe [*Methodist Americana Number 3*, February, page 47] which I had overlooked earlier. Now I have a picture of the man for whom my father was named.

Mr. McCabe and my grandfather, S. P. Albright, were students at Ohio Wesleyan University. The day Lincoln was elected president in November, 1860, my father was born, and named "Charles McCabe." In a letter dated June, 1906, from Columbus, Ind., he wrote:

"Last Sunday we had Bishop C. C. McCabe here and had a fine time. He preached in the forenoon and evening to a congregation of about 1,500. On Monday evening, he delivered his famous lecture, *The Bright Side of Libby Prison*. It was simply a climax."

'There Is No Death'

MRS. C. H. BUCKLAND
Painted Post, N.Y.

Regarding James E. Sellers' article, *How to Explain Hard Luck* [May, page 45], neither I nor my husband can find any reason for its being written or understand why Christian Science was brought into it.

I have never heard my Christian Science friends mention "passing away" in speaking of death. One "passes on," which is what any Christian should think of in regard to death. Every Christian should know that there is no death. I have been a Methodist 44 years, and the Apostles' Creed says I believe in life everlasting. Since when did "death" become evil?

All Christians should believe in the healing power of faith. I like best the words of Epictetus: ". . . Remember that to the good and wise and true there is no such thing as misfortune."

Chicago/Florida/Sacramento

C. M. GOETHE, *Banker*
Sacramento, Calif.

Hollywood boasts of its triangles. I am boasting of another kind. Tear sheets of *History Catches Up With Old Diah* [June, page 34] accompany a letter from Florida telling that a Sunday-school teacher is using the material in her class. This because she believes in emphasizing Methodist history. She wrote to me because of the next to last line in the pictured plaque.

Thus the triangle is Chicago/Florida/Sacramento.

The item referred to "Bible-toter" Jedediah Smith, the intrepid but devout mountain man, and to the redwood grove that honors him, thanks to Mr. Goethe.—EDS.

The Wesleys: 10 of 19 Lived

MRS. GORDON LUHRS
Enders, Nebr.

Surely Mrs. Luella Jones [*Letters*, September, page 73] does not mean that large families automatically produce men of the caliber of John or Charles Wesley! Susanna Wesley bore 19 children, and only 10 survived infancy. No one knows what contribution some of the other children might have made had they lived. Nor does anyone know what some of the children besides John and Charles might have given had not their remarkable mother and teacher been so ill and worn with constant childbearing.

The Wesley sons left home at rather early ages. The story of the seven Wesley sisters brought up in poverty in a remote corner of England is very tragic indeed.

Dunn Paintings Beautiful

MRS. LLOYD D. HUFF
Clyde, Tex.

The Harvey Dunn reproductions in the September issue are beautiful [*The Prairie Is My Homeland*, page 37]. I

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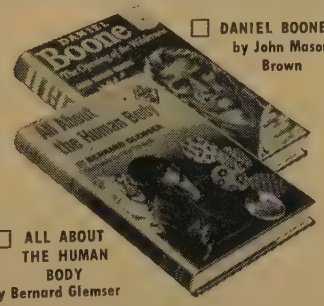

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YR 32

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Dutch Hustle Cake

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DUTCH HUSTLE CAKE

⅓ cup milk
¼ cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
¼ cup Blue Bonnet Margarine
1 package Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast
¼ cup warm, not hot, water
1 egg, well beaten
1⅓ cups sifted flour
1½ cups canned or cooked apple slices, drained
2 tablespoons brown sugar
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon nutmeg

Scald milk. Stir in sugar, salt and half the margarine. Cool to lukewarm. In mixing bowl dissolve yeast in warm, not hot, water. Stir in lukewarm milk mixture. Add egg and flour. Beat until smooth. Spread dough evenly in greased 9x9x2-inch pan. Arrange apple slices on top. Sprinkle with mixture of sugar, cinnamon and nutmeg. Dot with remaining margarine. Cover and let rise in warm place, free from draft, until doubled in bulk, about 40 minutes. Bake in hot oven at 400°F. for 25 minutes. Drizzle with confectioners' sugar icing.

EASY YEAST RECIPES ON BACK
Fleischmann's ACTIVE DRY Yeast
Fleischmann's ACTIVE DRY Yeast
Fleischmann's ACTIVE DRY Yeast

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF STANDARD BRANDS INCORPORATED

am anxious to have several larger ones for framing. Could you tell me where to write for prints?

TOGETHER is so inspirational each month. It is artistic and enriches the *whole* man. I have always thought that it was too narrow to departmentalize a person and say, in essence, "Now, to educate the soul. Now, to be religious." Religion is the attitude and perspective pervading all life, or it is nothing. A church magazine needs to quicken the mind and enlarge the vision so that love can be translated into action. I'll say it again: TOGETHER is an inspiration.

Thank you, Mrs. Huff, for your appreciative comments. As to reproductions of the Dunn pictures, we must disappoint you—except for The Prairie Is My Garden *and* Something for Supper. *Prints 15" x 27" may be secured for $3.50 each from the Faculty Women's Club, c/o Miss Madeline Ritz, College Station, Brookings, S.Dak.*—EDS.

Backs Own Idea with $100

IRWIN RAUT
Sedalia, Mo.

My memorial in regard to finishing the job of putting art-glass windows in John Wesley's chapel in London received much publicity but no action at General Conference [see *This Time It Was Denver,* July, page 6].

The amount of money involved is small. If I remember correctly the custodian of the chapel said the art windows had cost about $700 each, and

Irwin Raut: man with an idea.

there are about 10 windows with plain glass. I am 83 years of age and living on a retirement allowance, but I'll be glad to start the fund with $100.

An Answer to Mr. Longsworth

WAYNE L. MORRIS
Overland Park, Kans.

Robert Longsworth, in his letter [September, page 10], is critical of many things about TOGETHER.

When he mentioned its "distasteful art," I remembered going back again and again to *(Continued on page 107)*

A NEW Way
FOLKS OVER 55 GET MORE OUT OF LIFE
make their money go further

If you're 55 and over—employed or retired—you are eligible to join the American Association of Retired Persons and take advantage of these benefits.

• 25% DISCOUNT ON PRESCRIPTIONS, DRUGS, BRAND-NAME VITAMINS AND MEDICINAL SUPPLIES • YOUR OWN MAGAZINE AND NEWS BULLETIN • LOW-COST GROUP HOSPITAL-SURGICAL-MEDICAL INSURANCE (for those 65 and over) • LOW-COST GROUP TRAVEL TOURS ABROAD • YOUR OWN MODERN NURSING HOME • YOUR OWN HOSPITALITY CENTER IN FLORIDA • MANY, MANY OTHER BENEFITS

Now you can make your Golden Years as wonderful as you always hoped they would be. With AARP's complete program of non-profit services, your money will go *further*, last *longer*, buy *more*.

In addition, AARP's Washington, D. C. staff is working to improve many aspects of living for people 55 and over—working for increased and adequate housing for older people, low-cost nursing homes, employment, educational and recreational opportunities.

Here are only a FEW ways AARP helps you live better *right away!*

1. SAVE 25% AND MORE WITH OUR AMAZING DRUG PURCHASING PLAN

AARP's non-profit Drug Service puts extra value in your budget by saving you at least 25% off the retail price of medicines.

How is this amazing money-saving plan possible? Because of our 300,000 plus membership, we buy directly from brand-name manufacturers at the lowest possible prices. And since AARP is a strictly non-profit organization—*we pass these savings on to you!*

AARP's licensed pharmacists fill your order with meticulous care and mail the items to you *promptly!* AARP even pays postage.

You pay for what you get only *after* the postman delivers it. Naturally, all purchases carry a money-back guarantee.

2. NON-PROFIT TRAVEL TOURS ABROAD

Now that you have more time for pleasure in your life, you can make your most cherished dreams of travel come true . . . and at tremendous *savings*. On an AARP tour, you travel in comfort at budget prices, with congenial companions who share similar interests. Each group has a friendly, experienced guide who relieves you of all the usual tiresome details. With AARP, travel becomes the rich, rewarding experience you always hoped it would be.

And when you return home once more, you'll look back on a host of thrilling memories shared with new-found friends. And all this for a price hundreds of dollars below commercial tour prices.

3. FULL YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO A FUN-AND-FACT-PACKED MAGAZINE DESIGNED ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

Now there's no longer any need to feel "left out of things" because every other month you will receive MODERN MATURITY, the magazine designed exclusively for men and women 55 and over. Each colorful issue is crammed from cover to cover with ideas, information and valuable reports on every aspect of senior life . . . including many ways to get the most from your retirement dollar.

You'll find news of your Association's latest legislative activities. Also, here are articles on health, food, employment ideas, housing, books, hobbies—plus reports by outstanding experts on Social Security benefits and many, many other topics to keep you completely up to date with the wonderfully exciting world of today. Each issue contains magnificent full-color photographs of America's glorious scenic wonders.

> Proof of AARP's effectiveness in helping America's older citizens help themselves lies in the fact that more and more church, state, and local groups are turning to AARP for advice and consultation every day. We welcome inquiries from leaders and stand ready to assist in every way.

If you are 55 or over—whether employed or retired—AARP is *Your* organization. To join, simply mail the coupon below. SEND NO MONEY—we'll bill you later for only $2.00 for your entire year's membership. Yes—$2.00 is all it costs to be part of this wonderful non-profit organization of people just like you. And you'll easily save this small amount the first time you use AARP's Drug Service.

As soon as we receive the coupon, we'll send you your Membership Card, your first copy of MODERN MATURITY and full details on all the many marvelous benefits to which you are entitled.

So, don't delay. The time to take advantage of all the money-saving services which AARP offers you is right now!

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Please enroll me as a member of AARP. Send my membership card and full details of the benefits to which I am entitled.

☐ I am enclosing $2.
☐ Bill me for $2 yearly dues.

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(please print)
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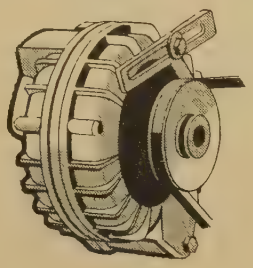
Someday all cars will probably offer these features but in 1961 you'll find them only in the cars from Chrysler Corporation

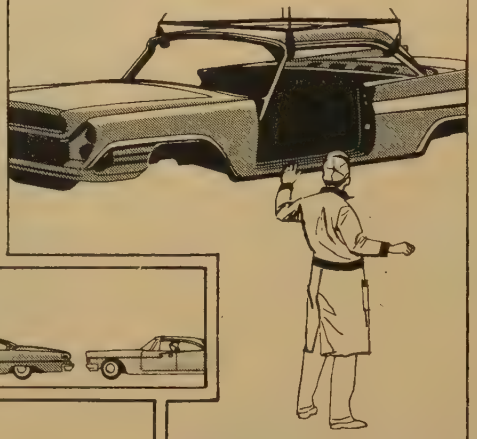


Amazing New Alternator

replaces old-fashioned generator, keeps your battery charging even when your motor's idling, with radio and heater going. Taxi fleets pay up to $250 extra for this feature, but it's standard in all 1961 Chrysler Corporation cars.

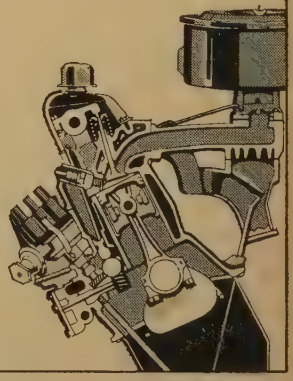
Goodbye Squeaks and Rattles

Unibody Construction makes body and frame a solid, welded unit, eliminates joints that might loosen and get noisy.



20% more go 15% less gulp

Chrysler Corporation's New Economy Slant Six engine gets 20% more power from 15% less gas than previous sixes. 30° slant allows for a larger, more efficient manifold.

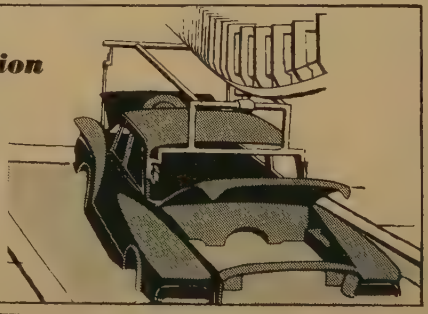


New ease of entry and comfort inside

Big, wide doors make it easy to get in and out. And because these cars are built the Unibody way, a solid unit rather than body on top of a frame, inches of space are added inside.

7-soak rust protection

helps your car keep its good looks—and its high resale value. Car bodies are soaked so protection gets to inside metal surfaces where most rust problems start.



No dip, no squat, no sway

. . . that's the story with exclusive Torsion-Aire Ride. It's the big reason experts call these "the best road cars ever built in America, bar none."

You get all this extra value at no extra cost—and these cars are priced competitively model for model with all other makes. Let a drive bring out the difference great engineering makes.

Chrysler Corporation

Serving America's new quest for quality

PLYMOUTH VALIANT • DODGE DART LANCER • DE SOTO CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

Together / NEWSLETTER

CHALLENGE TO CHURCHES. Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Jewish leaders, in a statement prepared for the January 9-12 White House Conference on Aging, declare religion must supply the answer to what the community, and particularly its ministers, "can do to support older members by religious and other means as they confront the social and psychological trials commonly linked with the coming of old age."

VOTING IS AN OBLIGATION. Leaders of Protestant, Roman Catholic, Jewish, and Greek Orthodox churches have issued a simultaneous appeal to American citizens to go to the polls election day, November 8, as a moral obligation. In addition, the American Heritage Foundation and Religion in American Life are co-sponsoring American Heritage Sabbath, November 4, and American Heritage Sunday, November 6, in support of a get-out-the-vote drive in churches and synagogues throughout the nation. [For additional election news, see page 100.]

RETURN TO CENTRAL CONGO. Sixteen Methodist men missionaries, led by Bishop Newell S. Booth, are back at seven stations in the Central Congo Conference area. They are the first Methodists to return to the Republic of the Congo since over 100 missionary personnel evacuated the area in July. Bishop Booth reports "conditions and spirits excellent." Indications are that more missionaries may return in limited numbers soon, but only on the invitation of African Christians.

RELIGION ONLY HOPE FOR PEACE. A top-ranking scientist, Dr. Robert M. Page, director of research at the U.S. Naval Research Laboratory, Washington, D.C., says world peace will come "only when all mankind turns wholeheartedly to God in complete humility and voluntary unconditional surrender."

BARTENDERS OUTNUMBER MINISTERS. Federal Census Bureau figures just released reveal the nation has 167,471 clergymen, 193,467 bartenders.

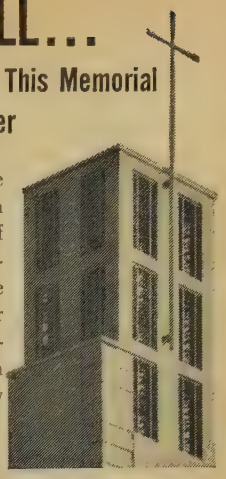
FED 90 MILLION. Religious and other nonprofit agencies in the U.S. since 1950 have sent nine billion pounds of surplus foods worth $1 billion to some 90 million needy people in 82 countries, says the American Council of Voluntary Agencies for Foreign Service.

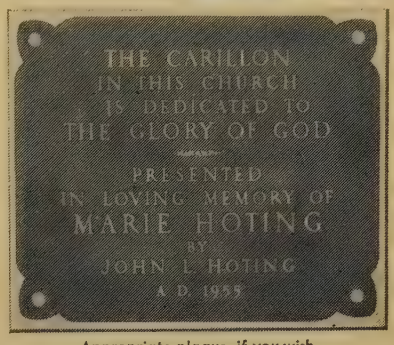
(More church news on page 100)

ABOVE ALL...

Give Your Church This Memorial That Lives Forever

What loftier tribute to a loved one than the inspired voice of Schulmerich® Memorial Bells! Large or small, your church would welcome this gift in your name . . . now in your lifetime.





Appropriate plaque, if you wish.
No bell tower needed.

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Produced by Schulmerich Carillons, Inc.

IS there a dear old grandmother in YOUR home who can't climb stairs? Or perhaps a busy wife and mother who needs to be saved from tiresome trips, up and down, several times an hour? Or someone convalescing in the home?

To any or all of these people, so dear to you, a home lift can bring greater happiness and guard their safety and health. *INCLIN-ATOR* (shown above) carries two people upstairs, safely and comfortably.

"Elevette," a vertical lift, can be installed in stair well, corner or closet. It may be inclosed in a shaft to serve more than two floors. Both operate on house current and are safe for all ages.

Send for folder "Stop Climbing Stairs," FREE

INCLINATOR COMPANY OF AMERICA

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OF THESE CAREFULLY SELECTED BOOKS FOR FAMILY AND COMMUNITY READING

A $16.95 VALUE *For Only* **$2.97** *with membership*

ANNA AND HER DAUGHTERS — *A book for you.* What does a proud, formerly wealthy woman do when her husband suddenly dies, leaving her penniless with three grown daughters? D. E. Stevenson probes the loves, disappointments and achievements of each of the women. Regular price, $3.50.

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A Special Message from
Dr. Daniel A. Poling
Chairman, Advisory Committee of CHRISTIAN HERALD'S FAMILY BOOKSHELF

With the flood of indecent literature bombarding the minds of young and old today, it is vitally important that every family has a place to turn for clean, wholesome, entertaining books.

For over ten years CHRISTIAN HERALD'S FAMILY BOOKSHELF has been crusading to prove that the sure way to overcome literary immorality is to defeat bad books with warm, interesting, thought-provoking, decent ones — has demonstrated that fiction and non-fiction of literary quality can offer excitement and adventure, yet never contain an off-color word or suggestive thought. With the help of thousands of families who have joined our crusade we have made significant advances BUT

WE NEED YOU NOW to continue our progress in the next decade. As a clear-thinking Christian leader you are aware of the responsibility for building a better community — you want to preserve and enrich family life. To introduce you to a way to do this, we are offering you at extraordinary savings, the five specially chosen books featured on this page. Study them, read their short descriptions, see if you don't agree that they belong in your home and community — then avail yourself of this opportunity of getting them by joining CHRISTIAN HERALD'S FAMILY BOOKSHELF now.

As a member you will benefit yourself and your family by placing fine food for the mind and spirit in the hands of your children . . . you will be enriching your community with great thought by making your selections available to your minister, your Sunday School teacher, your church library, your local youth organization. And you will be strengthening our country by helping to stem the tide of literary immorality.

HOW CHRISTIAN HERALD'S FAMILY BOOKSHELF OPERATES

You start your membership with the FIVE important books described on this page for only $2.97.

You join with us in our Crusade against indecent "literature" and join a book club that has distributed only the finest books for over a decade . . . not one line or word of which you would not want your children to read!

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You pay for your books after you receive them, and never pay more than $3.00 each, regardless of the higher publishers' prices — consistently saving 35-50% on every selection.

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THREE CHURCHES AND A MODEL T • THE APPLE TREE COMMUNITY
'TWIXT TWELVE AND TWENTY • ANNA AND HER DAUGHTERS
365 WINDOWS

Name.....
(Please print)

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

Looking Ahead at 95

By EDWARD J. AIKIN

Born July 18, 1865, Mr. Aikin now lives in Elgin, Ill., where he once worked in a factory until he had saved money for his college education. He is a retired Methodist minister.

IF ONE WISHES to live a hundred years, he must eat less and love his fellows more, have high ideals and do unselfish service. These are the goals I hold before me today, at 95. They help me grow younger while my body grows older.

My white hair sets me apart from the youth I see all about me. Finally, I can demand the respect due an old man. I wear spectacles, but the printing these days is wretched, and the electric light not so bright as the kerosene lamp of my youth. I cannot hear well, but that is because people do not speak plainly. I puff a little climbing the stairs. My heart is not so dependable as when I played at bat and ball, but considering how long it has functioned faithfully, I take time to favor it.

Maybe I do need more rest than I did at 40, but I can rest and still catch up with my youngest competitor because of my rich experience and fuller knowledge.

I have not done all I once dreamed. But who has? Even at 95, one must be hopeful and look ahead to something better. I have had my most joyous laughter turned to hollow mockery, my deeds of kindness rewarded with ingratitude, my best-laid plans fail. But there has been more sunshine than shadow.

I now can live my life over again any afternoon, enjoying it a hundred times if I wish, and not be hurried along as I once was. How necessary that one's life be full of things worth remembering! The years after 70 are not for labor, but for memory and retrospection. And when a man passes 90 he can go fishing and not feel he is a deserter from the busy world.

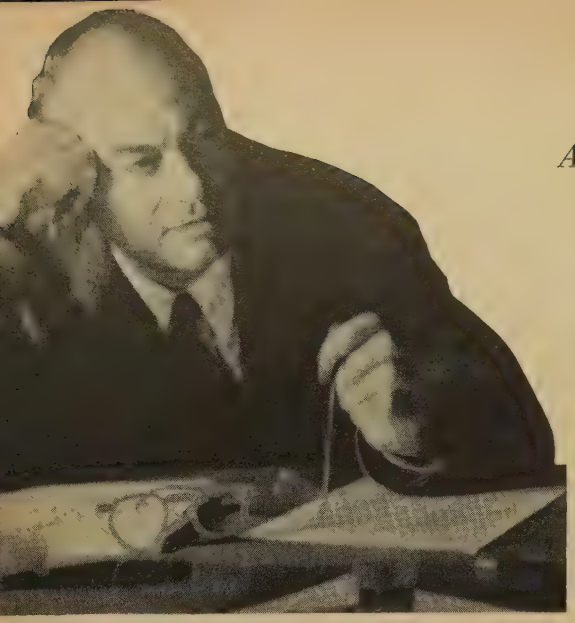
I have learned patience and forbearance. I have become more charitable in my criticism of others. I have learned—almost—when to speak and when to keep silent. The frost of time has mellowed my countenance and softened my voice. I now see more happy faces under white locks than under those of deeper hue. I have stopped worrying.

What I am today began to formulate more than 90 years ago. I have lived to see my children grow to manhood and womanhood, and I have seen their children begin life. I now enjoy more real happiness than ever before. Life is cumulative, and the longer I live the more I have to draw from.

Life is so sweet I do not care to be set free from the burdens of many years. I have no desire to become an angel. Angels do not know about homes where love looks across the table at breakfast time. These 95 years, filled with merry memories, are my years. They reveal to me my life as I have lived it: poor years, perhaps, but mine. I would rather have my mistakes than another's successes. To me, old age is not a regret, but a holy memory.

The conditions of happy old age are found in being loyal to high ideals and true to the friends we have made. With me, it is harvesttime now, more rewarding than seedtime. I am glad I sowed good seed. Others will reap some of mine, and that is no small comfort. If I am granted a few more years, they will be richer than any that have gone before.

At 95, shadows dim life a bit. But shadows make things more beautiful. No one is afraid of the dark who loves the light. Evening is here, and I am resting. Let the gun boom when it will—I have reached the top of the mountain of life and am looking at a beautiful sunset.



A Report from George H. Gallup:

Government Cannot Enact Happiness

After months of research, America's pioneer pollster reveals a formula which can help you live to a happy old age.

RECENTLY the American Institute of Public Opinion, with which I have been associated for more than 25 years, undertook an unusual survey. We wanted to determine why some old folks are happy, why some are not. We wanted to discover what happy old folks have in common, then to learn whether individuals who know these factors can add joyful years to their lives.

The first step was to locate a sufficient number of the oldsters to make the study valid. The census of 1950 listed 29,000 persons in the U.S. 95 years or older. With the help of newspaper files, clergymen, and old-age homes, we selected by scientific methods a representative group of 402.

Among them were 364 whites, 34 Negroes, three American Indians, and one Japanese. They lived in virtually every state in the continental United States, in hot and cold climates, in cities and on farms, in the mountains and on the plains. We considered them a fine cross section of the nation's oldsters—and went to work.

Each of 300 interviewers carried a 24-page questionnaire containing 221 questions. Ordinarily an interview would be completed in three hours; sometimes, though, several unhurried visits were required. We wanted to know everything possible about the old folks: their schooling, their accidents and illnesses, their sleeping habits, their parents, their occupations, what they ate.

This sampling method, used for many years by the Insitute, is the only way known to deal with the human equation. The individual is an inscrutable mystery, but in the aggregate he is a mathematical certainty.

Now the sampling is done. Data have been processed on the electronic machines and slide rules, and I can share our discoveries with you.

First of all, we can confirm a popular generalization: a long, happy life depends on several vital factors, not one. Some are controllable by the individual. Some are not.*

There is heredity, for instance. Each of us was born too late to control it. Heredity seems to have much to do with longevity—but no one can choose parents or grandparents.

Other factors in longevity can be of our own choosing, however. These became more and more apparent as we talked to scores of persons nearing the century mark.

Diet, we learned, may not be so important as some would have us believe, but it is important just the same. Some of our happy and healthy super oldsters lived almost exclusively on fat pork, corn bread, and turnip greens; others thrived on a diet of meat and potatoes; others on beef and cabbage. On thing most had in common: *they ate sparingly, always using moderation at the dining table.*

Exercise, done with regularity—and not overdone—is also characteristic of many who live long, useful lives. An even temperament, the cultivated ability to stay on an even keel with yourself and the world, is another trait found in most.

Happiness? Yes—it seems to go with very old age. Almost all these wonderful people had been bright and happy most of their lives. They had been happy with their wives and husbands, with their children, even with incomes not always large.

Among the 402, we found that 53 per cent had been "very happy" all their lives. Forty-two per cent had been "fairly happy"; only four per cent said they had not been happy; and one per cent said they didn't know.

Few had ever relied on material possessions for happiness. It was nothing they had found in the outside world. Instead, it was a secret:

* *For a comprehensive summary of the survey, see* The Secrets of Long Life *(Geis, $2.95) by Dr. George Gallup and Evan Hill—reviewed on page 92 in this issue.*

a way of life that no one imposed upon them. They had found an abiding faith, an inner source of strength and contentment.

In other words, the happy oldsters were religious. Ninety-seven per cent of the 402 identified themselves with some church!

The religious people were happier than those who were not religious. And the happiest of all were the very religious.

Talking to our 402 oldsters, we concluded that the surest way to cut short our years is to eat more, drink more, smoke more, worry more, exercise less, and skip church attendance. Yet, Americans of our generation have less peace of mind, more leisure to worry about it, and tend to shun hard work while eating more food with more calories in it.

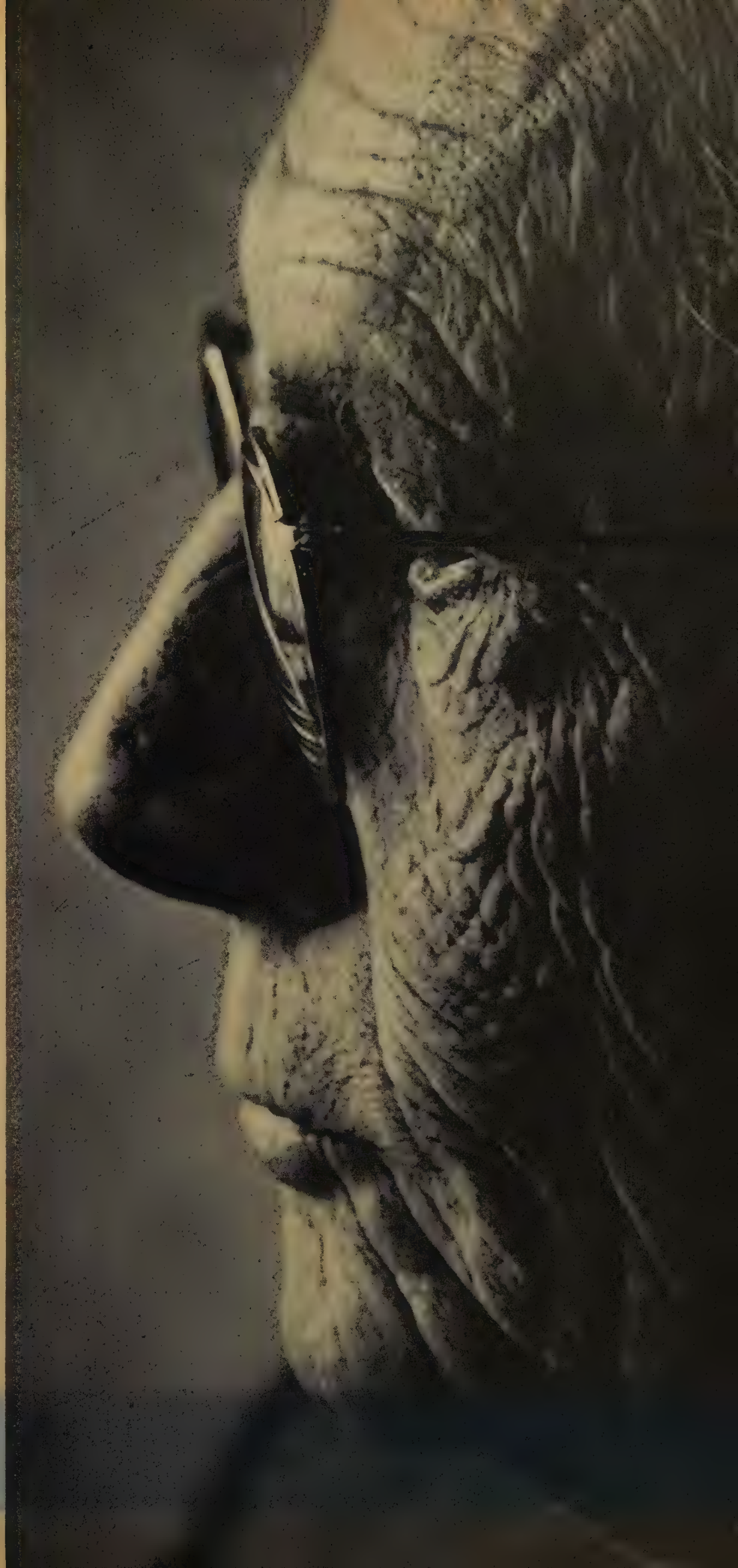
The United States today is spurting ahead in population. Industrialization and urbanization continue to accelerate. This we know. And we also know that public and private agencies are helping individuals and families to adjust to new tensions.

Problems that come with age may appear in any aspect of living—income, employment, health, housing, and civic and social participation. There are no quick or easy or universal solutions. Problems persist, but there is also steady and substantial progress.

Our political parties certainly are aware of the situation. The potential of 16 million votes of people over 65 is not to be overlooked. Both major parties have planks in their platforms designed for older people. A White House Conference on Aging has been called in Washington, D.C., January 9-12, 1961, by President Eisenhower and is being arranged by Arthur S. Flemming, Secretary of Health Education and Welfare.

Government can and doubtless should attempt to reduce barriers that block the fuller life for older people. It may help with legislation increasing Social Security benefits. It may remove many of the restricted opportunities for useful employment. It may move to meet the problems of increasing cost of medicine and

"Wrinkles should merely indicate where the smiles have been."
—MARK TWAIN



The White House Conference on Aging will be opened by Arthur S. Flemming, a cabinet member and former president of Ohio Wesleyan University.

Millions of older persons already benefit from . . .

Uncle Sam's Helping Hand

AMERICA'S CONCERN for older people will come into sharp focus at Washington, D.C., January 9-12, as delegates from all 50 states assemble for the first White House Conference on Aging.

Attention will center on proposed legislation to cope with problems created by the increasing proportion of persons over 65 years of age. Already the federal government is active in their behalf, as the following résumé shows:

Department of Health, Education, and Welfare. Created in 1953, it is headed by Arthur S. Flemming, an active Methodist layman. Its best-known branch is the *Social Security Administration,* which dates back to 1935. About 11.6 million of the nation's aged are receiving its benefits. Monthly benefits for workers recently retired average $83 for single persons without dependents, $126 for retired couples, and $62 for aged widows.

The *Special Staff on Aging* performs a vital function as a clearinghouse for information on aging.

hospital care, inflation, the worries of men and women who suddenly find themselves "turned out to pasture." It may provide improved housing.

Yes, government can do much—but it cannot enact happiness. It can set the stage, but each individual chooses his role. He decides how he handles the variables of choice that help determine how many years he will live and how happy they'll be.

Material possessions did not bring true happiness to the oldsters of our survey. Wealth was not the determining factor—and this is a point I would strongly emphasize.

One of my favorite interviewees was Redwing Beck, who was part Cherokee. He had lived nearly 100 years without electricity and a telephone until one of our interviewers arranged to have these modern conveniences installed. He had enjoyed few of the material things of life. But he had been deeply religious, even if he did prove to be one of the few oldsters who was anything but serene.

When the interviewer called on Mr. Beck in Bonne Terre, Mo., the old gentleman demanded, "Are you religious?" and stomped out of the room without waiting for a reply. He had gained the impression that the interviewer wasn't religious. He soon returned with three heavy, well-thumbed Bibles and tossed them into the interviewer's lap.

"I can tell you ain't religious," he accused.

"How can you tell?"

"Hah! How can a hog tell when it's eatin' corn? Listen. I got religion when I was 22. Before that I was the wild man from Borneo. Didn't have no sense when I got mad and still don't. Why, I'd cut your heart out just to look at you. Want me to show you?"

The researcher thought the demonstration not necessary!

Mr. Beck may be irascible—but he also is happy. He's seldom tortured by feelings of guilt; he had known the difference between right and wrong, and had abided by his conscience. He didn't put on airs; he was not hypocritical; he never tried to be anyone but himself.

Nearly everybody knows about Amos Alonzo Stagg, a remarkable Methodist layman now living at Stockton, Calif. He has long served as a walking advertisement for the virtues of patience, calmness, and tranquillity we found among so many of the oldsters we surveyed.*

Mr. Stagg began coaching football some 70 years ago. He has coached so many teams that his career would make that of four or five other coaches. He has faith and an evenness of temperament.

"I've known lots of coaches who couldn't eat before a game, but I've never missed a pregame meal in my life," he says. Even when his teams were defeated, he lost no time "crying over spilt milk."

"My main concern was for the boys. I wanted them to produce as best they could with fair methods and sportsmanship. If we lost, I didn't take it to heart. I wasn't afraid of losing my job. I did my coaching on the field, and gave lots of vitality to it. But when the day was over, I

* *For the story of Amos Alonzo Stagg's life, see* Bring the Best Out of Boys! *August, 1957, page 15.*

Other arms of the department also have special programs for older people. The *Office of Vocational Rehabilitation* helps those disabled once again to become at least partially self-supporting. The *Public Health Service* works to improve health during the later years through research, demonstrations, construction of health facilities, and training professional personnel. The *Food and Drug Administration* helps the aged by enforcing the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act. It passes on the safety of drugs for the control or treatment of hypertension, arthritis, and diabetes. It also brings legal action against the promoters of worthless products. The *U.S. Office of Education* works on programs to meet the educational, vocational, and leisure needs of older folks. In a recent year, 2,428,000 persons above 45 were involved in organized adult-education programs. Of this number, 465,000 were from 60 to 74, and 50,000 were 75 or older.

Department of Labor. Over 1.2 million persons 45 years of age and older are placed in jobs annually by local offices of affiliated state employment security agencies. Special effort is made to eliminate or modify age restrictions in job orders.

Housing and Home Finance Agency. Facilitates the purchase of houses and the financing of apartment projects for the elderly, and makes public low-rent housing available to older people.

Small Business Administration. Provides information about the conduct of small business in which older people may engage, and assists small businesses which may supply services useful to an older population.

Department of Agriculture. Helps distribute surplus foods to charitable institutions serving needy persons, including the aged. It also conducts research on their housing, nutrition, and diet.

Department of Commerce. Provides statistics concerning the aged through the *Bureau of the Census.*

Treasury Department. Aims at maintaining the purchasing power of the dollar. Income-tax laws grant older persons relief.

Veterans Administration. Handles veterans' retirement pay, pensions, and compensation; provides health and rehabilitation services through 170 hospitals, 18 homes, and 90 clinics.

Railroad Retirement Board. Provides retirement annuities, disability annuities, and survivor benefits to railroad workers and their families. More than 800,000 persons are currently receiving these benefits.

Civil Service Commission. Keeps job opportunities—about 2 million of them—open to all qualified persons, including older ones.

In addition to this help from Uncle Sam, aid to the aged also is provided by state, county, and municipal governments, and by a wide variety of private organizations, including those under church auspices.

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didn't bring it home with me. I didn't worry over it."

Mr. Stagg spoke in his own way for many we interviewed. They had had smooth sailing as they entered the so-called Golden Years—because of the way they had lived during their most active years.

What, then, does the Institute's survey have to tell those of us who are yet many years from the century mark?

Personally (I'm 58 myself), I view these 16 million aged 65 or more as making up one of our nation's greatest assets. We must learn to make far better use of their talents. In many cases, they can continue their usefulness to society. It should not always be true that the automatic retirement age removes a highly qualified and experienced man from the stream of life.

Many famous people have achieved brilliant accomplishments very late in life. Goethe finished the second part of his masterpiece, *Faust,* at 82. Stradivarius continued making his violins until he died at 93. Titian finished his famous painting, *Christ Crowned With Thorns,* when he was 95, and Corot painted one of his masterpieces on his 80th birthday. The German artist Waldeck exhibited new works when he was a mere 101 and lived to be 109.

President Eisenhower, a youthful 70, recently said: "I am convinced that the great majority of our able-bodied citizens are happier and better off when they continue in some productive work after reaching retirement age. Moreover, the nation's economy will derive large benefits from the wisdom and experience of older citizens who remain employed in jobs commensurate with their strength."

Almost 90 per cent of those we interviewed have worked long and hard at their jobs. Almost all have been early risers—farmers and laborers cannot keep office hours—and they usually went to bed early, sleeping well all night.

They got up early and viewed God's bountiful, beautiful world with new eyes each day. They went to church. They had peace of mind. They had problems, they had met tragedies, but they carried on to live to be very old—with prayer and a happy faith in God and the future.

This aspect of living longer, happier lives has proved of particular interest to my son and associate, George Gallup, Jr. He notes the theme running through many other polls pivoting around the general theme of *What Makes People Happy?* He says:

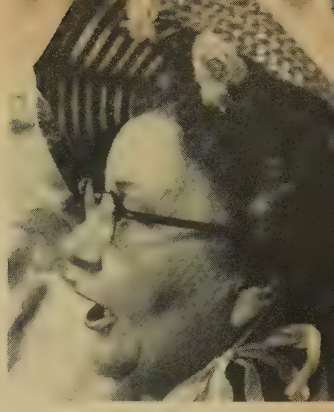
"The very happiest people found—those who meet every important test of happiness—go to church more often and are far more likely to look to religion for comfort and help than the rest of the population.

"This is so marked that the chances of being happy and not religious are pretty slim; 86 per cent—nearly 9 in 10—of the happiest people say that they get much consolation and help from their religion.

"So, material possessions are not widely characteristic of happy people, the long-lived as well as the young. Many material possessions may not be accessible to most Americans; but religion is, and it is available to anyone willing to accept it."

THE
OFF-BEAT

Under Mrs. E. A. Tucker's direction, the Off-Beats belt out a favorite, This Old House.



Mrs. Roy Griffitts, piano player and chief band organizer, adds a few vocal licks.

They Make a Joyful Noise

SHADES OF tin-pan alley! Here's a group of golden agers that meets regularly in the educational unit of Oklahoma City's Linwood Methodist Church. They call themselves the Friday Morning Fellowship. But that name hardly hints at the goings on pictured here. It used to be that their gatherings were quiet affairs featuring sewing for the Red Cross, corsage making for shut-in friends, table games, occasionally some singing around the piano—not much to stomp your feet about. But things have changed. It all dates back to a particularly rousing song fest

Elmer Goodner, only man in the band, plays cymbal, drum, and kazoo.

Teamed up for a kazoo trio: Mrs. Goldie Bowlby, Mrs. Jessie Willis, and Mrs. Florence Hatfield.

An old motion-picture film can, mounted on a small stand, is Mrs. Barbara Madrin's drum.

when someone suggested, half in jest, "Let's organize a band." So they did! And this one-of-a-kind aggregation makes music with an array of gadgets that would put even Spike Jones to shame.

What makes the Off-Beats different? Two things: the ages of the musicians, and the objects from which they coax music. Only 2 of the 14 members (13 women and one man) are less than 65 years old. Their "instruments" are a startling array of household gadgets, ingeniously rigged to produce jingling, clacking, and thumping sounds when hit, shaken, or strummed in rhythm to a piano background. Among them: an egg beater with bells; a push broom looped with metal jar rings; and an improvised bass fiddle made of a washtub, a broom handle, and a strand of piano wire. To supplement the sounds produced by these contrivances, the musicians hum melody and harmony parts on kazoos. They match their outlandish instruments with loud outfits—flower-decked hats, vividly patterned skirts, frilly ribbons, and costume jewelry.

At a Friday rehearsal, the Off-Beats may whip through as many as 50 numbers from a much larger repertoire. The band has made many public appearances, mostly for groups in Linwood Church but also for other Oklahoma City organizations. Once they ventured as far as Camp Egan, 180 miles away, to perform for a senior-adult conference.

Friday Morning Fellowship at Linwood Church, musical or not, is typical of the varied activities many churches have set up for senior members. Aware of the growing number of older persons in their congregations, church leaders are meeting the challenge with programs emphasizing recreation, education, spiritual uplift, and service. Most successful are those organized by golden agers themselves. The Off-Beats prove that!

Intent on her tom-tom technique, Mrs. Mary Thigpen watches for cues.

Hands blur as Mrs. Della Marshall shakes bells and broom.

Resting during a break, Mrs. Hatfield and Mrs. Emma Baker enjoy a refreshing drink.

Mrs. Ethel Robertson thumps a solid beat on her bass fiddle.

President Eisenhower's famed heart specialist tells

How to Avoid a Heart Attack

By PAUL DUDLEY WHITE

HENRY BROWN was a businessman too engrossed in his work to pay any attention to his health.* An athlete in his youth, he began in his middle 20s to neglect physical exercise. Now 50 and overweight, he smoked heavily, overate, and led a push-button existence.

He rarely walked even around the block, he took elevators instead of stairs, and he spent his evenings seated comfortably in front of his TV set. His work kept him under such constant stress that he seldom took a vacation, and when he did he combined it with business.

One night, after a trying day at the office and a hearty dinner, he went to bed feeling tired but otherwise well. Shortly after midnight he was awakened by a sensation of heavy pressure under the breastbone much like the angina pectoris (very brief heart attack) experienced by a friend, but differing in that it did not pass off in three or four minutes. Instead, it persisted and grew increasingly severe. He felt faint and broke out in a cold sweat. A doctor was called. He gave Brown two hypodermic injections of morphine about 20 minutes apart before the heart-attack victim felt any relief.

Brown dozed fitfully through the night. The pain lessened gradually until about noon the next day. He was exhausted and a little feverish (100 degrees Fahrenheit) in the evening. The next day he felt much better despite a higher temperature (101). The fever lasted four days altogether, but he had no more pain.

Within a week after his attack he felt well, but the doctor insisted that he remain, with head elevated, at rest in bed (although he could be lifted at times into a chair) for another three weeks to insure adequate healing of the injury in his heart.

The first two weeks he lay still, except for some gentle foot exercises to ward off phlebitis (a clotting of blood in the veins) in his legs. Later he was allowed more activity.

Within a month he no longer had to be helped into a chair. For a week he gradually increased the time he spent sitting up each day. The second week up he walked a little more each day. The third week out of bed he began going up and down the stairs once a day, and during the fourth week he went out for a short daily walk or drive.

The doctor advised Brown to take one more month—the third—to complete his rehabilitation away from home on a "vacation," getting mild exercise and restoring his morale.

When Brown returned to work he resumed his duties slowly, but within a month was back in the swing of it again, although he avoided long hours and any severe physical or mental strain. He also ate lightly, lost some excess weight, and did not resume the smoking habit that had been dropped with the onset of his heart attack.

A year later he was in excellent health. He had learned how to live properly.

Before we see what we can do to help avoid heart attacks, let's look at some important basic facts:

- Diseases of the heart and circulatory system today account for one out of every two fatalities in persons over 45. That's more than result from cancer, accidents, kidney disease, pneumonia, and tuberculosis combined.
- An estimated 40 per cent of all men over 40 have some degree of obstruction of their coronary arteries and are candidates for coronary heart disease at any time. And heart disease now is finding more victims even in their 20s and 30s.
- The U.S. economy loses more than $2.5 billion a year because of diseases of the heart and blood vessels.
- Heart disease is more common among men than women. Under 40, about 24 times as many men as women have coronary heart attacks. From 40 to 50, coronary heart disease affects five times as many men as women. In the 50s it's two to one. In the 60s it evens out—but by then a good many men have already been killed.

The seat of all our concern, the heart itself, is a muscle about the size of a man's fist, almost in the center of the chest cavity. It is here where oxygen is restored to used blood.

The heart normally beats an average of 70 or 80 times a minute. During emergencies it can step up its rate to 130 or more beats, demonstrating a tremendous reserve power unequaled by any man-made pump. And, most amazing of all, it will run for years—sometimes a century or more—without repair, and with only common-sense care.

It's the lack of even elemental care that most frequently leads to disorders, three of which account for 90 per cent of all heart disease: (1) rheumatic fever, (2) hypertension (high blood pressure), and (3) arteriosclerosis (hardening of the arteries).

Acute rheumatic fever kills five times as many children as polio, whooping cough, diphtheria, scarlet fever, measles, and meningitis combined. The fever usually expresses itself in painful joints and in all too

* *This anecdote abstracted from a circular,* Heart Disease Caused by Coronary Atherosclerosis, *by Paul D. White, M.D., printed by American Heart Association.*

many cases, a "sticking together" of the heart valves. Cardiac surgery now can often repair damaged valves.

Frequently, rheumatic fever is preceded by a streptococcus infection. Prompt treatment of a strep throat may help to prevent rheumatic fever.

Hypertension acts differently. It steps up the demands on the heart, much as though a pump were forced to work at twice the recommended pressure. Some people seem to inherit hypertension. Others are afflicted as a result of badly formed or injured blood vessels that supply the kidneys. Still others have a tumor of the adrenal gland. Often surgery provides relief. Several drugs available today control hypertension in many victims.

Arteriosclerosis is the result of hardening and narrowing of the arteries. Along with its main killers, coronary thrombosis (heart attack) and cerebral thrombosis (stroke), it is the leading cause of death in the USA.

Arteries harden and lose their elasticity with age, thereby offering increased resistance to the circulation of blood. A form of arteriosclerosis called atherosclerosis also restricts the flow by roughening and thickening the inner lining of the artery with fat deposits. Atherosclerosis may lead to formation of a blood clot, hemorrhage into the vessel wall, or closure of the artery. When a clot gets big enough to obstruct a coronary artery, the heart muscle is deprived of blood. Then the victim suffers coronary thrombosis, popularly known as a heart attack.

Arteriosclerosis may be accelerated or aggravated by unintelligent habits of living—inadequate sleep, overrich diet, lack of exercise, and too much smoking, with doubtless some influence from heredity and perhaps a little extra push from stress factors.

All of this leads us to the big question: What is the best way to avoid a heart attack? Answer: We don't know for certain as yet but many of us believe that the best answers are proper diet and exercise from youth right through middle age.

In some individuals the increased consumption of animal fats may hasten the onset of heart disease. Fatty food produces fat in the blood. The richer the fat in the diet, the higher the content of cholesterol. Cholesterol is the chemical substance which carries the fat that is deposited in the walls of the coronary arteries, reducing the flow of blood to the heart and causing an attack when a clot forms.

The average American eats 40 to 50 per cent of his calories in fat; 25 per cent or less would be sufficient. The southern Japanese, who consume only 10 to 15 per cent fat in their diet, have less than a fourth of our rate of fatal coronary cases. However, all fats cannot be eliminated, or other health problems will arise. Although dairy products and animal fats have the highest saturated fat content,

At 74, Dr. White urges bicycling as exercise for everyone. He sometimes pedals 30 miles a day—on this collapsible model!

these foods need not be entirely avoided except when a low-fat diet is prescribed.

There's no denying that rich, calorie-laden food tastes best. But the young husband who begins to put on pounds may be expanding into the heart-attack danger zone. The broad, muscular type is more susceptible in youth to coronary heart disease, especially if there is a history of heart attacks in his family. This type tends to have an energetic, impatient personality and is likely to do everything to excess.

When it comes to exercise, these people—who usually have large muscles—probably should exercise more vigorously than others. Actually, exercise probably belongs high on the list of heart-attack preventives for all healthy persons.

Physical exercise, whether work or play, is one of the most potent health habits, even in older ages. Too many adults drowse in front of TV screens when they could be helping themselves and society by putting their experience to work for a good many years.

Exercise tones up muscles and improves circulation. Hence my advocacy of walking and bicycling. It's also good for the diaphragm, making it easier to bring oxygen into the body and pump carbon dioxide out. And it improves digestion and bowel function, too.

The benefits of exercise to the nervous system are probably the most important of all. An intense mental worker needs exercise to clear his mind. A long walk in the evening is often more sleep inducing than medicine or reading.

If walking isn't your cup of tea, try golf, or bowling, or gardening. Personally, I enjoy splitting logs and bicycling. If you live within five or six miles of where you work—and if traffic conditions permit—I recommend pedaling a bike to and from your job. My wife and son and I sometimes cycle 30 miles a day.

Anyone who has exercised all his life can continue until he's 100—and he's more likely to live to that age. You shouldn't stop shoveling snow because someone died from doing it. You might as well stop driving a car because someone has been killed doing it. If you're healthy, and your only ailment is being 70, pick up that shovel and get to work! Heart attacks in the form of coronary thrombosis rarely occur during strenuous exertion. Most come during rest or sleep.

These suggestions apply not only to the person who has never had an attack. Many former victims can be actively at work now, so long as they use common sense.

It is doubtful that hard work, either physical or mental, ever hurt a healthy man; actually it is a health measure in itself. But hard work is often blamed when one becomes so engrossed in his job that he neglects the simple rules of health. A verse written in 1680 by John Dryden is abundant with wisdom on this point:

By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves and purified the blood:
But we, their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to three score years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.

The preventive medicine Dryden was preaching back in 1680 is more truth than poetry—and it still applies today.

His advice, along with a proper diet, likely would have prevented the heart attack, described at the outset of this article, suffered by a man nearly three centuries later. It is advice I gave President Eisenhower after his heart attack. It is advice that will benefit you, too.

Finally, the most important advice I can give about circulatory diseases is this: support fully the vital research in this field so it can be continued and amplified. We have a good deal of practical information about how to maintain good health, but research is needed to back up the information with proof. We must not pause in our search until we have more of the answers.

If a Heart Attack Strikes . . .

Coronary thrombosis is the most common of heart attacks. If it hits, you'll probably have a severe sensation of heavy pressure under the breastbone—then feel faint and break out in a cold sweat. Here are first-aid tips that could save your life:

¶ Lie down—flat, because that position places the least strain on your laboring heart.

¶ Breathe deeply, even if it hurts. This puts more oxygen into your blood, and oxygen is what your heart needs. You'll get it at the hospital—but forced deep breathing helps when minutes count!

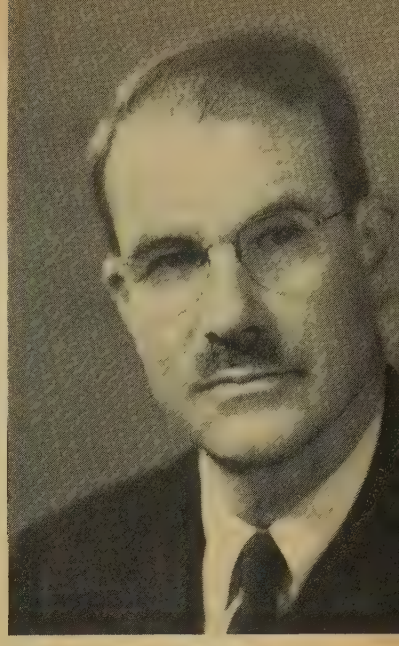
¶ Don't run upstairs or outdoors, but do try to get aid. Maybe you can pull the phone off the stand and let it fall on the floor beside you so you can dial the operator for help.

Remember that people who are conscious during an attack are less likely to die than those who pass out. The odds are in your favor, so take courage, relax, and put trust in God.

—Dr. E. Vincent Askey, President,
American Medical Association

(*See* Unusual Methodists, *June, page 22*)

MIDMONTH POWWOW



George E. Johnson *Robert J. Havighurst*

Compulsory Retirement at a Fixed Age?

Does compulsory retirement at age 65 help maintain a constant supply of jobs and make more room at the top for younger men? Or is a flexible-age plan better—one that gives the employee a voice in deciding when he should stop working? These questions cut to the core of a mounting crisis in our industrialized society.

Two pioneers in the study of problems of aging were asked to discuss them—and they did not agree on the answers. George E. Johnson, grandson of a Free Methodist circuit rider, is former chairman and president of two insurance companies, Variable Annuity Life and Equity Annuity Life. Robert J. Havighurst, son of a Methodist minister, is a professor of education at the University of Chicago and co-author of *Personal Adjustment in Old Age*, the classic book in its field. He is a past president of the Gerontological Society, of which Johnson also is a member.—EDITORS

'Yes, it allows a man to plan his housing and savings program'

. . . says George E. Johnson

AT THE NATIONAL Conference on Aging held 10 years ago in Washington, D.C., it was loudly asserted that compulsory retirement "slams the door of opportunity in a man's face on his 65th birthday." The general belief at the conference was that retirement should be geared to disability, that "abrupt" retirement is bad for both the individual and for society because it seemingly "consigns a man to the scrap heap."

It's quite probable that the same arguments will be advanced at the 1961 White House Conference on Aging next January 9-12. Usually the controversy centers around provisions in a plan requiring a worker to re-

Why 65?

HOW DID the arbitrary age of 65 for retirement originate? Cyrus S. Ching, labor-management relations consultant and now an 84-year-old himself, answered that question in a report to the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Problems of the Aging:

"The magic age of 65 for retirement was first established in Germay by Chancellor Bismarck when it became politically expedient to do something for people who were no longer able to support themselves. It was found at that time that very few people lived to or beyond the age of 65, and therefore this was established as the arbitrary retirement age."

Other far-reaching social legislation evolved in that era, too, following closely the rise of the factory system in 19th-century England and Continental Europe. In 1883, for example, Germany was first to provide sick benefits for injured industrial workers. Even the U.S. Social Security Law is only 25 years old.

Speaking of ages, Chancellor Bismarck, who didn't retire at 65, reached a mellow 83!

tire at a specified age. Persons who are retired in this manner, and are content, say little. The bitter complaints come most frequently from persons who have been retired and resent it, creating the impression that there is more opposition to fixed-age retirement than really exists.

Before the pros and cons of compulsory retirement can be discussed dispassionately, however, a tangled skein of semantics must be unraveled.

The word "retirement" is a good starting place. It is an ambiguous word often used indiscriminately to describe three distinctly different situations—retirement from a job, retirement from work, and retirement from life. In discussing a retirement plan, people usually use the word to mean separation from a job held for some years and extending late into working life. That's how it will be used here.

Retirement from a job need not be retirement from work, even though the Social Security Act tends to discourage the seeking of employment after age 65.* There is no reason why a person on a pension should not work if he wants to. Certainly, many people have to work because of the inadequacy of their pensions. Moreover, continued activity in retirement is desirable for the individual who is in reasonably good health.

No one should ever retire from life. Once a person withdraws from the world and loses a sense of usefulness, he will rapidly decline. One of the greatest blights in America today is the large number of aged people who have sunk into a quagmire of loneliness, boredom, and apathy while waiting for the grim reaper.

I try to avoid the words "compulsory" or "arbitrary" in referring to a retirement plan. Both are highly charged with emotion. Saying that a compulsory age limit arbitrarily forces a man to retire while he is in full vigor leads almost certainly to resistance by the hearer. But the statement that a fixed-age limit facilitates planning by removing indefiniteness and uncertainty has quite a different impact. I prefer the words "retirement at a fixed age" or "automatic retirement."

The age for retirement, moreover, cannot be considered in a vacuum. There are related questions. Is the worker fully prepared for retirement by previous study and planning? Has the employer a good preretirement counseling and postretirement program? Is the retirement income adequate, even with inflation? Is the community properly geared to handle the problems of the retired person? Does the retired person have good health and nutrition habits?

If a man thinks of his work as a sort of necessary evil, he will look upon retirement as the happiest moment of his life—provided he has a sufficient income to subsist without working. Another man who thinks of his work as being of tremendous value to society will struggle desperately against retirement.

Many people presume it is desirable for a person to work until he figuratively drops in the harness. This view is often expressed by persons with great energy who like to work and who scorn idleness—those who do not want to grow old gracefully.

Other persons believe that old age should be a time of leisure when they can engage in creative activities, social service—or just loaf.

It seems strange that the merits of a retirement plan are seldom analyzed from the viewpoint of those whose interests are to be served. Frequently the plan is set up solely from the employer's viewpoint, since the finished plan will either be accepted or rejected by the employer and he will bear most of the costs.

To the extent that the plan meets the needs of the employee, it ought to attract, encourage, and hold good men and promote operational efficiency—thus meeting the prime objectives of the employer. This result should also meet the objectives of society.

The main advantages claimed for fixed-age retirement plans are these:

1. *Morale is improved.* Vigorous young men with imagination, drive, and new ideas are attracted and held by the knowledge that older workers will be retired at a specified time. Older workers know they have the protection of seniority rules until the time when they can leave the firm without being branded as unfit for further work.

With a flexible retirement age, on the other hand, the employer says to one man, "You are still full of

** As an example, those under 72 drawing Social Security benefits and earning more than $1,200 a year do not receive a Social Security check for any month in which they earn more than $100. After age 72, this restriction ends.*

pep, so we'll keep you on a while longer." To another, he says: "You are all washed-up and we have no further use for you."

2. *A definite time aids planning.* The employee can arrange his housing and savings program to a fixed time and will have less of a tendency to delay until it is too late. The employer is aided in budgeting and in forecasting future needs; he can arrange a better balance of workers among age groups.

3. *Bias is avoided.* The suspicion of discrimination involved in the use of a subjective judgment doesn't exist. Frankly, executives fear the difficulties involved in a flexible-age retirement plan will be worse than those now arising from a fixed-age plan. Substituting judgment for law is not easy, and they shun the responsibility for making judgments about the continuing employability of individual workers.

There are ways of reducing the problems caused by the use of a fixed-age limit. Many companies make retirement a gradual operation, ranging from six months to three years. They use longer vacations, changing jobs (with assignment of high-sounding but meaningless titles), and reduced work loads to ease people into retirement whether they are losing effectiveness or are still at the peak of their ability.

4. *Efficiency is promoted.* Older workers slow down, lose memory and skills, and resist new ideas and methods.

5. *Other work is more easily obtainable.* When a man is required to leave while he is still going strong, there is a better chance of his getting into something else, particularly if he has an adequate pension. Companies hesitate to employ an elderly person without a pension because retiring him without an adequate income could be most embarrassing.

No one will claim that the fixed-age retirement plan is perfect. But after examining the pros and cons of all methods of retirement, most persons will probably decide—as most pension committees already have—that a fixed-age plan is the least objectionable.

Retirement at a fixed age is often a practical norm in the same sense as are equal hourly wages a corporation pays in all sections of the country, the minimum age in the child-labor laws, seniority rules, and tenure.

'No, it forces some men to retire while they're still productive'

. . . claims Robert J. Havighurst

GUS WAS a carpenter, his brother Sam a cabinetmaker. Gus had long looked forward to retirement. So the day he was 65 years old, he quit his job. "I'll not work a day longer," he declared—and meant it!

His consuming interest was gardening and fruitgrowing. Using his life savings, he bought a house at the edge of town with several acres to raise roses and strawberries for the rest of his years.

Sam, 75, is still employed as a cabinetmaker. There is nothing he likes as well as his job. He enjoys his reputation as a highly skilled craftsman in the small factory where he has worked for years. Every day he sees his old friends and, as they retire, he makes new ones. Sam's wife died when he was 70. He took only one day off for the funeral. His work kept his mind off his loss, he said.

Gus and Sam typify the 50-50 split among workers queried in a study reported by the National Committee on the Aging, which asked men aged 64 whether they would care to continue working at their regular jobs after 65. About half said yes.

Nothing is quite so important to a person in his later years as the balance between work and free time. This balance is shifting in the direction of providing more retirement time. In 1900, the average man of 60 had 11.5 years of work ahead of him, and 2.8 years of retirement. Today the average 60-year-old can expect eight years of each.

If a person is like Gus, eight years of work is too much. If he resembles Sam, however, eight years of retirement is too much. So the average condition is not right for these men—or for many others. That is why I believe a flexible-age, or selective, retirement program is best. It permits a man to work so long as he is reasonably productive, and to retire as early as he wants to and can afford to.

In a huge and tragic waste of man power, fixed-age retirement programs compel men to leave their jobs—usually at 65, when Social Security benefits become available.

A good example of what this loss might entail is revealed by the story of Benjamin Duggar, a former botany professor. At the age of 74, several years after being forced to retire, Duggar, who had gone to work for a pharmaceutical research laboratory, gave the world aureomycin—a drug that has saved the lives of thousands.

Think what the world would have lost if the laboratory had not allowed Duggar to continue work, or if such men as Albert Schweitzer, Albert Einstein, and Winston Churchill had been forced into retirement at 65!

Such would not be the case under a system of flexible-age retirement programs, which generally work like this:

Some time before the usual retirement age, the employee is asked whether he wishes to continue at work or to retire. The work performance of those who say they want to continue is evaluated, and they are given a medical examination. If they pass these hurdles, they go on working. Thereafter, their cases usually are reviewed at regular intervals.

This procedure has been adopted by a number of large corporations, while many small employers use a less formal system. In one company,

These retired men offer

Experience That's Priceless

BILL INHERITED his father's business, but was so inexperienced that profits began to dwindle. Then he found out about a remarkable organization that offers more than 2,000 years of top-level business experience—free! Wisely advised, he soon began to prosper.

That's a typical story from the files of a not-for-profit association of 44 retired men in St. Louis, Mo., called Experience, Inc. Ranging in age from 65 to 80, they refuse to wither on the retirement vine.

On the rolls of Experience, Inc., are retired executives with varied backgrounds, including advertising, banking, education, industry, law. Though their advice is free, it can be—as Bill discovered—priceless.

Experience, Inc., benefits its own members, too. Once bored with leisure, fishing, and card playing, they now zestfully draw upon rich backgrounds for the know-how young businessmen need. They buzz happily like bees at 2069 Railway Exchange Building, St. Louis.

The organization's small budget is met by dues payments from members, who annually pay the difference in dollars between their own ages and 100. Dues average $30.

Similar organizations could be set up in almost any city, if local leadership were provided. Membership need not be limited to former executives, either. Farmers, teachers, storekeepers, carpenters, and others now retired also are a potential reservoir of valuable experience—awaiting an organizational spigot for release when and where needed.

Churches and church-related institutions could benefit vastly from retired men willing and able to give actual but part-time services, whether their background is carpentering or accounting, gardening or doctoring. A national organization for the purpose has been projected —with the appropriate name, Order of the Second Mile!

—PARKER B. LUSK

60 per cent of the employees reaching age 65 wanted to go on working, and the company accepted three fourths of them.

The proportion of those who want to continue working beyond 65 and can satisfy employers with their ability is generally somewhat less. By age 70, most of these people will retire voluntarily. However, one company with 209 active employees over 65 had 23 in the 71-75 age group, and 4 older than that.

The strongest argument in favor of flexible-age retirement is that it allows the individual a great deal of freedom. The employer benefits, too, by retaining the stability and experience of older workers who stay on their jobs those extra years. Employers who pay a company pension also gain financially from a system of selective retirement because they pay no pensions to those who have not yet retired.

So a firm can afford to keep even those older employees who are not so productive as they once were. However, it is well established that men and women in good health seldom can be accused of reduced productivity as they move into their 60s. In fact, older employees often earn highly favorable reports. This happened in a department store where the supervisor said of a salesman, "This man has been here so long that he has a huge customer following. We would lose business if we lost him."

The attitude of a person toward his work is a major element in his personal adjustment and in his happiness. Some people have to work in order to maintain their own self-respect. Others would suffer acutely from boredom if they did not work. Still others find their friends at work. These people will suffer when they retire, just as many find retirement a blessing.

The latter are likely to be people who have always enjoyed a passive or contemplative approach to life. They welcome the rocking chair when, at last, they can afford to sit by and watch the busy world. Or they may be people who have many interests in life and have been tied down by their jobs. Like Gus, the brother who was a fruitgrower at heart, retirement gives them a chance to do what they always wanted to do.

Very few people under 50 have much conception of how they will feel about their work when they reach retirement age. Ordinarily, a man or woman of 30 or 40 will say that he would like to retire at 55 or 60—"the earlier the better, if I can afford it." Yet this same person, on reaching 55, is sure that he wants to go on working, and at 65 he may complain about being forced to retire.

It is sometimes said that compulsory retirement makes people ill and may hasten death. This can be true in the case of a person who has invested so much of his emotional capital in his work that he has nothing to live for when his work is taken away. Yet there are other people whose health improves with retirement. They have been pushing themselves too hard. When they are able to retire it is a blessed relief.

A recent Cornell University study of health in relation to retirement indicates that these two groups of people tend to balance each other, with the result that people of a given age, say 68, who are still at work are about as healthy as those of the same age who have retired by choice or by compulsion—provided they were in reasonably good health at the time of their retirement.

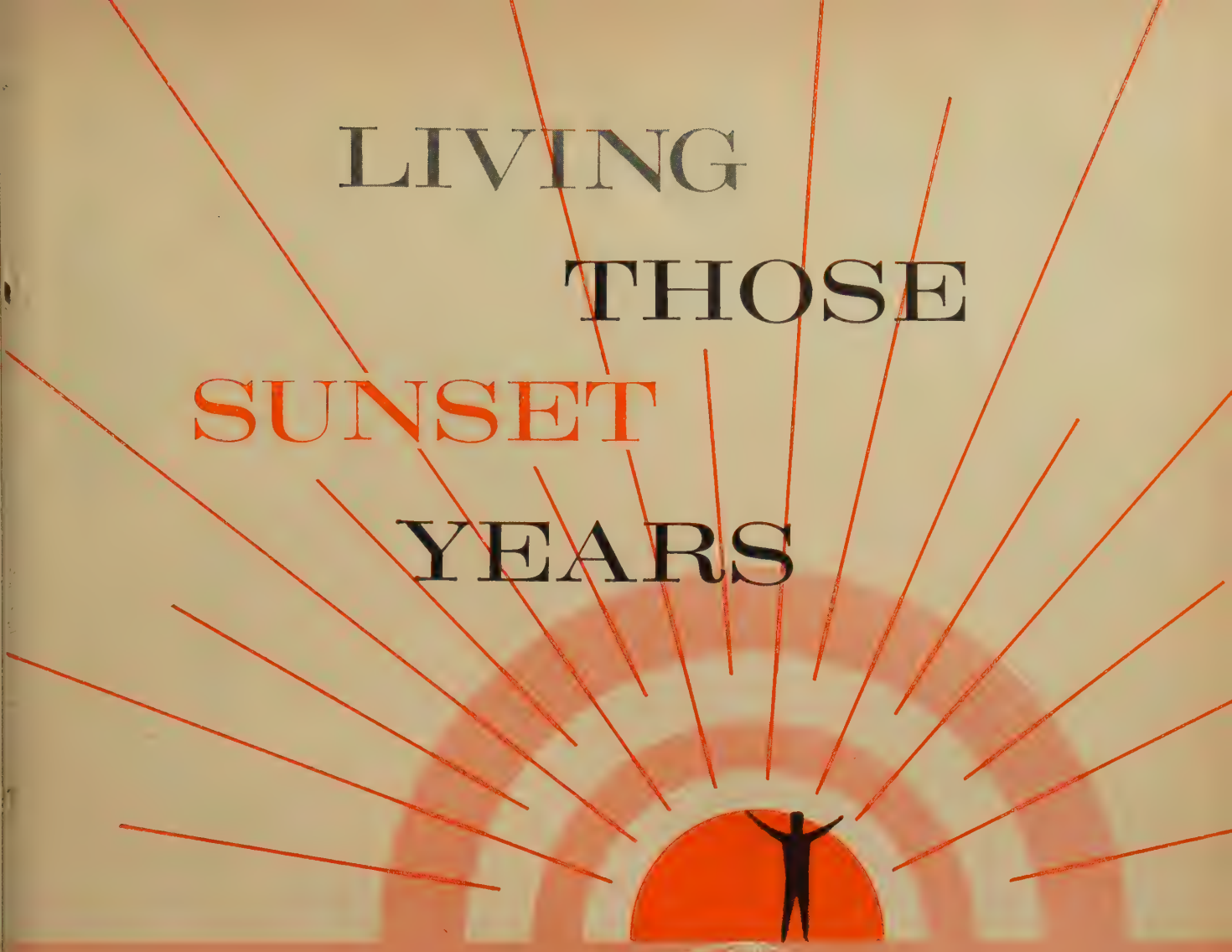
This is another argument for selective retirement. Those whose health would be protected by retirement are likely to elect to retire, while those whose health would be undermined by retirement are likely to elect to go on working.

What effect would a nation-wide plan of flexible-age retirement have on national production, on the chances of younger people for promotion in their work, and on the cost to society of supporting older people who are nonproductive?

It would not change the over-all picture very much, but it would change the situation of many individuals for the better. Some people who now have to work until age 70 and do not like it would choose to retire at 65 or even 60. Others who have to quit work at 65 and do not like it would choose to go on working until 70 or later.

It seems likely, therefore, that the sum total of human happiness would be measurably increased by selective retirement of American workers, at no economic cost to our society.

LIVING THOSE SUNSET YEARS



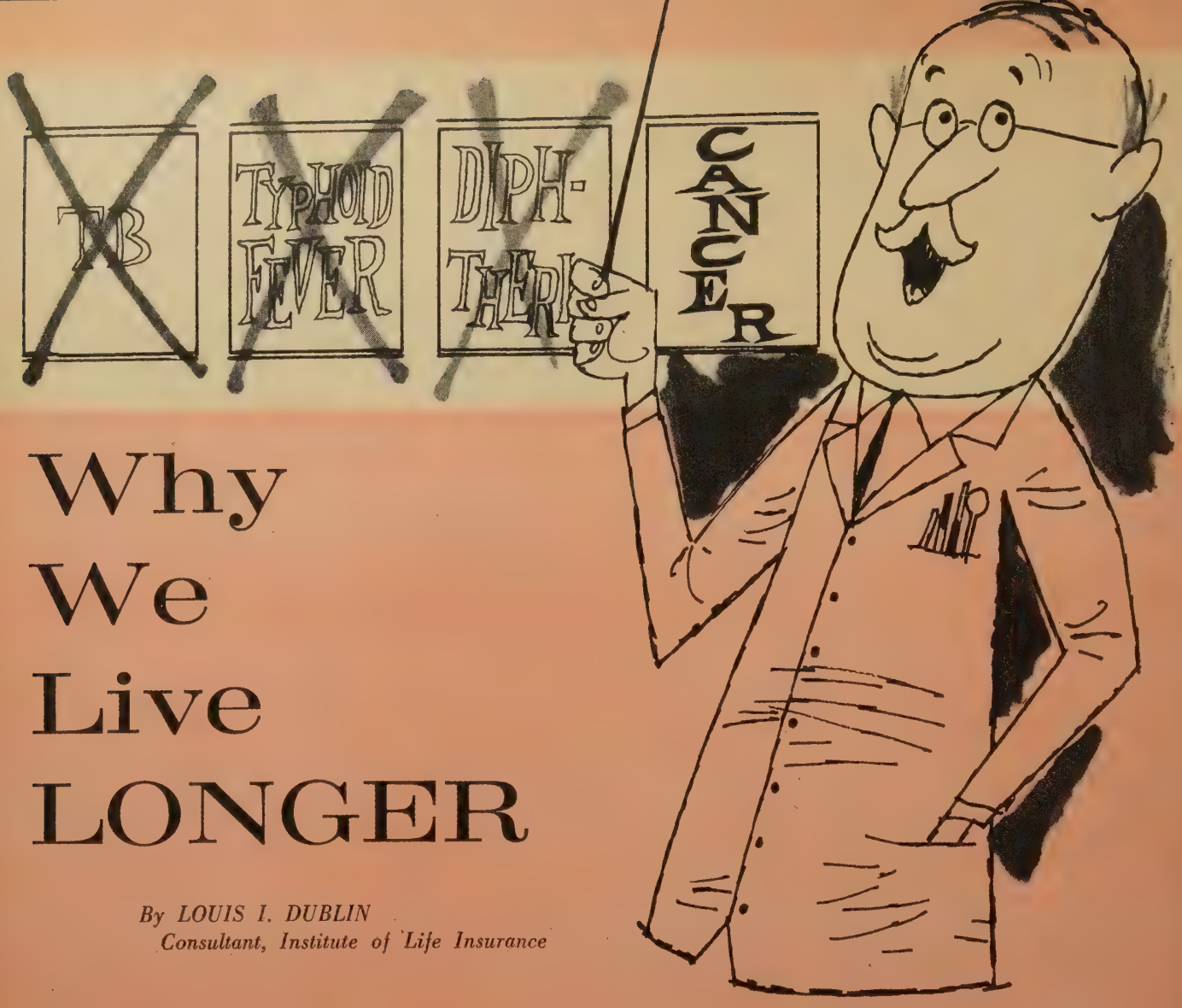
AGE SEEMS to me only another physical handicap, and it excites no dread in me—I who have lived so long and so triumphantly with many limitations.

Once I had a dear friend of 80 who impressed upon me the fact that he enjoyed life more at 80 than he had at 20. He used to say to me, "Never count how many years you have, but how many interests you have. Do not stale up your days by taking for granted the people around you, or the things which make up your environment, and you will ever abide in a realm of fadeless beauty and youth and life."

Then and there I resolved, vestal-like, to cherish an inextinguishable flame of youth. I have tried to avoid ruts—doing things just because my ancestors did them before me, leaning on the crutches of vicarious opinion, losing my childhood sense of wonderment. I am glad I still have a vivid sense of delight in new things and a vivid curiosity about the world I live in.

Age, I suppose, like blindness, is an individual experience. Everybody discovers its roseate mountain peaks, or its gloomy depths, according to his or her temperament. It is as natural for me, certainly, to believe that the richest harvest of happiness comes with old age, as that true sight and hearing are within, not without. Confidently I climb the broad stairway that love and faith have built to heights where I shall "attain to a boundless reach of sky."

—HELEN KELLER,
who, blind from childhood, recently celebrated her eightieth birthday.



Why We Live LONGER

By LOUIS I. DUBLIN
Consultant, Institute of Life Insurance

A SILENT revolution has swept our society since 1900—and a single fact strikingly illustrates it: Within these 60 years, science has added 21 years to the average American's length of life, raising it from 49 to 70! It is difficult to exaggerate the significance of this. In terms of happiness and prosperity, it defies comprehension.

Clearly, the average American today is living in a very different world from that of his grandparents. In 1900, virtually every family suffered from some serious infectious disease. Tuberculosis was the chief of these, striking down infants, children, and young adults. It was the first cause of death, family breakdown, misery, and poverty. Its depredations were accentuated by the rapid growth of cities and the immigrant flood of poor people from southern and eastern Europe.

Typhoid fever broke out each spring like a wave of doom in many river towns. Malaria was widespread, debilitating and killing thousands each year.

At the dawn of the 20th century, one child in every eight died before his first birthday. And if he passed his dangerous first year successfully, he was subjected to such insidious diseases of early childhood as measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, and diphtheria. These, together with influenza and pneumonia, took a large toll of lives, and among the survivors were many with damaged hearts and kidneys to remind them of their childhood troubles.

Human lives were wasted in the U.S. then just as they are today in what we call the underdeveloped countries.

How different is the health of our nation in 1960! Tuberculosis is almost wiped out. Children's diseases, one after another, have been made harmless or virtually nonexistent. Mortality has declined enormously, particularly at the younger ages. In infancy and early childhood, the drop from the 1900 death rate has been well over 90 per cent. Between the ages of 15 and 24, the decrease has been over 80 per cent; between 25 and 34, about 80 per cent.

Twenty-one years have thus been added to the expectation to make the average length of life the biblical "threescore and ten."

These percentages of improvement are more than statistics. They represent over a million lives saved each year!

How were these near miracles brought about? What was responsible for these benefits? Certainly medical science has greatly improved in our country during this period. Its

strides forward have been rapid and border on the miraculous.

Equally important has been the growth of the public-health movement in these 60 years. While many public-health workers are physicians, others are nurses, sanitary engineers, educators, and statisticians—all of them concerned with protecting the community against the ravages of infection.

Today, the federal government, every state, and most counties have well-organized public-health departments. Early in the century, these departments tackled the problems of guarding our water supplies and of safely disposing of house wastes. Later, in co-operation with the medical profession, they concentrated their attention on infant mortality and the infectious diseases of childhood, with great success. At the same time, they were instrumental in the movement for the improvement of housing and the relief of congestion in our cities. The opening up of new areas to city dwellers has uniformly reduced the toll of infectious disease.

Medical and pharmaceutical research has produced new vaccines and other immunizing agents to prevent smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever, children's diseases, and other common destroyers so prevalent at the beginning of the century. Poliomyelitis has been brought pretty well under control in relatively few years. Then, too, the last 20 years have seen the development of antibiotics, the "miracle drugs" which have saved the lives of hundreds of thousands who otherwise would have succumbed to influenza, pneumonia, and other diseases.

Finally, there is a factor contributing to increased longevity that is usually overlooked: a higher standard of living. Greater productivity has resulted in higher wages and better working conditions. These advances have made possible more leisure and recreation, better and more ample food, and an increased ability to use our excellent medical and hospital facilities.

With these advances largely of direct benefit to younger people, there has inevitably been a marked increase in the number of older people. While the U.S. population has more than doubled in the last 60 years, the number of those at the age of 65 and over

Why Methodists Live Longer

"THE PERCENTAGE of Methodists 75 years of age and over is 40 per cent higher than the percentage in the total U.S. population 75 years of age and over."

So reports Dean Walter G. Muelder after study of statistics gleaned by Boston University School of Theology in a nation-wide sociological survey. Evidently many of America's 10 million Methodists live by the formula for longevity prescribed by Dr. Edward L. Bortz, president of the American Geriatrics Society: *a good diet, clean living, vigorous activity, deep friendships.*

But Dr. Bortz was anticipated by John Wesley, the five-foot-four Oxford don who, as founder of Methodism, may be said to have set the Methodist way of life. Over in England, 200 years ago, he wrote a best-selling book on health and urged upon his followers "the greatest exactness in your regimen or manner of living."

Diet: "Abstain from all mixed, all high-seasoned, food," he counseled. "Use plain diet, easy of digestion. Sup at six or seven on the lightest food; go to bed early, and rise betimes." He added that eating should be done with "that cheerfulness which is highly proper at a Christian meal."

In a letter, Wesley advised a friend to "use no tobacco, use no snuff, touch no dram." Liquor, he wrote, "is liquid fire. It is a sure, though slow, poison. It saps the very springs of life."

Sanitation: "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," Wesley once said. He minced no words on the matter:

"Be cleanly. Avoid all nastiness, dirt, slovenliness, both in your person, clothes, house, and all about you. Whatever clothes you have, let them be whole; no rents, no tatters, no rags. Let none ever see a ragged Methodist. Clean yourselves of lice. Cure yourself and your family of the itch."

Exercise: Wesley believed in the strenuous life. He regularly rose at 4 a.m. for prayer and study, but he wasn't a cloistered scholar. For 50 years he averaged 5,000 miles' travel by horseback or coach.

"A due degree of exercise," he asserted, "is indispensably necessary to health and a long life. Walking is the best exercise for those who are able to bear it; riding for those who are not. The open air, when the weather is fair, contributes much to the benefit of exercise. Exercise, first, should be always on an empty stomach; secondly, should never be continued to weariness; thirdly, after it we should take care to cool by degrees; otherwise we shall catch cold. The studious ought to have stated times for exercise, at least two or three hours a day: the one half of this before dinner, the other, before going to bed."

Friendships: Keep in touch with friends in the later years of life, Wesley advised, because isolation is a great curse of old age—often leading to depression. George Eayrs, a Wesley historian, says that "an aptitude for friendship was one of Wesley's most attractive qualities, and he heeded Dr. Johnson's counsel—that 'a man should keep his friendships in repair.' He sustained them by studied kindnesses, visits, and letters."

Wesley, after a severe bout with tuberculosis in his youth, followed his own advice. And he lived for 87 years—more than man usually lives today and over twice as long as his average contemporary did!

Old As *Methuselah*

"HE'S SIMPLY ancient! Why, he's as old as Methuselah!"

How many times we have heard this expression! But how could any man live 969 years? That's the age attributed to Methuselah in Genesis 5:27.

One answer, which *The Interpreter's Bible* credits to "a physician, commenting humorously," is this:

Methuselah was 187 years old when Lamech was born; Lamech was 182 when Noah was born, and Noah 600 when the Flood came. Add 187, 182, and 600. Total: 969. Did Methuselah die prematurely—drowned in the Flood?

More seriously: were "years" then of a length different from now? No, say most scholars; that's modern rationalization.

"The idea that men in primitive times lived very long lives is common to the traditions of many races," according to *The New Century Bible*. "It is also clear that these figures have no historical value except as exemplifying Semitic theories of chronology."

This is illustrated by a Babylonian priest named Berossos, who, about 260 B.C., compiled a list of Babylonian kings and attributed incredibly long reigns to them. Some were said to have ruled more than 64,000 years!

So scholars tend to agree that Methuselah's age is "unhistorical and mythological." But nonetheless, if you'll turn to page 102, I'd like to propose him as Honorary Grand Exalted Past Patron for TOGETHER's *Century Club!*

—FRANCES HATHAWAY

has quintupled. Under present conditions of longevity, one fourth of the babies born can expect to live to the ripe old age of 83!

Yet, as this issue of TOGETHER points out, there has been a marked increase in the number of problems which have to be solved to meet the requirements of these older citizens, whether they be in terms of better health facilities, more adequate housing, or recreation. There should be greater appreciation by the community at large of its great responsibility to make their lives more agreeable.

Great strides have been made in adding years to the lives of the young, but the story is very different after age 45. That's when heart and kidney diseases, cancer, and accidents together account for more than 80 per cent of all deaths. Unfortunately, these have shown scarcely any improvement in recent years.

What, then, is the outlook? We often hear optimistic predictions about gains in longevity in the immediate future. There have been pronouncements that the average length of life can be increased to the century mark. There are even predictions of an immense increase in the number of centenarians.

I believe that no such optimism about the rise in longevity is justified by the facts. The record of the last 60 years in life conservation has been so extraordinary that it can hardly ever again be duplicated. What gains can be made in the future must be made at the ages 40 and over because the mortality below this age is now minimal. Furthermore, there has been little or no improvement in the last six or seven years, indicating that we have reached a temporary plateau in life extension.

In spite of enormous expenditures for research, little progress has been made in solving the riddles of heart disease and cancer. Even if substantial gains are made in future years, I'm convinced that these can add only a relatively few years to the average length of life.

Thus, if we could eliminate cancer from the mortality table, the gain in life expectancy would be only one or two years. If all the deaths from heart and kidney diseases could by some miracle be cut out, the total gain would be about nine years. The elimination of all deaths from accidents after age 40 would add less than a year.

The savings at the older ages, by their very nature, must have only limited impact on the total duration of life. But we are, of course, a long way from getting rid of these three important factors in the mortality of older people.

My forecast is that the best we can hope for by 1975 is a life expectation of 75 years. That's only five more years than our expectancy today.

I am not the only conservative with regard to the possibilities of extending human life in future years. Actuaries in the Social Security Administration, in forecasting life expectation for the year 2000, also assumed that tuberculosis would be eradicated, that infections would almost have vanished, that cancer mortality would be reduced by one half, and that heart and kidney diseases would likewise be reduced.

On this optimistic basis, they concluded that the expectation of life for males in the year 2000 would be about 74 years and of females 79 years. This would mean a gain of about six years for each sex.

My judgment is that we would be doing very well if, in the course of the next four decades, we achieved gains of this magnitude. The fact is that we have not as yet discovered an elixir of life.

Even if the researchers make fundamental discoveries into the causes of cancer and heart disease, there will still be the difficulties of implementing their discoveries with effective medical and administrative procedures.

And we shall always be confronted with one serious overriding obstacle —the fact that the human tissues grow old and wear out. This is true especially of the heart muscle, the hardest working tissue of the body. So even with all the advances we can reasonably expect from research, the resulting gains in life expectation must be severely limited.

It has been said that we must not only add years to life, but more importantly, life to years.

The great need of the future is to make the life of our senior citizens freer of disability, happier, and more worthwhile, rather than attempting to prolong it to the point of aimless and helpless stagnation.

How to Live With Teen-Agers... and Like It!

By RICHMOND BARBOUR
Teens Together *Consultant*

LIVING happily with teen-agers is a fine art, not easily acquired. Let's look in on my friends, Tom and Mary Jones, parents of two of them. During a stroll at dusk, Mr. Jones sees a young couple kissing in a car parked halfway down Elm Street.

"Bad," he mutters, "that's really bad." Then he does a double take. The girl is his daughter, 14-year-old Suzy. Mr. Jones explodes, orders his tearful daughter into the house, and tells her what's what.

Peace is restored, but a few days later 16-year-old Billy approaches his father sheepishly and hands him a traffic ticket which indicates the youth had been arrested for doing 60 in a 35-mile zone.

"You let me take the car to school that day, remember?" Billy explains. "I got into a drag race with another kid, but I didn't think I was going that far over the limit. Now I suppose I'll lose my license for six months."

Mr. Jones explodes again.

Later, when he has a moment to reflect, he thinks back to the first time Billy's discipline presented a real problem. The boy was three. Overnight he had stopped obeying. He said "I hate you" instead of "I love you." He played with matches, rode his tricycle in the busy street, and poured ink on the cat.

And he got his first spanking.

Mr. Jones learned that little rebels need definite rules, firmly enforced. Mrs. Jones learned to be more strict. She and Tom loved their children

too much to let them run wild. Gradually they realized that Billy and Suzy were acquiring their lifelong standards of good and bad, right and wrong, through rebellious experiments. By the time Suzy was ready for school the worst of this particular ordeal was over. The basic parts of each child's conscience had been formed.

Then came the elementary-school years and other changes. The children didn't always come to dinner promptly when called. They'd forget to keep their rooms clean. They often fought with each other.

But their basic attitudes were good. They wanted to do right. They tried to obey. They enjoyed companionship with their parents. They were proud of their pretty mother and their big, strong father. They joined happily in church affairs. During these years the Joneses built strong emotional ties of love and respect.

They need those ties, now that the troubled teen years have arrived. Tom and Mary Jones had expected to enjoy their children's high-school days. But Billy and Suzy have changed again. Now there are many worries. Billy is car crazy. Suzy has been going steady secretly. Both young people want to stay out late.

Today Billy is miserable. No matter what the judge says, Billy can't drive any car until next June. His folks felt they had to crack down.

SUZY has a crush, but calls it love. The kissing incident brought her social career to a crashing halt. Her parents won't let her have a date for the next four months. She can't go steady again for at least a year.

When Grandpa Jones hears all this, he nods knowingly. He realizes that Suzy and Billy aren't bad as teen-agers go. They have just been unusually careless and troublesome, but they rarely are easy to live with.

"Aw, come on now, Tom," Grandpa says, putting his hand on his son's shoulder. "Don't you remember some of the things you did when you were a kid? Like the time you tore the fender off the old model T, and the time you and Mary got back so late after your moonlight picnic that I'd locked the door! Why, at times I'd have sworn you'd end up in jail before you were 21."

"Yes, I know I wasn't any angel, Dad," Tom admits, "but somehow the problems we have with Suzy and Billy seem different." He shakes his head ruefully. "I wonder what's going to happen next."

"Just about anything," Grandpa says. "It'll probably turn out to be a mixture of love, worry, fun, and irritation. At least, that's what happened when you were a teen-ager, Tom."

And that's what is happening with Billy and Suzy. They frequently feel ashamed of their parents and challenge their rules. In moments of complete honesty they realize they need rules. They sense that they are getting some essential protection. But they chafe at restrictions and argue about them.

Suzy and Billy have strong religious convictions. But their behavior frequently falls short of their ideals.

Even with their troubles, Billy and Suzy have a lot of fun. Now their pleasures come chiefly with their friends instead of their parents. They've entered the instinctive conspiracy of teen-agers to bar the adult world from their society. They belong to special cliques. They have their own language, follow their own styles, sing their own odd songs, pay homage to their own unique teen-age heroes and heroines. No humans can be happier than teen-agers when things are going right. No humans can be bluer when things are going wrong.

What's the real issue in the Jones family, or in every other good home with teen-agers in it? Simply this: Suzy and Billy and their friends feel grown up. Every urge, every instinct, is for independence. But in our civilization they still are children. They've much to learn before they can support themselves, and be trusted with grown-up prerogatives.

All parents of teen-agers have the hard job of protecting their children from themselves. As parents, they must guide, control, teach—and counterbalance the permissiveness of grandparents. Schools help, of course. So do churches. But parents carry most of the burden.

A few mothers and fathers avoid conflict with their young people by surrendering. They give their teen-agers no guidance, exert no control. Young people from these homes quickly find themselves at war with the world. Usually they land in juvenile courts or mental-hygiene clinics. Parents who love their teen-agers, as the Joneses do, realize they cannot surrender. They must struggle along from day to day, just as their parents did with them.

Can you live in complete happiness with normal teen-agers? No. Not if you do a good job as a parent. But you can live happily part of the time. The worst struggles usually come when the young people are 13, 14, and 15. When they are 18 or 19 they achieve a great degree of independence, and peace returns.

PARENTS forget these things—but grandparents remember. And here's what any wise grandparent can tick off on five fingers—pointers you'll do well to heed:

1. Accept your offspring for the fine youngsters they really are. (You probably were just as troublesome at their age!) Let them sense your love and support.

2. Set up rules in advance of trouble—rules about clothes, make-up, dating, going steady, necking, staying out late, using the car, allowances, helping with housework, belonging to secret clubs, doing homework, and so on. Try not to be abnormally strict for your neighborhood or abnormally easy.

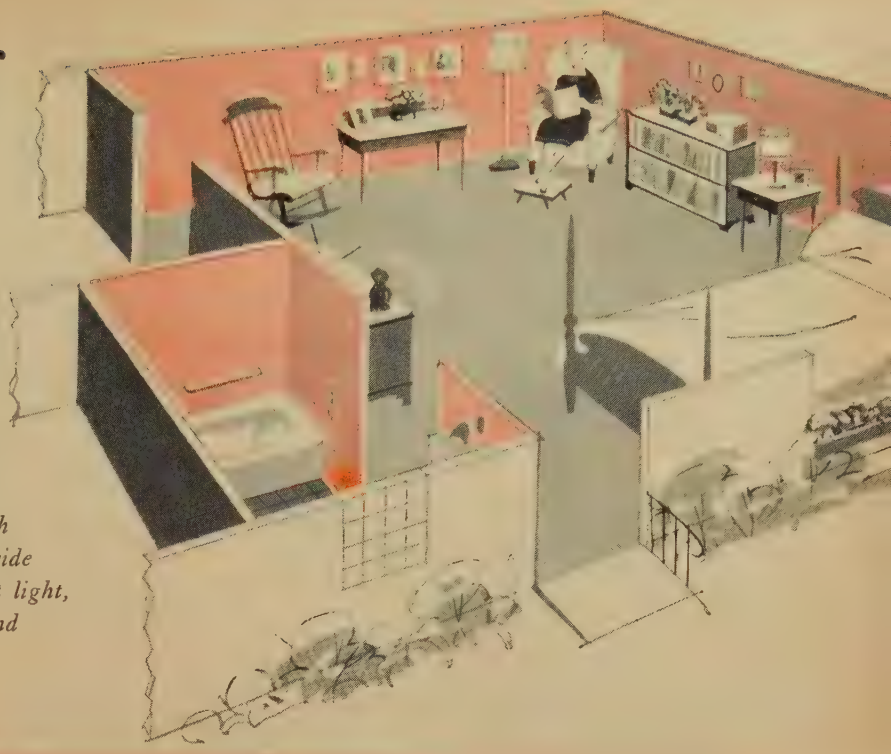
3. Do your best to keep your church the center of your children's life. Encourage them to stick with their church friends. Church groups usually are the best of all.

4. Help your young people to be popular with good members of the opposite sex. Have discreetly chaperoned, well-conducted parties for them. Let them date as soon as they're old enough and responsible enough. Help them dress the way student leaders at school dress. Teach them the needed social skills.

5. Increase their freedom as fast as they demonstrate that they can be trusted. At 15 they are more responsible than they were at 13. At 18 they can be given almost complete independence. Once your teen-agers understand that the pathway to freedom is through the use of good judgment, they'll grow up fast.

A Room for Grandma

By PARKER B. LUSK



Let Grandma fill her room with her own familiar things—but provide such safety features as a handy night light, a firm rug, sturdy grab bars, and a ground-floor location.

Do not cast me off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength is spent.—Psalms 71:9

WHEN Grandma comes to live with you, you'll want to make her room as comfortable and pleasant as possible. But don't surprise her with too much. It could make her unhappy—even if she doesn't say so. [See *What to Do With Aging Parents,* July, 1959, page 14.]

Let her decide what she wants in the room; her own furniture will make it more like home. And since the room is going to be hers, let her keep it the way she wants. If her sewing basket, house plants, or books make the room seem untidy, don't fret. They are great insurance for Grandma's continued health and happiness.

The room should provide privacy without isolation. Make it off limits for grandchildren when noisy. Don't enter, yourself, without at least an implied invitation. Usually, knock.

As you fix up a room for Grandma, bear in mind that it's natural for her limbs to be less nimble, her reflexes less quick. Her perception tends to diminish, her strength to decline.

Remodel? Some families will remodel for Grandma; others prefer to refurnish. Remodeling, of course, is more expensive, but may be necessary if the house is too small or not properly laid out for an extra occupant. Housing requirements of any family are dynamic, even though the change is gradual, so remodeling shouldn't be so drastic that it will have to be undone in a few years.

Where? A dormer-windowed apartment in the attic may be romantic for poets, but it's not for Grandma. She should be on the ground floor, with a bathroom near at hand. Her room should be well ventilated, of course, and adequately heated in winter because as one adds years the need for body warmth increases. Be wary of any portable heater until it has passed a rigid safety inspection and you're sure Grandma knows how it operates. Some states even have outlawed this type of heater.

Safety first! Polished floors and scatter rugs often cause slips and falls. Tacked-down carpets or large, firm rugs are much safer. Doorsills are another underfoot hazard that should be eliminated. Nonskid tile on the floors of kitchen and bath are advisable. Replace steps with ramps if possible. Don't forget handrails for stairways and sturdy grab bars by toilet and tub.

Lights. These are important. You'll need them for stairways and over the cookstove. A night light in the bedroom is usually needed because older people often go to the bathroom in the night. A flashlight by the bed could do. Electric lights in the bathroom should be controlled by a luminous wall switch, not a pull cord or socket switch. Don't leave light cords straggling across the floor between lamp and wall socket.

Bottles: The medicine chest needs frequent attention. Poisonous products should be kept elsewhere. Medicines (such as iodine) you don't want Grandma to swallow accidentally should be marked by strips of tape she can feel in the dark and a red *X* she can see in twilight. Designate a special shelf in the cabinet as hers. Warn her never to take medicine in the dark and always to read the label first. She should keep just one night's supply of medicine by her bed so she won't forgetfully take an extra dose.

"Habit is a cable," said American educator Horace Mann. "We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it." So before Grandma comes to live with you, prepare her place in a way that makes it easy for her and the family to make safety and happiness a habit!

P.S.—*What I've written here to help Grandma avoid trouble applies to Grandpa—double!*

3 Generations Under One Roof

By KATHARINE HOLMES

"IT'S SO HARD to know just what to do," I overheard the woman at the adjoining luncheon table say to her companion. "I get such conflicting and depressing advice. Even experts don't agree."

"Advice about what?" her friend asked.

"Advice about having my mother share our home," was the reply. "I've been told that our children, especially the teen-agers, should be alone with their parents because of the difficult phase they're going through. Others say it will teach them consideration. I wish I knew what to do."

I wished with all my heart that I could tell the bewildered mother about my own experience with three generations under one roof.

Just five years ago it had become necessary to find a home for my mother, recently widowed and too frail to keep up the large old home in which I'd grown up. Was she to live in our home where I felt she would be happy? Or in some "retirement home" in which I thought she would be sad and lost?

Prayerfully, I pondered the matter. We really didn't have room for another person in our home. Our 16-year-old twins, Jeanne-Marie and Janey, could keep their own room. But David, 13, would have to give up his to my mother—and sleep on the couch in the living room. That hardly seemed ideal for a growing boy.

Finally, I decided to toss the ball to my husband. "Tell me what you think I should do," I pleaded.

He thought awhile, then countered: "Any arrangements you make will suit me perfectly. I'm fond of your mother, and I'd be happy to have her live with us."

Then the unsolicited advice from our friends began to roll in. I was all at sea again.

One said, "Your boy has a right to a room of his own. Thirteen is a tricky age."

"Your girls won't like having to tone down their parties for an elderly person," counseled another. "Their dates will be uncomfortable and bored."

Still another was a prophet of doom: "Your friends will drop you when they realize they must include your mother in their invitations. And you'll be lucky if it doesn't wreck your marriage! Husbands and wives need privacy, and your own mother is bound to take your side in any arguments you two have. There's going to be friction. Old people can be so irritating."

Despite these dire prophecies, I asked my mother to come and make her home with us. I'm so very glad I did—for she enriched all our lives.

Her first triumph was with Davy, downcast over his report card. He was staring sadly at it one day when Grandma asked, "What's wrong, Davy? You have all *A*s except in mathematics. I'd say that was a very good card."

"But Gram," he said dolefully, "I want to be an electronics engineer, and to do that I've just got to be good in math. I don't know what's wrong. I just don't seem to know how to get with it." His shoulders drooped.

"Well, Davy," said Grandma carefully, "I spent 30 years teaching, helping other people's grandsons to 'get with' mathematics, and I don't see why I shouldn't try to help my own grandson. Let's plan on an hour a day, five days a week, and I think we'll make it."

Make it they did! Davy's marks improved rapidly. He was so happy over this development that I'm sure he never minded his couch bed at all.

The twins' boy friends, Bob and Jim, adored Grandma. They confided in her freely—especially Bob, whose parents never seemed to have time to listen to him.

As to my friends' reactions, Grandma took care of that in her tactful, gentle way. "I'm so happy to get to know all of Katharine's friends," she would say to arriving guests, "but now I'll go to my own room and watch television, if I may be excused. Watching moving pictures from my own nice easy chair is still such a miracle to me!"

When invited to our friends' homes with us, she would say sweetly, "Thank you so much. You are very kind, but my visiting days are over. Just come to me often so I can see your dear, young faces, and I'll be quite content." She managed in her friendly way to hold us all together. Indeed, my circle of friends increased.

Grandma was an enthusiastic gardener and specialized in flowers that would make attractive bouquets. She

asked our pastor for a list of sick, shut-in, and lonely persons. Then she called on them, bringing her delightful bouquets or some of her delicate custards.

Through visits to our community hospital she was able to give our Janey help when Janey needed it badly. Our girls were not identical twins. Jeanne-Marie was pretty and very popular. But "Plain Janey," as she termed herself, didn't possess her sister's beauty or vivacity. Grandma's sharp eyes saw Janey's unhappiness, and, because she couldn't bear to have any of her "family" unhappy, she unobtrusively set about helping.

"Janey," Grandma said one morning, "after school today will you go with me to visit Mrs. Barron and some other church members at the hospital? I could use a young, strong arm, believe me!"

"O.K.," Janey agreed, not realizing this visit would open a door for her.

At the hospital Janey saw the "candy stripers," a group of high-school students who served as nurses' aides after school and on weekends. Later, when Grandma suggested that she join the group, Janey bounced with enthusiasm. Busy, attractively uniformed, and with many new friends, Janey blossomed out.

Grandma also solved one of my biggest problems with the children. Before she came to live with us, they habitually came to the dinner table with rumpled hair and sloppy clothes. They slumped in their chairs and were careless about their table manners.

Grandma, by contrast, spruced up for the evening meal. She was always immaculately groomed and careful of her manners. She didn't say a word about what must have offended her deeply in these young persons. But a transformation began. The girls changed into fresh, frilly frocks and brushed their hair. Davy kept his elbows off the table and no longer talked with his mouth full.

As to the effect Grandma had on my marriage, my husband and I never had to arrange for privacy. Grandma was always "escaping" into her room or busy with "sick calls." If she happened to be present when my husband and I had a disagreement and she was asked to take sides, she would smile in her wisdom and exclaim, "Children! You know, it's an odd thing. I have, most times, excellent hearing; but times such as these I become a deaf-mute!" Then she would make a quick exit.

Recalling her words and the twinkle in her eye, what else was there for us to do but to forget our differences?

Grandma helped us all in a most vital way. She showed us the way back to God. We had become indifferent about churchgoing. We all had ready excuses for staying home on Sunday mornings.

But after Grandma came to live with us we began to see how flimsy our excuses were. Grandma never preached at us. She just set off for church every Sunday, even during blizzards and in humid heat. When we protested that she was too frail for these trips, she would just say, "Children, thank you for worrying about me, but if I didn't go to the Lord's house on this day I wouldn't have the strength to go through the week."

Gradually, one by one, we started accompanying Grandma to church, and it enriched our lives beyond measure. The churchgoing enlarged our circle of friends in addition to lifting us spiritually.

Grandma is gone now, but she lives on in our memories. Davy remembers their math sessions; Janey recalls the day Grandma got her interested in the "candy stripers"; Jeanne-Marie speaks gratefully of the confidences Grandma shared with Bob and which helped him so much. My husband and I are thankful to her for leading us back to church.

"And don't forget," Janey reminded me, "how Grandma taught us to memorize poems, one each week, so we would have a store of them in our minds to say over to ourselves when the going got tough."

Her sister nodded. "She liked Longfellow's *'For age is opportunity no less/Than youth itself, though clad in another dress.'*"

Davy picked it up: *"'And as the evening twilight fades away/The sky is filled with stars, invisible by day.'"* Yes, Grandma will always live in our hearts. So I'd like to say to the troubled woman in that tearoom, "Don't be afraid of three generations under one roof. It can be a triple blessing!"

How About Living Alone?

My Mother Approves

Says MYRTLE M. CREASEY

MY HUSBAND looked up from the blueprints he had spread all over the kitchen table. "We could put the new addition here," he said, pointing with a handy paring knife. "That'd give Mother privacy."

I turned away from the dishes to take a look and shook my head: "Uh-uh, my mother's 80 years old and mustn't climb stairs. Her bedroom and bath'll have to be on one floor."

"O.K.," Harry said, rolling up the plans. "Let's get her down here from Seattle and talk to her about it."

Talking to Mother wouldn't be quite that simple, I knew. Before Papa had died 13 years ago, Harry and I had taken it for granted that if either of my parents were left alone he or she'd come and live with us. But Mother had had other ideas and, in spite of my persistent pleas for her to come down to us in California, she'd insisted on living alone in her little house.

The rest of the family told me to mind my own business and stop bothering her; she was happy, they said, and quite capable of living alone. But I kept thinking of poor Mother, all alone up there in that damp climate and having to wrap up in coat, overshoes, and muffler every time she went out. I could imagine her struggling to the bus stop in bad weather, standing there in the rain, a pathetic little figure bravely smiling out of her still-beautiful blue, blue eyes.

Now, plans in hand, I sat down and wrote her: "Please come down and visit us this winter. The change will do you good, and so will the California sunshine."

Mother came—and tactfully said nothing when our sunshine became liquid. Fortunately, while we had the wettest winter in years, the downpours came mostly at night and the days were warm and bright. Mother was able to spend enough time on the patio to get a tan like a Hollywood movie star—except she exposed her face only.

The day I went to a bridge luncheon was an exception. Mother didn't go and, to make up for her day alone, I promised we'd have dinner in the best restaurant in town. "Be ready to go when I get home at five," I said breezily as I left the house.

By the time I started home the heavens had opened wide. Minus umbrella, boots, or coat, I was soaked to the skin getting from the clubhouse to the car, and from the car to the front door.

"Too bad," I muttered as I raced up the walk. "Poor Mother. Well, I'll make a cozy fire in the fireplace."

But as I reached the haven of the front door it swung open. There stood my fragile little mother, raincoat buttoned to the throat, trim little hat on her head, umbrella handy.

"I've laid out your slicker and boots," she said briskly. "Poor thing, you're drenched."

I didn't say a word; my mother's daughter is no sissy. I grimly put on dry clothes, donned coat and boots, and tried not to look too longingly at the fireplace as we stepped out into the downpour.

Trudging along, I realized how little my mother looked her years. True, she walked a little slower and there were wrinkle lines in her face. But I hadn't blamed her much when she took me to task one day: "I wish you wouldn't be telling people I'm 80. The optician said I looked 15 years younger."

Mother can be unconsciously funny in her dry Irish way. I remember when she remarked: "I told you, didn't I, that I have a cemetery plot for myself next to Pa?"

"Yes."

"I just wanted to be sure you knew," she said, settling into her chair. "Just before I left home a man called and asked if I still wanted it." Her lips set in that determined way of hers.

"I said to him, 'Still want it? Of course I still want it! When do I have to take possession? Is there a time limit? It's paid for; I can show you the receipt.' I was a little huffy with him, I can tell you."

"What did he say?" I asked faintly.

"I couldn't understand a word, he was mumbling so. The next thing I knew the receiver clicked at his end."

My husband, who adores her and is a storyteller of some note among the boys, spent considerable time cleaning and polishing up jokes so Mother could tell them to her friends. "I appreciate it," she'd beam gratefully. "Now when one of the girls comes I'll have a new joke."

All the time Mother was visiting us I was busily rehearsing how I could break the news of the blueprints to her. I mentally started: "Dear Mother, the time has come ——" No, no. Too trite. "Mother, you know we love you——" Maudlin. Finally, I decided on a sidewise approach. Sitting on the patio one day, I asked her: "How do you like southern California, Mother?"

"Fine, dear, just fine."

"You know," I plunged on, "we could add a nice little room and bath to the house here. Then you could be by yourself whenever you wanted, and we could have you with us all the time."

I was trying hard to seem casual. But even though I was gazing into the distance with assumed nonchalance, I knew Mother was sitting bolt upright. The silence almost crackled. Then, deceptively gentle, she asked:

"Would you be trying to tell me that you want me to be giving up my home now?" The Irish in her always comes out when she's alarmed.

"Do you have it in your mind that my little home's falling apart?" she continued. "Or is it my age then?" I turned to see fire flashing in the blue eyes. "Yes, it's my age, of course," she said with sudden insight. "Well, let me tell you, my daughter, I'm as young as you are inside. It's just the outside that looks unable to take care of itself."

I made one last try: "But, Mamma,

you aren't as strong as you used to be."

"I will visit you," she said firmly, "and you will visit me. I love your southern California and your dry climate—for a while. But I wouldn't know how to live without the soft, moist air of the Northwest. And I wouldn't know how to live away from my little home, where my word is law. Think ahead 25 years. You'll always want your independence and I want to keep mine. Maybe someday—but we don't need to think so far into the future. The good Lord takes care of that."

So when her visit was over, Mother determinedly boarded her plane and headed northward again. I rolled up the blueprints and carefully laid them in the storage closet.

I guess I'll take a turn at minding my own business. But if Mother ever changes her mind, that room and bath will be waiting.

My Dad Agreed!

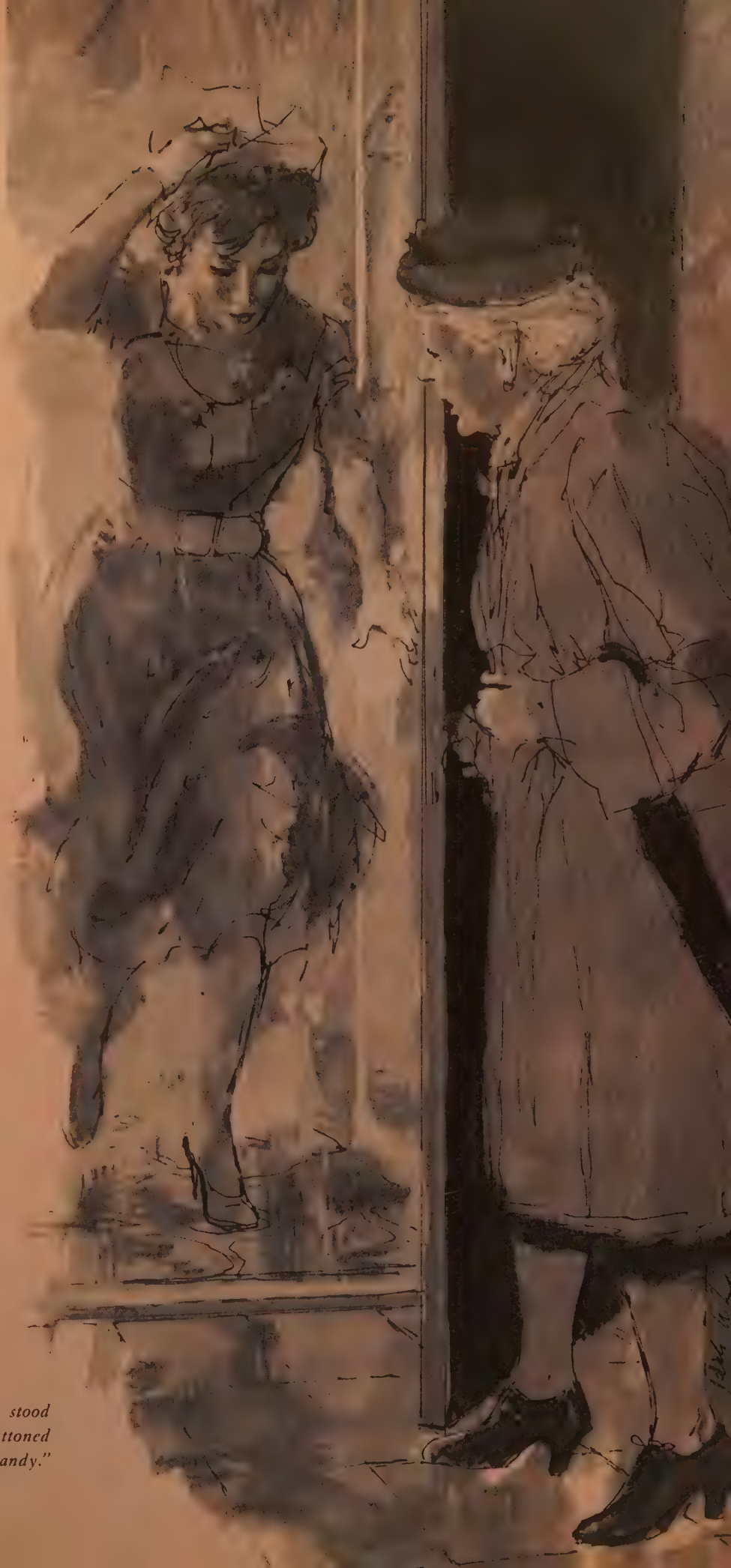
Reports DALE FIFE

IT WAS always difficult to get my father-in-law to leave his Idaho home and visit us in California—and even harder to keep him once he'd arrived.

Several of Dad Fife's children lived in or near San Francisco, in homes with plenty of room for him. But always, after a few days of visiting around, observing that everything was going well with his sons and daughters, and admiring his grandchildren, he would start packing his canvas suitcase and announce: "It's time I start fixing to go back to Idaho."

As the wife of Dad's eldest son, I did my share to try to convince him he should stay. My motives were far from unselfish, for I enjoyed his quiet humor, the stories he could tell of early Idaho, and the easy, common-sense way he had with children.

Often I would seek him out in his favorite spot, a rocker on our sun porch, and remind him, "You do enjoy our warm winter sun—and



"The front door swung open. There stood my fragile little mother, raincoat buttoned to the throat . . . umbrella handy."

the morning paper reports below-zero weather in Idaho."

Dad would grin and pull his old hat a little forward. When he smiled, his whole face lit up and his blue eyes gleamed. For the moment he would seem the young pioneer again, despite the shock of white hair and the lines around his eyes and mouth. He would take out his gold watch, which he carried in his shirt pocket, wind it, look at it thoughtfully, and say: "Now, Daughter, I'd like to stay, but I've got work to do and time's running a race with me."

I thought Dad must be having delusions and I spoke to my husband about it.

"Dad has always been needed," he said. "Maybe he can't admit that that time is over."

I would remember then how he had pioneered in Idaho. He was in his early 20s when he set out with his young wife, gay Jessie, to homestead in the wilderness of sagebrush and grudging earth. Blackfoot Indians prowled around the log cabin he built, but he managed to clear the land so dry farming could begin.

His seven children were born in that cabin. Life, if not financially beneficent, was busy and fruitful. There was then no question about his being needed. And so I would come to the conclusion that Dad was living in the past because he was not needed in the present.

ON THE day of his departure I would stand next to him as the train rolled into the station and watch him as he pulled out his watch, checking to see if the train was on time. I would be sad, for I envisioned him spending lonely days and nights in the old house.

The weathered, sagging homestead was another thing which his sons and daughters fretted about. Since Jessie's death, the grass was untended and flowers no longer grew about the doorsteps. My husband would return from visiting Dad and shake his head.

"He has no interests. I wonder why he doesn't keep up the old place. He has nothing else to do with his time."

The inside of the house bothered Dad's daughters when they visited. It seemed so bare. "What did you do with the mirror that used to hang over the buffet?" one of them asked. "And whatever became of the blue breakfast dishes?"

To all such questions, Dad would look puzzled, take out his watch, wind it slowly, and say, "Shucks, I just can't remember."

Once my husband remonstrated with him because he didn't buy himself a new suit. Dad flashed him one of his sly glances. "Shucks, at my age all a fellow's really got time for is getting himself ready for the Lord."

And then, one sad day, he was ready.

His sons and daughters traveled to the homestead. They were a dejected little group as they sat around the kitchen table. "The funeral will be small," one of them said. "After all, most of Dad's contemporaries are long since gone."

Then the people started to arrive. They came from miles around, from farms, from the town, from distant points. Some were old-timers, known to Dad's sons and daughters. But many were strangers to them.

Some came with food: pies, cakes, meat, bread. They took over the house to make it comfortable for Dad's children. "Your father did so much; he can never be repaid," they said.

We wondered what Dad had done. He had little money. In fact, he had less worldly goods than we had thought. We had found the house to be a mere shell. There was little of use left. The closets were bare, the cupboards empty. Where was a certain rocker? A remembered table?

A neighbor woman came in with an armful of bedding. "Your father brought these quilts over last winter when it was so cold and the children all had croup. I aim to make up the beds for you and I thought maybe the quilts would be needed."

Slowly, then, we pieced together the story. Dad had given away everything he did not actually need. He had lived simply, so he saw to it that Jessie's supplies of dishes, pots and pans, cutlery, were put to use in homes where they were necessities.

We had always wondered how Dad could wear out so many fur-lined slippers. Whenever we asked him what he'd like for his birthday or for Christmas, he'd write: "I can always use another pair of warm slippers." The fur on the only pair we found in his closet was worn down to the leather. The rest were in neighbors' closets.

He didn't actually give away the TV set his children had given him. "He lent it to us," a neighbor, father of six, told us. "He said it was too cold for the little ones to come to his house winter nights. He insisted I take it to my place. He would come over and watch his favorite shows in our living room."

SO, when all was done, there was for Dad's sons and daughters no problem dividing what was left, no wondering what to do with this or that.

Stored on the top shelf in the kitchen, wrapped carefully in tissue, was a gift for each of them: Jessie's prized teapot for one daughter; one of Jessie's handmade quilts for another. My husband, being the eldest, was left Dad's cherished watch.

One of Dad's friends summed it up this way: "Your father stored up good deeds for the life to come. What he had been able to wrest from his farm through sweat and sacrifice had never been quite enough when you children were young. After you were grown and self-sufficient, he never forgot the struggle. He helped where he could, in the way he could. He did not have much to give, but what he had, he gave."

Dad's sons and daughters looked at each other knowingly. Dad had indeed been "getting himself ready for the Lord."

Back home, I examined the watch Dad had bequeathed my husband. It was old and a little shabby, as Dad himself had been. But when I began polishing it I found that the discoloration was merely the patina of years of use. I found that, although the watch bore no design, no monogram, its gold was satiny and mellow and a thing of great beauty.

It rests now on our mantel under a crystal dome, where it seems to take its place naturally as "the heart of the home." It is no mere showpiece, for it is still working, ticking off the minutes, reminding always: "I've got work to do and time's running a race with me."

New Ideas in Old Folks' Homes

By HERMAN B. TEETER

Look what "Visitors Welcome" brought to a home in Meadville, Pa.!

AN OUT-OF-STATE car pulled into the parking lot and two small children came tumbling out and raced toward the tall, white-haired woman on the lawn. "We're here, Granny!" they shouted. "Is this your $2-million house?"

The elderly woman smiled proudly. "It certainly is—and look! It's six stories high!"

The family group passed into the lobby and out of sight down a broad, well-lighted corridor. I left before seeing them again, but I knew what "Granny" was thinking, and I knew what she had looked forward to showing them. Only a few minutes before she had told how old fears had disappeared, almost from the day she moved into her room in this magnificent, new, fireproof Methodist home.

"Why, its almost like starting life all over again—at 82, mind you!"

Such remarkable transformations are taking place in the lives of hundreds of our senior citizens in every part of the country. They are the result of a conviction that Christian concern should be spread—not only to the indigent, ill, and helpless among us, but also to those who enter the latter years with resources. These people also have problems in housing, self-care, and psychological adjustment. New ideas in this long-neglected field are bringing almost fantastic advances in the church-related program for aging men and women.

The Methodist Church now has 104 nonprofit retirement homes affiliated with the Methodist Board of Hospitals and Homes. Six more homes, for retired workers, are related to the Woman's Division of Christian Service. Today, our retirement homes dot the length and breadth of America. They face mountains, rolling plains, and winding rivers; they taste the salt air of the Pacific, Atlantic, and the Gulf. They are known by many names—Asbury Acres, Wesley Manor, Wesley Palms, Forest Hill Manor, Evenglow Lodge, or simply as The Methodist Home.

The strikingly different ideas incorporated in them are for independent people who still have a lot of living to do. The program is not charity, although much charity work is done when funds are available. It is a scientific-grounded, self-sustaining approach to meeting the needs of people at many economic levels. (We found millionaires sharing homes with retired schoolteachers and with widows of modest means.) The central fact is this: *An individual is happier and lives longer when he is able to maintain a sense of dignity and self-respect.*

Once it would have been easy to fit John Barclay into the picture. When he retired at 70, back in 1921, he was not indigent. He had a fine farm and home, but he was a widower who lived alone. So he

Nothing like a new hairdo to hike the feminine spirit! This beauty parlor's in The Methodist Home, Franklin, Ind.

moved into a room at the rear of the house, along with his old feather bed, a wooden table, the picture of his wife, and the cracked mirror over a washstand. He was out of the stream of things, and became a little forgetful. No matter how often you visited him, he'd point to the picture.

"That's Mama, boys," he'd say. "She's gone now, and I'm just waitin'."

He spent five years in his little room. He never went anywhere. He just sat there in his cane-bottom chair —waiting till the end.

On the other side of town, Aunt Liza Parker moved in with a niece. She, too, had resources—a home she could no longer manage and some insurance left by her husband. When evenings were soft and warm, this niece would move her old rocking chair to the front porch. That's the only time she ever came out of the house. Her face was sad and drawn, and neighbors said that she, too, was "just rocking and waiting."

But this is 1960, and we're wishing we could have fitted John Barclay and Eliza Parker into the picture at Frasier Meadows Manor on the outskirts of Boulder, Colo., that bright spring day. Here, in plain sight of the Denver-Boulder traffic streaming along the scenic east slope of the Rocky Mountains, are many acres of good earth given by a philanthropic citizen who knew the people of Boulder had been bidding for such a big new project at their doorstep. The residents of Frasier Meadows have peace and privacy—in the middle of things. Picture windows on each of the six floors frame tumbled foothills and snow-capped peaks, a new church, a blue lake sparkling in the sun, and lofty, rolling plains.

"I never get tired of just standing here, looking," said a 90-year-old. "I moved back here from the Midwest, a thousand miles away, because this is where I spent my youth."

The furnishings of his room aren't luxurious although those of the well-to-do couple in the apartment down the corridor could be classed that way. This room is neat, it is new, it is efficient. And it is a study in contrasts. The desk where he works several hours a day is surely of 1920 vintage; it has numerous pigeonholes stuffed with letters and clippings accumulated over the years; and it is in sharp contrast to a new television set, wall-to-wall carpeting, modern chairs and gleaming bath.

"We encourage this," said the Rev. Ben Christner, administrator. "It's simply that everyone feels more at home if he is surrounded by some of the treasured possessions of a lifetime—a favorite antique, old books, that easy chair, pictures of family and friends."

At Crestview of Ohio, a six-story ultramodern structure with wall-to-wall carpeting that extends even through the hallways, a retired schoolteacher appeared one day with two distinguished-looking companions she referred to as "my boys." They turned out to be a banker and a lawyer who once had been her pupils, and now took delight in looking after her interests—without charge. She toured the new building with excitement; but, as she prepared to leave, said sadly:

"This is something I've always dreamed about, but I can't afford to live in such a fine place."

She is living there today, however, and here's how she did it: She sold her home for $14,000. From this amount, she paid $12,000 for an apartment and put the balance in the bank. From her teacher's retirement pay of $235 a month, she pays a monthly fee of $150, leaving $85. She has purchased complete life care. She has no worries about meals, housing, medical bills, property taxes, loneliness. There is a call bell at her bedside for a nurse—and one of three doctors is always on call. Her meals, prepared by an expert dietitian, are served by waitresses at any table of her choice in the spacious dining room. She is subject to no regimentation. She may come and go as she pleases, stay away as long as she likes.

A retired businessman, now 76, came to a Methodist home in the Midwest after his wife died. Her prolonged illness cost nearly $40,000. He didn't want to move in with either of his two children, and was at a loss until he talked to an official of the home. He ended up by selling

The beauty of Crestview of Ohio is mirrored in its own lake; beyond are broad fields, quiet woodlands.

his $16,500-residence, and purchasing a $10,000 apartment in the home. He finds his remaining resources more than adequate—what with $6,500 drawing interest in the bank, and $250 monthly retirement pay from which comes his $150 monthly fee.

It should be pointed out that what one would pay for life care, while usually based on life-expectancy tables, may vary in different parts of the country—depending upon living costs and other factors. Admission fees are sometimes waived in case of need; they may range from as low as $500 to as high as $20,000 for the most luxurious apartments. Monthly payments may be as low as $90 in some places, or as high as $175 in others.

"The important thing to remember," said Dr. Edward P. O'Rear, general manager of Pacific Homes Corporation, "is that fees cover more than board and room alone; they cover all the needs of an individual with the exception of clothing. Our program, like similar programs elsewhere, includes complete medical care, such as surgery, outside hospital expense, regular clinics, and nursing care for life. It is impossible to buy this kind of medical insurance outside of a home for retired persons."

Six new Methodist homes were opened last year; nearly a score of others are under development. But this is not enough. There are some 16 million people of retirement age in the nation. Of these, at least 1,250,000 are Methodists. A Methodist-sponsored home, however, is not restricted to members of the church. Members of many other denominations are living in them. There's usually a chapel in the home, but services are generally interdenominational.

Nor is a new home always initiated by a Methodist conference; sometimes an individual, or a group of individuals, takes the initiative. A fine, new retirement home near Portland, Oreg., was virtually a one-church project. Crestview of Ohio is a project of Flower Methodist Hospital, Toledo. Many members of the hospital board of trustees are also members of the Crestview board. The long-range project here will be to provide complete service to the community. This will include a motel section, a non-ambulatory hospital, recreation areas, and a medical center around the home—at an eventual expenditure of $10 million.

A far cry from the old rocking chair—and vastly more fun—are these carettes provided for jaunts around the grounds of California's Claremont Manor.

John Wesley, Methodism's founder, was active in caring for the infirm and aged of Britain 200 years ago. But in America, our oldest church-related home—in New York City—dates from 1850 and still operates at full capacity of 100 residents. Texas, with nine homes either completed or under constuction, leads the nation. The Methodist Memorial Home at Warren, Ind., has cared for more than 1,200 elderly persons since it was founded in 1910. From a $60,000 facility, with 37 rooms, it has grown until its assets total more than $6 million. Nearly 350 persons are living there.

"The home at Warren has not engaged in a financial campaign in 40 years, nor has it ever been in debt," the board of directors reported. "A small annual subsidy from the North Indiana Conference has been withdrawn because of the home's healthy financial structure."

Such things as sun parlors, picture windows, beauty shops, medical care, handicraft classes, well-stocked libraries and fishing ponds, chaplains, club meetings, independence—these, for the most part, are relatively new ideas in retirement care.

"My husband and I were alone," the story commonly begins. "Our house was too big, too expensive. We needed more help than we could get. Costs were increasing. Our income was static and our savings were threatened. So we finally faced the facts, and here we are. Of course, the old home is dear in memory; but our new home, dressed in our own furnishings, grows more precious each day. This is what we want and need."

It is not always easy to make the break, regardless of financial resources, according to Harold M. McAdow, resident manager at Crestview. Old people tend to become more and more conservative. Many find it difficult to realize that total life care is within their reach.

A 95-year-old widow at Frasier Meadows was finally convinced, however.

"I knew I had to do something," she said. "But when that door closed and left me alone in my new surroundings, I couldn't keep back the tears. I let loose and cried my eyes out."

Now she smiled when her pet parakeet flew over from a walnut chest and lighted on her fingers, then touched her lips lightly with its tiny beak.

"I haven't shed a single tear since."

The atmosphere of a home will vary from place to place. No two are exactly alike. Visitors are always welcome, and prospective residents are invited by many to be temporary guests; or one may inquire by letter for details, costs, and literature. A list of Methodist homes is available from Dr. Olin Oeschger, general secretary of the Methodist Board of

An old print shows Mr. Wesley leaving the annoyed Dr. Johnson.

Mr. Wesley Vexed Dr. Johnson, But . . .

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was a conversationalist extraordinary, a literary lion who kept the great and near great of 18th-century England —and much of the world—hanging on his every word. But there was one who had little time for idle chatter at the Johnson table. That man was the founder of Methodism.

"I hate to meet John Wesley," Johnson snorted in the presence of his faithful biographer, Boswell. "The dog enchants you with his conversation and then breaks away to go and visit some old woman." Wesley was "always obliged to go at a certain hour," Johnson explained, and this was "disagreeable to a man [Johnson] who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out . . ."

Until his death at 87, Wesley rarely took time to "fold his legs." Johnson didn't need him; thousands of the elderly and orphaned did.

It was typical of Wesley that, at 74, he preached one day and then rode 48 miles to visit an invalid, arriving at four o'clock the next morning. After his visit, Wesley rode back, rested an hour, then traveled another 22 miles to hold an evening service.

But he did more than sympathize with the needy. He founded schools for children of the poor, started a loan society for those who wished to enter business for themselves, provided shelter for the friendless and medical attention for those in need. Always eager to alleviate suffering, he collected home remedies and medical formulas wherever he went and put them in a book, *Primitive Physick, or an Easy and Natural Method of Curing Most Diseases.* The volume went into 32 editions, and Wesley donated all his royalties—over $150,000—to charity. When he died, it is said, he left little more than a few books, a clergyman's worn robe—and the Methodist Church.

The Wesley tradition of social concern continues today through church-affiliated hospitals and homes. In the U.S. alone are 85 Methodist-related hospitals, 110 homes for retired people, 58 homes for children, and 44 special homes.

Wesley's belief that the Church serves Christ by alleviating misery and lifting up the lowly was a seed which others have nourished. One such man was James M. Buckley. In 1881, while editor of the *Christian Advocate* (now TOGETHER), he sat down to write an editorial. Buckley had mourned the death of a friend who might have lived had hospital care been available. With this grief still fresh, he penned a challenge: "Now, is it not the time that somewhere we build a hospital?"

Response came quickly. A Brooklyn attorney, George I. Seney, donated property and money "toward the erection of a Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, which shall be open to Jew and Gentile, Protestant and Catholic, heathen and infidel, on the same terms."

Buckley's editorial campaign fired Methodism's far-reaching hospital program, now serving more than 1.5 million persons yearly. Yet in expressing the need and advocating the solution, he was projecting the same philosophy that had caused the founder of Methodism to vex the great Doctor Johnson by briskly taking leave to visit those in need of physical or spiritual attention.

Hospitals and Homes in Chicago.

Whether located in the center of a busy community, as some are, or in the quiet of rural surroundings, as others are, most homes have one aim in common. That is the easing of fears, real or imaginary, that so often beset people after retirement.

Victor Bjork, executive director of Crestview of Ohio, has had long experience as a hospital administrator and gerontologist. Over the years he has found that fear is, indeed, a major problem as one grows older.

"The aging person is afraid of losing financial independence. Afraid of sickness and loss of friends. Afraid of not being wanted, of not being needed. The approach should be more than providing food, shelter, and security. We have found that folks here perk up almost immediately. They form fast friendships, even budding romances. Balanced meals result in health improvement. You should see how well they groom themselves, how they take on new interests. These things alone contribute to happier, longer lives."

He pointed out individuals in the parade of delightful oldsters coming and going in the home's dining room —a retired minister who spent many years preaching to cow-hands in Oklahoma; the tall, ramrod-straight figure of a retired probate judge; a wealthy woman who could, and has, lived in the nation's finest hotels and apartment houses, but chooses to live here; a former banker; a schoolteacher; a merchant; a onetime surveyor in the Old West.

The picture was so pleasant, so hard to believe, that I wanted to know whether, on occasion, one doesn't find a malcontent, a maverick, among the residents.

"Of course," said Crestview resident manager McAdow. "There was one lady who complained: 'It's too quiet here. I'm used to living in a sort of Grand Central Station. I'm going back to Florida.'"

A refund was arranged. Her furniture went into storage. She took the fastest jet available. But soon a letter arrived.

"I'm wondering if my old room is still available," she wrote. "Don't let them ship my furniture. I'm ready to come back."

The letter was postmarked the day after her flight south.

It took a rainy day to remind her why it's wise to

Love Your Neighbor

By MARY C. BARNETT

The author, now 81, at her typewriter in The Methodist Home, Franklin, Indiana. She spends much of her time writing true stories such as this one.

IT WAS a drizzly, dreary day, so I made plans for a busy afternoon indoors. I would write a couple of long-delayed letters to my children, do a bit of telephoning about WSCS committees, and maybe look over a new magazine before starting my all-alone dinner.

I had written only a few lines of one letter when there was a thunderous knock at my front door. A familiar voice bellowed, "Hey, anybody t' home?" Aunt Lyddy, my down-the-street neighbor, partially deaf and totally tiresome, had come for one of her interminable visits.

My plans for a quiet afternoon shattered, I fear my greeting was less than enthusiastic. But I tried to be a lady. I relieved her of her wet umbrella and wraps and installed her in a rocker in front of my bright grate fire.

"I jest thought mebbe you'd be lonesome this bad day," she boomed, "and I come to cheer you up a bit."

Truth and courtesy had a brief tussle here, but the latter won out and I agreed it was rather a lonesome day. I listened—outwardly gracious, but inwardly quite rude—to Aunt Lyddy's alarums about the price of meat, the causes of delinquency, and the prevalence of the common cold. There was little need (or opportunity) for my comments, and I glanced now and then at the mantel clock, wondering how much longer I could be polite.

Suddenly I seemed to feel a touch on my shoulder and hear a voice inquire gently, "Don't you know, you must love your neighbor as yourself?" My beloved grandmother many years ago had used the same touch and words in gentle reproof when I had been guilty of some childish unkindness.

With effort, I managed a passable smile and feigned real interest in one of my vociferous neighbor's best-known and now shopworn stories. Finally I suggested that, for diversion, we look at a box of old-time photos my children had gathered for me.

Aunt Lyddy enjoyed the pictures, for our families had been friends for years. "You look mighty like your ma, a good woman if there ever was one!" she roared pleasantly. "Your weddin' pitcher! Me and 'Lias had been married 10 years that day, and I don't mind sayin' I hoped you two'd be happy as we was. Your man and mine was pillars of the church for years. Both gone on now."

The rain spattered the windows and the wind moaned in the chimney, but I forgot my boredom as we recalled incidents in the lives of our families. I turned on the lights, brought in coffee and cookies, and we reminisced and laughed and sometimes shed a tear as we talked.

It was dark when Aunt Lyddy bundled up and trudged off down the street to the shabby, lonely little house where she had lived in childless widowhood for so many years. My conscience was comfortable and I felt that my chores had been profitably postponed. And that was all—I thought.

Then, a couple of days later at the grocery, I heard the familiar, strident voice of my erstwhile visitor booming over the high shelves from the next aisle. Hearing my name, I paused, safely hidden from view. (I know I was eavesdropping, but wouldn't you have listened, too?) Aunt Lyddy was recounting to a friend her visit in my home.

"When I first went in," said Aunt Lyddy, "she looked kind o' sad, but after a bit she perked up and we had the grandest 'gabfest' you ever heared. We looked at a lot of her old pitchers and she fixed coffee and cookies and—well, we was both so blue at first, but we had such a grand time we both was cheered up. One of them times you jest remember about for days."

When I recovered from the astonishment of learning how I had been cheered up, I slipped away as quietly as possible. In my heart was a two-edged prayer:

Forgive my failure to remember to love my neighbor, but thank you for reminding me to do it!

Suddenly, life changes: she has a man to feed three times every day.

New Goals for

WE WERE visiting a nice lady from Ohio when retirement was mentioned. "If my husband ever retires," she burst out, "I'm going to get a job! I just couldn't stand having him around all the time, he's so restless."

Many wives need more understanding of men in retirement. One thing that can happen is this: The girl meets her boy at 65 and finds she has a strange new creature on her hands. He's under her feet too much. Maybe the radio and television are blaring news commentators, baseball games, and boxing bouts all day and into the night. The house is too littered with newspapers and magazines to invite her friends in for tea. Besides, a "hen party" would disturb the retired hero with its cackling. Maybe he even gets nosy about her domestic management, gets fussy about meals, and wants to rearrange rising hours and reschedule established household operations.

Such goings on might be called the "first-year fidgets." They aren't too important. The man is entering a new life, and the first year is the hardest. He is restless, too much so, and may act like a busybody until he quiets down a little.

For years you have seen each other only for a few hours every day, weekends excepted. Most of your waking hours were hours of separation. Now, how about a real reunion? How about going away together?

The commonest retirement ambition among the married is to take a leisurely trip—across the continent, if possible. If you are some years this side of retirement, why not have a retirement hope chest into which you can drop travel booklets, *National Geographics*, magazines, and newspaper clippings about places you'd like to visit?

The mere act of planning such a trip will pave the way to financing it. It can also give you new mutual interests, a rediscovery of each other, and acceptance of each other as you really are now that you're in your 60s. Propinquity has always been a great matchmaker; it can pull you together in the years after 65.

Traveling around, you really get acquainted again. Looking at the same marvelous sights and entering into new experiences together, your marriage is revitalized. You shake off accumulated cobwebs. Better still, the change clarifies thought about your future and may wonderfully clear up your objectives for the rest of your life. For you give your inner wisdom a chance to work when you're diverted from too much reasoning and cogitating by your interesting visits to the Indians of Taos, the ranches of Texas, the hills of San Francisco, the lobster men of Maine, the spectacle of the high Sierras.

A retired executive told me travel has wiped out many disagreements that once existed between himself and his wife. "We had a serious difference of opinion about religion," he says, "but after sight-seeing in California missions, the little adobe churches of New Mexico, and the beautiful churches of New England, that difference has become too silly for words."

He likes the need of making mutually satisfactory decisions about where to put up at night, how many miles to go next day, and whether to drive on over the weekend or take a good rest. "All that planning together," he says, "has made us more adaptable to each other, and today we are more united than we were 30 years ago."

Any man or woman in the 60s might well ask, "What did we used to enjoy doing together which has been dropped but which might be taken up again?"

Mark and Winifred fell in love when they met in the church choir. Their voices aren't good enough to

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It's fun at first. But soon they discover the need for setting up . . .

Old Marriages

By RAY GILES

sing anymore, but they're doing the next best thing. They attend midweek services as well as services on Sundays and sing with the congregation. It has reunion value and has been the beginning of a better musical experience together, for now they go to a class in musical appreciation and attend concerts where formerly they had dropped music entirely.

Perhaps you used to read aloud to each other, enjoy popping corn in the fireplace, go walking in the rain, or eat chop suey now and then just because it was different. Well, just as examining your childhood interests can reveal to you your best hobby, so prying into your mutual past may bring to light ancient pleasures which may be renewed and enjoyed for the rest of your life.

The gerontologists, those newish scientists who specialize in the aging processes, have come up with a finding that will help many a man to understanding his wife better and many a wife to realize what is going on inside her retired husband.

The discovery is this: *The older you get the more you become like your original self!*

In the years after retirement many a wife finds, to her horror, that her man is blossoming out in bright raiment or telling tall stories or getting sloppy about his personal appearance or growing amazingly lazy in view of his lifelong activity.

Can it be dreaded second childhood? No; he's just growing more like himself, his original self, now that he's getting older.

A woman can change, too. Or, without any warning, both spouses may find themselves so different that they almost seem like strangers! But they needn't let it get them down. They are merely returning to themselves as they were before the world made them fit into its pattern of uniformity.

There was Bill H., who suddenly began to boast outrageously whenever he talked about his hunting or fishing. He'd always been modest, so we were surprised at the change. But we who are so fond of him have accepted it as a normal change for a man in his years, and his wife, fortunately, does the same. Whenever he gets going she just smiles, slips you a wink, and takes it in her stride. Wise woman!

On the other hand, you see the aging lady who suddenly goes crazy over cacti or embarrasses her spouse by crusading for some outlandish cause after a lifetime of indifference to such things. How did it happen? Then a childhood friend tells you, "Amy was like that when she was a little girl. I'm not a bit surprised."

So while the married should cultivate mutual interests, they should also allow room for vast differences. The art of being well wedded consists largely of learning to enjoy our diversities as well as what we have in common. And aren't we all today —the young even more than the old —declaring vociferously that we must "lead a life our own"? Differences in personality and viewpoint make us authentic individuals. So if your familiar spouse becomes suddenly different, encourage chatter that enlightens you about his or her motive. Be interested and sympathetic.

Social workers active among older people say that men have more difficulty in aging than their wives. The woman of 65 continues living in much the same way she did before. The familiar round of household duties goes on, providing mental activity, good physical exercise, and enough accomplishment to make her look forward with pleasure to her hours of recreation.

Her husband, however, plunges into a violent change. Even when he has fortified himself with a well-planned program for his retirement, the sudden escape from a full day's work into the relative idleness of living at home can be upsetting. The wife who has worked before her marriage may understand better just how he feels than the woman who has always been a "home girl." But neither fully realizes the impact of

Sentimentally Speaking:

A NEW TONIC for OLD HEARTS

AN ENERGETIC Methodist layman who blends broad human sympathy with medicine, psychology, and the IBM punch-card system is extending a helping hand to lonely unmarried people. He is George W. Crane, M.D., Ph.D., who writes the syndicated newspaper column, *The Worry Clinic,* and for 27 years has taught an adult Bible class at Methodism's famed skyscraper church, the Chicago Temple.

Dr. Crane feels that too many single persons—widows and widowers as well as spinsters and bachelors—wrongly think of themselves as past marriageable age. So he's done something about it. He has organized the Scientific Marriage Foundation. It is nonprofit, respectable, and it pairs off people scientifically.

A $25 registration fee weeds out the "wolves" and the curious, but still doesn't cover all expenses. Dr. Crane and some of his backers have to dig into their own pockets at year-end book-balancing time.

The Foundation's advisory board includes several prominent Methodists—Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy, president of the Council of Bishops; the Rev. Charles Ray Goff, pastor of the Chicago Temple, and Judge James C. Cooper of the Appellate Court of Indianapolis, Ind. Bishop Richard C. Raines of the Indiana Area offered counsel at the start.

Applicants write to the Scientific Marriage Foundation, Hopkins Building, Mellott, Ind., for an application form. After filling it out, they visit one of the Foundation's 2,000 counselors, usually a nearby clergyman of the same faith, who checks the three character references, adds his own appraisal, and mails the information and registration fee to Mellott.

Information on the form is punched on an IBM card. An electronic brain sorts the cards by age, religious faith, habits, hobbies, and other personal characteristics. Then the human factors are carefully weighed. Soon, information about a prospective mate of comparable interests—who usually lives within 200 miles of the applicant—is in the mail in a plain envelope.

After an applicant is furnished with names of prospects, the rest is up to him. In the U.S. there are about 11 million unmarried women above 21 but only 8 million single men, which makes it mathematically impossible for every woman to be married. One of the Foundation's small headaches is the fact that, with a surplus of women to begin with, more women than men have applied. Says Dr. Crane, "We'd like to hear from more men!"

Applicants must be at least 21. Persons past 70 are not urged to apply unless they are healthy as well as lonely. But Dr. Crane points out with a twinkle: "Marriage can be a heart tonic for the old as well as the young."

In the two years since the Foundation's first pair of applicants exchanged vows, it has helped arrange more than 5,000 marriages. And now Dr. Crane chuckles merrily whenever he's referred to as "Cupid's No. 1 assistant" or friends allude to his "tonic for old hearts."

the break her husband has just made.

The wise woman strives to be a better companion to her newly retired husband than she has been. She enters into his plans all she can to make them more significant to him. She doesn't park her affection in the ash can.

Any sign of despondency brings out her skill. One woman found her man rather low at lunch time. By tactful questioning she uncovered the reason. He was missing his daily lunches with the boys in the office. So she did what she could to create a new pattern around noon hour.

She turned on the news before lunch, and when they sat down she asked his opinions about this or that item of importance. She decided that their lunches had become pretty sketchy, so she began to put more imagination into the noon meal and serve more of his favorite dishes. She suggested that they might go out to lunch one day a week.

It's a wise wife who keeps the he-and-she elements in married life in good working order. Even at 80 a woman should look upon her husband as a man, coddle his sense of importance as a man, ask his opinion about things even when she doesn't need it, let him harangue about world affairs.

A den or special workroom for the husband and a sewing or special hobby room for the wife make good additions to your plans for retirement. There's good medicine in being alone with your book or your hobby. You come out of your privacy doubly refreshed.

Yes, there are plenty of opportunities to be wiser and kinder as long as you live. In reducing expenses, in deciding who has the final word or what compromise to make when you disagree, in attracting mutually interesting new friends, in maintaining an adequate social life as old friends vanish from the scene, there'll be plenty of chances to prove again that you are well married.

Perhaps some novelist will write a new kind of love story as more and more of us live longer—a book where at 60 or 65 the lovers find themselves with new values for each other every year of their lives. Love will be as bright, though different, at 70 and 80 as it was at 26 and 32. What a theme that would be!

Wise Words

Here's a page to be clipped for those bits you paste in your hat or on your mirror . . .

Wisdom is with the aged, and understanding in length of days.

—Job 12:12

A hoary head is a crown of glory; it is gained in a righteous life.

—Proverbs 16:31

Whether 70 or 17, there is in every human heart the lure of wonder, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for what is next, and the joy of the game of living. We are as young as our faith, as old as our doubt, as young as our hope, as old as our despair.

—Samuel Ullman

The longer men live, the more time there is to think; to think is to grow; and to grow is to live.

—Dr. Edward J. Stieglitz

Growth is the result of assuming obligations and responsibilities. Retirement is too often a state of slow decay and death. The minds of too many retired men become stagnant pools.

—Thomas Dreier

If you want to live a long life, get an ailment early and nurse it carefully.

—Dr. Benjamin Rush

Each person is born to one possession which outvalues any he can earn or inherit—his last breath.

—Mark Twain

A successful later life is something to be attained by planning and effort; it is not as a rule a free gift. Whenever it is attained, it comes largely through the efforts of older people themselves to safeguard and fulfill their own interests within the range of opportunities and restrictions to their particular environment. It is a two-way relationship that involves the initiative of the individual and the character of the society in which he lives.

—Leo W. Simmons

In fact there's nothing that keeps its youth, so far as I know, but a tree and truth.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

How to grow old is the master work of wisdom and one of the most difficult chapters in the great art of living.

—Amiel

The Lord may forgive our sins, but our nervous systems never do.

—William James

I remember a cartoon which showed two men looking enviously at a young gentleman riding by in a carriage. One man said to the other, "He'll never have to worry. His father owns the largest buggy-whip factory in the country." In spite of all our efforts, conditions change and leave us behind.

—Bishop Gerald H. Kennedy

Nothing is more apt to sour the temper of aged people than the apprehension that they are neglected, and they are extremely apt to entertain such suspicions.

—Benjamin Franklin

If some god should grant me reversion to childhood and let me bawl again in my cradle, I would firmly refuse; when I have run my race I have no desire to be recalled from the goal to the start.

—Cicero

One should never trust a woman who tells her own real age. A woman who would tell one that would tell one anything.

—Oscar Wilde

If we discovered that we had only five minutes left to say all we wanted to say, every telephone booth would be occupied by people calling other people to stammer that they loved them.

—Christopher Morley

Booth Tarkington, at the age of 75, was asked if old people felt older in spirit as the years got along. "I don't know," the Hoosier novelist replied. "Why don't you ask some of them?"

—Lifetime Living

It seems as though the second half of a man's life is made up of nothing but the habits he has accumulated during the first half.

—Fedor Dostoevski

The primitive, physical, functional pattern of the morning of life, the active years before 40 or 50, is outlived. But there is still the afternoon opening up, which one can spend not in the feverish pace of the morning but in having time at last for those intellectual, cultural, and spiritual activities that were pushed aside in the heat of the race. We Americans . . . tend to belittle the afternoon of life and even to pretend it never comes.

—Anne Morrow Lindbergh

A question fondly recalls the past:

DO YOU *Remember, Dear?*

By EARL REED SILVERS

DO YOU remember, dear, when we were high-school seniors? You were the new girl in town and I was the blond-haired boy who was too bashful to speak to you the day we met. But we worked out experiments together in the chemistry laboratory and stained our fingers and grew to know each other.

Your father was a man of affairs; my father was dead. You lived in a big house on Franklin Avenue; I lived with my mother in a small apartment on Hancock Street. She was a dressmaker, but your crowd took me in because I was Jim Fiske, football captain and class president.

When I told my mother you were going to the high-school party with me, her tired eyes clouded. She knew my waking thoughts were mostly of you. She knew also that the gulf between Franklin Avenue and Hancock Street was not easily bridged. She said gently that she was sorry I did not have a new suit to wear. I assured her that the one I had would be all right.

When I went to your house to take you to the party you came downstairs in a new blue dress which was all frilly net around your shoulders. Your face was like a flower and pink roses were in your cheeks.

You stood at the bottom step and looked at me, unmindful of my old suit. You must have seen something in my eyes which a man reserves for sacred moments. I was a man now, 18, and I had discovered something precious, to be cherished always.

Then your mother came in and I was painfully aware not so much of disapproval as of tolerance. "Good evening, James," she said. I was awkward and inarticulate.

You and I walked to the hall where the party was held; there were few cars then. A piano and a violin provided the only music—the sweetest music I had ever heard. The high-school pennants on the walls became flaming banners of glory, chattering young voices were the echoes of trumpets from afar, and your eyes were liquid pools with specks of golden sunbeams in their depths.

Do you remember, dear?

We would be together always, I thought. The years would go on and I would watch over you. We would recall this moment when we were somewhere far off in a world which began and ended in the specks of gold in your eyes.

Do you remember Pointer's Beach? The clear water in which we sometimes swam is oil-coated now; the beauty of the hills on the far shore is marred with factory smoke. But Pointer's Beach then was a place where we could walk in the moonlight.

You were leaving the next morning for a summer in Maine. When you came back again, you were to go to college, and I could see you only for short vacation periods.

We had only a little time together, for we were to leave on the 9:30 trolley. Fifteen minutes, perhaps. Fifteen minutes to make up for a whole summer. I said:

"This time tomorrow night you will be on your way to Maine."

"I don't want to go," you said. "I want to be here with you."

"I've got a job," I said. "I start next week. There's a chance to work up. And I'll make good. I've got to."

"Yes," you said. "You'll make good. I know that."

"I want you to meet my mother sometime," I said.

You nodded. "You'll write me, Jim, every day, won't you?"

"Yes," I said.

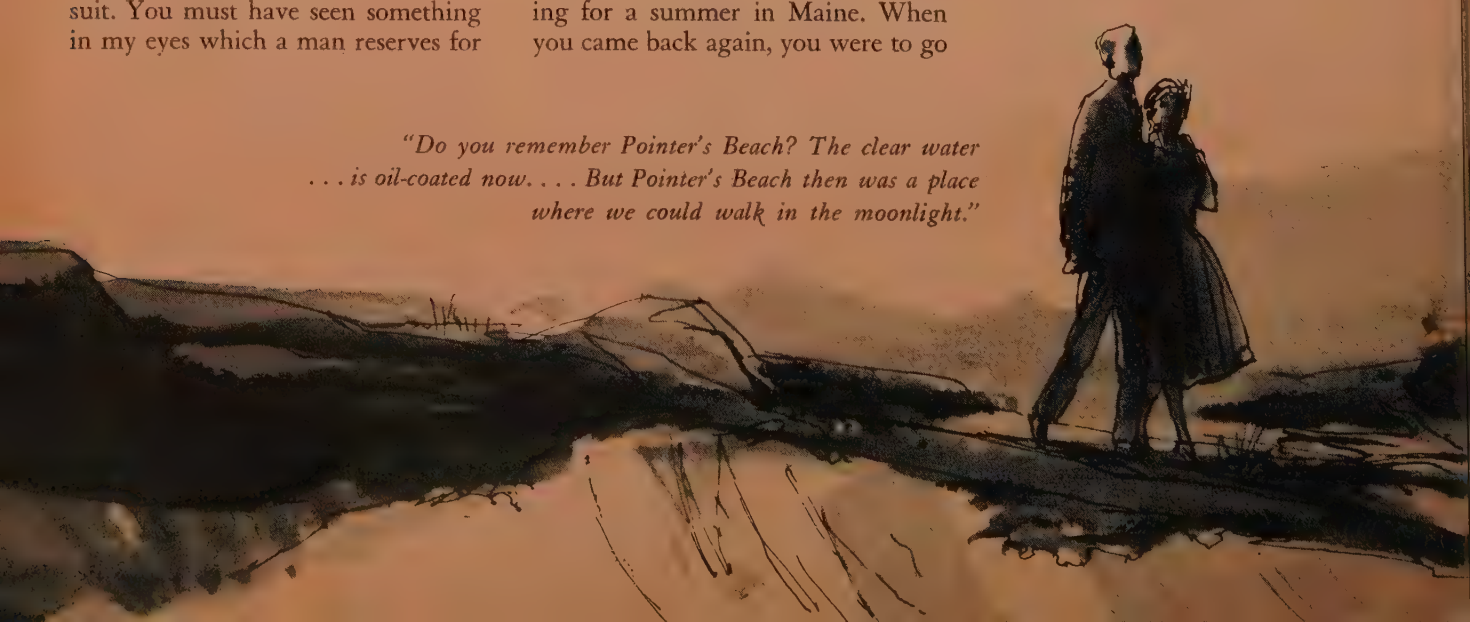
You moved closer. "I wish you could have come with us. But now, with your job——"

You were trying to make things easier. But you didn't invite me. Your mother had told you not to. You were just being kind.

"Jim," you said, "I want you to come to the Freshman Formal with me at college next year. This is an invitation. Will you come?"

"Yes," I said.

You were asking me before anyone had a chance to forbid you. The



"Do you remember Pointer's Beach? The clear water . . . is oil-coated now. . . . But Pointer's Beach then was a place where we could walk in the moonlight."

specks of gold were in your eyes again, matching the stars. Suddenly you reached up and put your arms around me. You raised your face in the starlight, and your lips, which I had never touched, brushed against my cheek. The stars came down and enveloped us.

Later you said, "I shall always remember tonight, my dear."

Have you remembered? Many things have happened since that starlit night at the beach. Our town, our school have changed.

Now girls do not wait at home for escorts to a high-school party; they trip, with crimson lips and mascara-coated eyelashes, to the curb where boys in cars wait impatiently with studied arrogance.

They would not understand, these modern young men, that when you said "my dear" at Pointer's Beach, you had given me all that was needed to make bearable the ache of your absence.

Days dragged along. "I wish you were here," you wrote. "You know that, don't you, Jim?" Then you wrote you were going directly to college from Maine.

I wrote you at college every day, but you did not answer so often. Lessons took a great deal of time, you explained. But you added, "I want to see you, dear." I had only the Formal to look forward to.

I bought the best suit I could afford and rented a tuxedo. We had agreed that I would take a train which arrived in your college town at 6. I would register first at the hotel and dress, and at 8 dinner was to be served at your sorority house. We would go to the Formal afterward, and I would leave on the 2 a.m. train; my boss had said I was needed on Saturday.

When I arrived with $5 in my pocket and found the cheapest hotel room was $3, I rented a boarding-house room for 50 cents. I walked to the campus and rang the bell at your sorority house. You must have been watching for me, for you opened the door yourself. You had on a dark velvet evening gown, looking beautiful and remote.

You presented me to people, but I could not think of appropriate things to say. At dinner, you sat next to me, but you didn't talk much. I listened, learning things; knowing that my tuxedo was outmoded; knowing gray-topped shoes were not worn with evening clothes; knowing my pearl studs were not the proper fashion.

I suffered the hour through. The girls went upstairs for their wraps and the men donned black coats and pulled white gloves from their pockets. My own brown plaid coat was pathetically conspicuous.

You came down wearing a white evening wrap embroidered in silver. You were more beautiful than I had ever seen you.

"Some of the girls are taking cabs, but I would rather walk," you said. "Is that all right, Jim?"

"Yes," I said, realizing I should have ordered a cab in advance.

We walked through the moonlight to the gymnasium, only two blocks away. There I noticed all the other girls were wearing flowers. I hadn't bought any for you; again, I hadn't known. "I'm sorry about the flowers," I said.

You looked up at me, the hint of tears in your eyes. "Jim," you said, "the flowers don't matter. I——"

READER'S CHOICE

A delightful story such as this warm bit of reminiscence by Earl Reed Silvers never grows old. First suggested by the Rev. William Wilder, Van Buren, Ark., it appeared in complete form in *Good Housekeeping*, May, 1937 (condensed in the July, 1941, *Reader's Digest*). Mr. Wilder receives a $25 check, as will you if you're first to nominate (giving full publication data) a favorite story we later select for use.—EDS.

You pressed your head against my shoulder. I held you close for a moment, knowing this was the beginning of the end.

I carried on through the evening as best I could. When it was over, you said, "Jim, I wanted you to have a good time tonight. You didn't, did you?"

"No," I said. "It was a mistake having me here. I just don't belong, I guess."

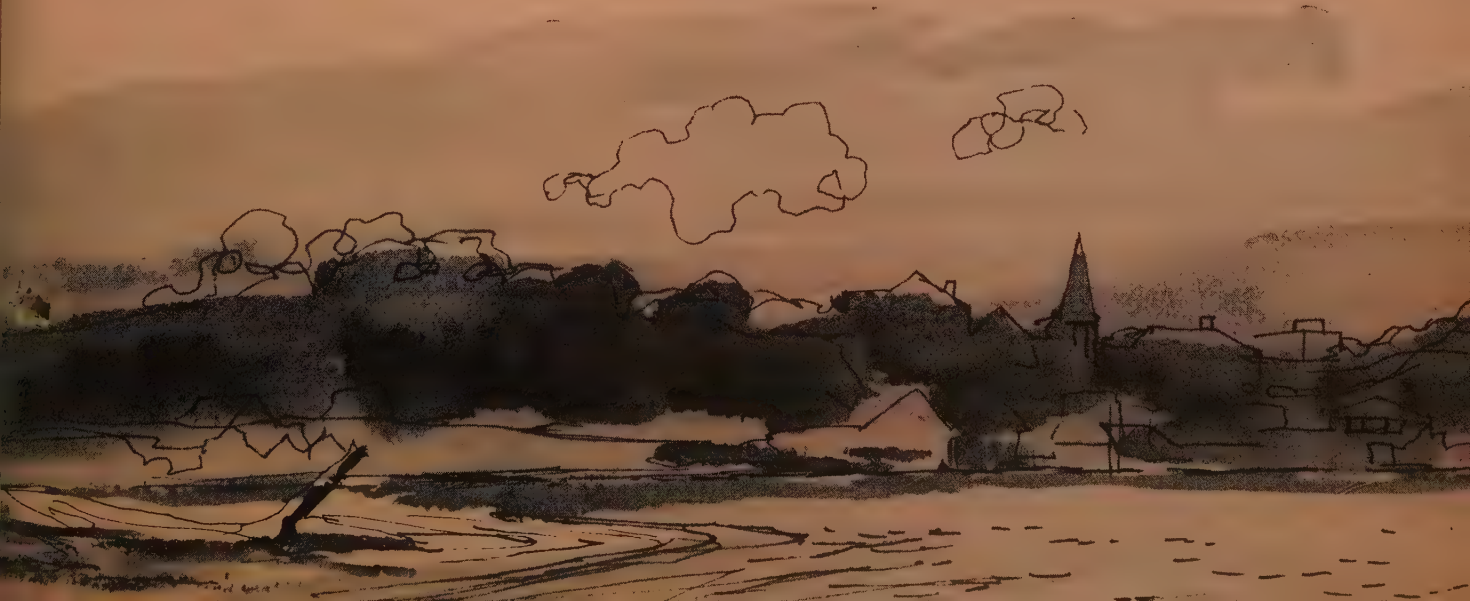
At the station, I said to you, "You have been very good to me, dear, and I shall always remember."

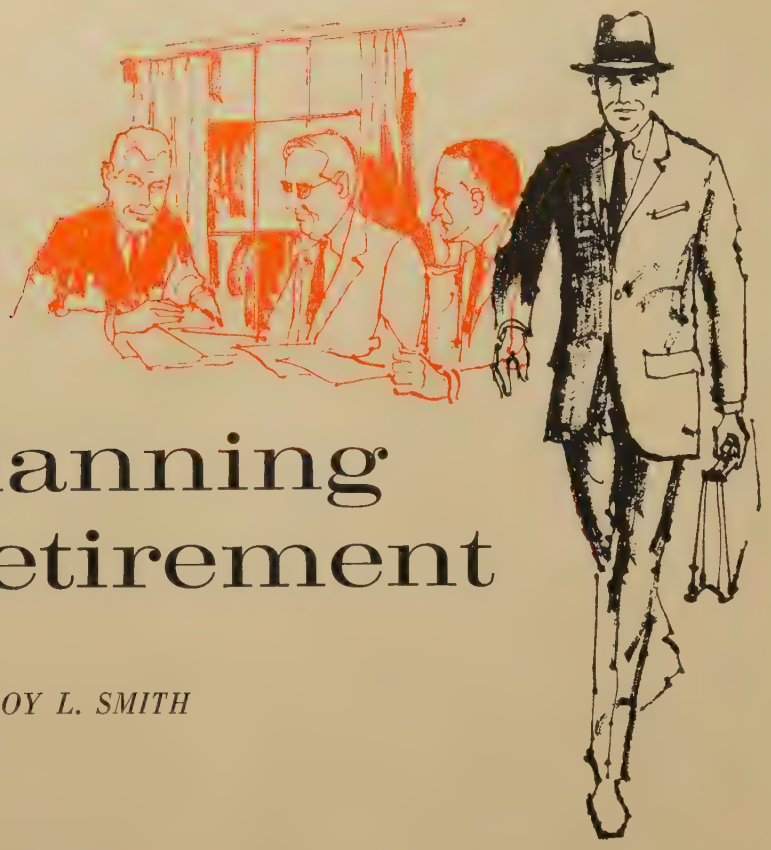
A mist of tears dimmed the specks of gold in your eyes. You were seeing me for the first time for what I was: Jim Fiske, small-town boy in ill-fitting clothes who had neglected to send you flowers.

The headlight of the approaching train gleamed faintly far down the track. I put my hands on your shoulders and said softly, "If in years to come you should recall me, dear, will you remember that I love you very much?"

"Oh, Jim, don't say that!" you cried out.

I thought you meant that I should





Planning Retirement

By ROY L. SMITH

A SUCCESSFUL business executive who had made a magnificent adjustment to retirement was asked by a younger man, "What is the secret of a really successful retirement?"

"There are three simple principles," the retired industrialist replied. "They sound easy but they will take a full measure of courage and determination.

"1. Make sure you are compatible with your wife. You'll be seeing a lot more of her than you ever did.

"2. Hunt up a job that does not pay any salary, but requires your best. Make sure the work commands your respect because it is useful. Throw yourself into it as if you were going to make a career of it.

"3. Make up your mind that you will have to take orders from some fellow a lot younger than you are, who was a corporal when you were a colonel."

It is precisely at this point that the value of the church appears. More jobs fitting that description are to be found in a religious institution than anywhere else.

It is estimated that by 1970 there will be at least 20 million Americans above the age of 65, and one of them may be you. For the most part, they will be unemployed. The frustration, bitterness, and loneliness that come with unemployment constitute the most dismaying burdens anyone is ever called upon to bear.

One must begin now to plan his retirement, just as a youth undertakes to pick out his lifework with an eye on the future.

Two things must be cultivated with the utmost diligence—friends and a creative hobby. The years after 65 can become torture if one does not have companionship for his mind and useful work for his hands.

Every hobby, to be serviceable following 65, must be creative. We express the image of God, in which we were born, when we achieve. A hobby that does not summon us to put forth our best effort is dissipation; an interest that challenges us to do a little better next time can save both our soul and our sanity.

One elderly man took up photography as a hobby, "because," he said, "it is possible for me to bring something of beauty into existence every time I click the shutter." As he planned his shots he played the role of a creator—and no creator ever finds life a burden, even after he has passed age 65.

not say I loved you, but I opened my arms, for this was our last minute together. You came into them, your silver-embroidered coat against my worn brown one.

I kissed you, and you smiled up at me through your tears and said, "Good-by, dear."

On Sunday after church I wrote you a restrained letter, thanking you for inviting me to the Formal and explaining that I would understand if you did not care to reply.

All week I waited for your answer, but it did not come. I know now, after years have passed, that you could not have answered that letter. I had been the one at fault.

My firm sent me to Chicago, my mother put away her thimble and came to live with me.

Do you remember, dear?

The years have gone by and tomorrow we shall celebrate our 20th wedding anniversary. For I came back to our home town after you had finished college; we met again, and the golden specks still were in your eyes. When I saw them I began to repeat what I had said at the station: "If in years to come . . ."

Interrupting me, you reached out your arms—half the town stood still to watch—and you said, "I do remember, and I love you, Jim dear."

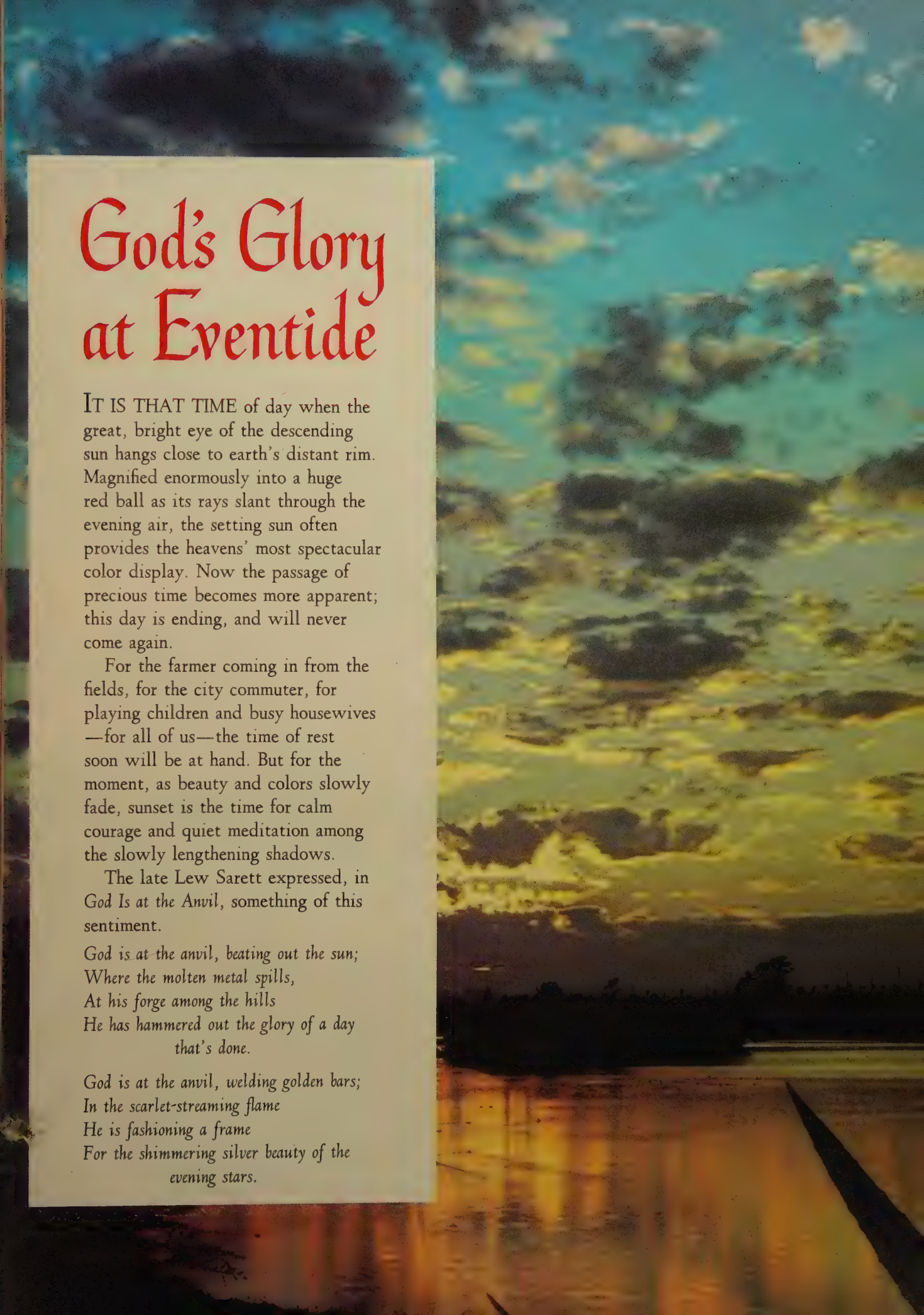
We kissed, and a hurdy-gurdy on the corner ground out some impossible music which was sweeter than a violin serenade.

You are worried now—as your mother once worried over you—about our Betty. She is 18 and thinks she is in love with Bill McKim. But she is our daughter, dearest, and there are specks of gold in her eyes.

I am asking you to let Bill have his chance. You can decide about him after you have read this clumsy attempt to re-create our own romance. It is my anniversary present to you; I shall leave it in the room where you are sleeping.

Perhaps we can ask Bill to our anniversary dinner at the country club. A great poet will be there, and a Congressman, and other distinguished guests. Bill probably will be ill at ease in such company. He may wear rented evening clothes and not know the appropriate thing to say.

But a long time ago you invited a poor boy to a college party. Do you remember?



God's Glory at Eventide

IT IS THAT TIME of day when the great, bright eye of the descending sun hangs close to earth's distant rim. Magnified enormously into a huge red ball as its rays slant through the evening air, the setting sun often provides the heavens' most spectacular color display. Now the passage of precious time becomes more apparent; this day is ending, and will never come again.

For the farmer coming in from the fields, for the city commuter, for playing children and busy housewives —for all of us—the time of rest soon will be at hand. But for the moment, as beauty and colors slowly fade, sunset is the time for calm courage and quiet meditation among the slowly lengthening shadows.

The late Lew Sarett expressed, in *God Is at the Anvil*, something of this sentiment.

God is at the anvil, beating out the sun;
Where the molten metal spills,
At his forge among the hills
He has hammered out the glory of a day
that's done.

God is at the anvil, welding golden bars;
In the scarlet-streaming flame
He is fashioning a frame
For the shimmering silver beauty of the
evening stars.

Mirrored in a great pool of color,
the Western sky silhouettes the quiet dignity of
a sailboat in the evening breeze.

It is dark in the streets below, but golden
rays glint on the spire of Methodism's skyscraper church,
the Chicago Temple. The inspiring photograph
on the two pages which follow was taken by
the pastor, Charles Ray Goff.

Dropping ever lower, the languid
sun dips a wash of gold in a high, cool
lake in the foothills of the Rockies.

JOHN MUIR, the naturalist who spent many years exploring wildernesses, found "altars under the sky" where he delighted to worship in solitude. Once, describing an especially glorious mountain sunset, he wrote that "the sun himself seemed to have reached a higher life as if he had died, and only his soul were glowing with rayless, bodiless Light; and as Christ to His disciples, so this departing sun soul said to every precious beast, to every pine and weed, to every stream and mountain, 'My peace I give unto you.' " In life there are those who approach the sunset years with serene beauty, as one would end the perfect day, leaving precious memories and good works behind them. Mekkin S. Perkins, resident of Wesley Gardens, an old folks' home at Des Moines, Wash., had this in mind when she wrote:

With awe I watch the setting sun
Leave cloud and sky in splendor done.
When I must heed the call to go
May I, too, leave an afterglow.

Swirls of solar flame light
the Arizona sky, etching the dark
fingers of a giant saguaro cactus.

Red at night, farmer's delight—
so goes a wise old saying.
The outlook here:
fair weather tomorrow.

Now the sun has sunk so low
it shines upward on the underside
of high-flying clouds.

Beyond the sunset, the afterglow, and the darkness, comes the new day.
With it is Resurrection—and hope which drives the night fears away, bringing the eternal promise of immortality on the wings of song.

Teens Together

By RICHMOND BARBOUR

Cartoon by Charles M. Schulz

"I was telling my dad how they say it isn't the kids that are delinquent, it's their parents. So then he says it could be it's not the parents, either—it's the grandparents!"

Q *I'm a boy of 13. My grandmother moved into our house two months ago and started bossing me. If I get home one minute after 8 p.m. she uses a strap on me. She says I've been raised without discipline, and she must provide it. I'm sick of her. What can I do?—A.S.*

A Usually it is a mistake for grandparents to discipline their children's children. Parents have that responsibility. Ask your mother and father to set up rules for both you and your grandmother. Ask them to have your grandmother stop whipping you. Be polite to your grandmother, don't irritate her, but look to your own parents for guidance.

Q *My folks have given me permission to start dating. I've gone out only twice. Each time I felt foolish and couldn't say much. Will you print advice for girls starting to date?—S.F.*

A Gladly. The suggestions below come from a group of popular Christian girl high-school leaders. They all have dates with nice boys. I asked them how to answer your letter. They say you should: (1) *Play the field.* Don't try to go steady for several years. Go out with almost any nice boy who asks you. You are more apt to have fun with ordinary looking kids than with handsome ones. Handsome boys may be conceited. (2) *Study your date.* Find out what he's interested in. Get him started talking and be a good listener. All boys like to talk about themselves. (3) *Laugh and smile.* Don't criticize. Always try to give the impression you're having a good time. (4) *Be reasonable about expenses.* You don't have to be cheap, but avoid the most expensive items on the menu. Boys aren't rich. (5) *Avoid drinking, petting, sex.* You don't have to be a tramp to be popular. (6) *Avoid pickups.* Letting strange boys pick you up is a quick way to get into trouble.

Q *I am a boy of 15. My father and I disagree about my future. We are farmers. He wants me to go to his agricultural college and take over the farm. I want to be a lawyer. Don't I have a right to choose my own vocation?—H.W.*

A Yes, you do. However, you still may change your plans. Most boys of your age do. You owe it to your father to consider his wishes carefully. You might plan to go to the ag college for your freshman year, then make your final decision.

Q *I love my cousin. We plan to be married this December. My friends say it is a sin to marry your cousin. Are they right?—W.B.*

A They are wrong. However, there are some risks. If there is anything unusual in your common heredity it probably will appear in your children. For example, if you have mentally-retarded relatives, you're apt to have mentally-retarded children. Or if you have relatives who are geniuses your children are apt to be geniuses. Talk with your doctor. He'll go into detail.

Q *Please print this to show that some teen-agers have no serious home problems. I'm a boy of 17. I have many friends. I go steady with a girl. I haven't had an argument with my dad for over a month. Mom is perfect. Are we freaks at our house?—A.L.*

A No, but you are over the hump. Usually the most serious conflicts with parents come when young people are 13, 14, and 15. By the time they are 17 a good many boys and girls can say that they have no serious home problems. A good many others, of course, can't.

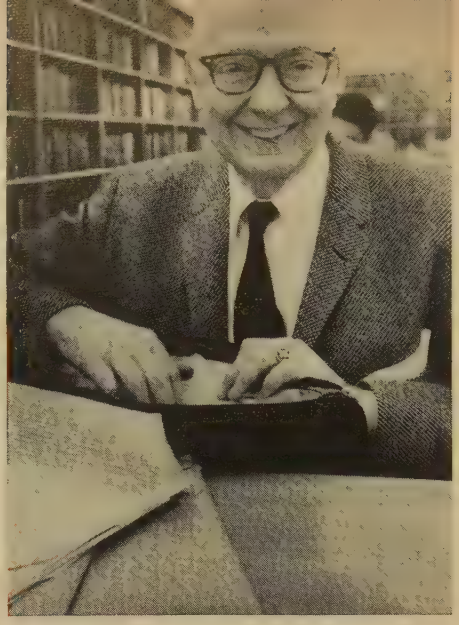
Q *I'm 16. My uncle says no decent girl would admit she likes boys. I'm in love with a boy. Does that make me indecent?—B.L.*

A No. You'd be abnormal if you weren't interested in boys. When your uncle was young, many people felt it was wrong to admit such things. We're franker now. Try not to talk about boys when he's around.

Q *I'm 16. I work as a bus boy in a restaurant. My pay is good. I bank half of my money and spend the rest. My grandfather thinks I should*

Bishop Nall Answers Questions About

Your Faith and Your Church



Where do we get the expression, 'In Jesus' name'?

"In the name of Christ," "In the name of Jesus Christ," "In the name of Jesus," and similar expressions occur frequently in New Testament writings. It is all part of the reverence and respect that Christians, and the Jews before them, had for the name, especially the name of the Deity.

Unquestionably, the expressions came to have a kind of magic connection. Requests made "in the name of Jesus" were supposed to have special priority. Actually, there is none. Unless we pray and act "in the spirit of Jesus," there is not much point in talking about his name in prayer.

Can the Church heal people?

The praying Church can, if it takes seriously the commission of Jesus to preach, and teach, and heal. In the New Testament are clear evidences that the early Church had and used spiritual energies that remain untapped today.

Of course, the Church must work with medical science, using every medical aid, surgical technique, and psychological method in the hands of trained experts who are people of faith. Using scientific knowledge does not downgrade God's power. But, every doctor knows there are bounds beyond which science cannot go. The saving of every life requires a venture of faith.

It demands the faith of the sick person, and his friends and relatives, but most of all the faith of the healer. Notice, in the healing miracles of Jesus (John 10:24-33 for example), how important was his faith. And that can be the faith of the Church in these days.

How does 'Holy Spirit' differ from 'Holy Ghost'?

Actually, there is no difference; the older Authorized (King James) Version prefers "Ghost," while the newer translations (including the Revised Standard Version) like "Spirit" better. The Greek word is the same, and it is the source of the word "pneumatology," which means the doctrine of spiritual beings.

The study of the Spirit is a fascinating one, and the experience of the Spirit is an essential one for Christians. Paul thinks of the Spirit impersonally as power or gift (1 Thessalonians 4:8; Romans 5:6 and many others), and personally as dwelling within man, leading, witnessing to the human spirit (1 Corinthians 3:16). This is the heart of Methodist doctrine.

Bishop T. Otto Nall, former editor of the *Christian Advocate* and now episcopal head of the Minnesota Area of The Methodist Church, draws on a wealth of experience in the religious-journalism field to clarify main streams of modern Methodist thought.

turn every cent I earn over to my mother. Shouldn't a teen-ager control at least part of the money he earns? —G.R.

A I believe he should. Those who can't spend some of their wages are apt to lose interest in working. You shouldn't squander your money. Save a large share of it and buy worthwhile things with the rest. But the decisions should be yours.

Q *When my friends come to see me, my father grouches around with his shirttails out, mumbling to himself. I almost cry from embarrassment. Is there any way to change him? —K.C.*

A Talk with your mother. Perhaps she can persuade him. Try not to feel so bad. Many other fathers are careless, too. Your friends understand and sympathize.

Q *My parents get into noisy arguments almost every day. They shout at each other. The neighbors laugh about it. Why do nice people who love each other fight that way?—J.T.*

A All married couples have disagreements. They may love each other dearly, but still fight. Every couple needs to find ways to settle disagreements without getting angry. Ask your parents to confer with a marriage counselor about their arguments. With a little help they can change.

Q *I'm a boy of 14. Most of my friends are 16 or 17. Some of them smoke, but I don't. They can stay out late. I can't. My mother says I'm too young to run around with them. What do you say?—A.W.*

A It would be better to find friends your own age. At your period of life a few years make a great difference.

Teens and problems go together like ham and eggs—and the man to separate them is Dr. Barbour. Ask him how to solve your problems. Address him c/o TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*

Here's reassurance about a universal problem:

If You Forget... A Little

By GEORGE W. CRANE
Psychiatrist and conductor of the newspaper column, The Worry Clinic

"MY memory is getting worse, Dr. Crane. I'm 50. Do you suppose it's my age?"

That's what many business executives ask. And I'm sure this same concern is felt by millions of both sexes who have reached or passed their middle years.

"No," I tell them, "it is generally not your age. The human brain has such an excess of nerve cells that it is estimated we never use 25 per cent of them, even at our peak!"

Anyone—you, for example—can have a keen mind and a serviceable memory at the age of 80 or 90—if. . . And that big *if* hinges on your being "present-minded" instead of absent-minded.

Poor memories usually are an indication that your thoughts are not in the present tense.

So, a word of advice to the younger folk! Prod your parents and grandparents tactfully into developing hobbies that will externalize their attention. Don't turn Grandpa's mind inward by saying, "Hello, Gramps. How are you feeling?" That query is an invitation to Grandpa to start listening to the murmur of his heart or to focus on aches and pains that could be arthritis.

Much better is it to turn attention from his "innards" and steer his thinking forward, not backward, with something like this: "Hello, Grandpa. Where do you want to spend Thanksgiving?"

The present and the future suggest live interest—a fact that points a long finger at the No. 1 fundamental for developing a retentive memory with quick recall. It is this: *Get a clear-cut impression of the new fact at the outset.*

Memory is much like photography. Unless you have a clear original negative, you cannot obtain good prints later. A poor exposure, with inadequate lighting and improper lens setting, will give you a fuzzy negative. And no clear-cut print can later be developed from such a negative.

To help get the proper type of initial exposure to new facts you wish to recall later, keep your eyes and ears functioning at their highest level of efficiency.

Grandparents usually hesitate to spend money on themselves, even when they are generous with their children or grandchildren. So bundle your grandparents into your car and take them to an eye specialist. Make sure they have perfectly fitted glasses so they can see 100 per cent instead of 45 or 65 per cent.

Do the same regarding their hearing. If they are trying to get by with only 35 or even 75 per cent of normal, escort them downtown for an ear test and let them bring their auditory sense back up to 100 per cent with one of the new hearing devices.

There can be no clear-cut memory imprint with poor vision and defective hearing!

Anyone, young or old, can benefit by applying these psychological laws for developing a keen memory:

1. *Intend to remember.*

You can pay attention to a list of names, even the streets between your home and downtown, and after 10,000 exposures still not be able to recite them correctly. Yet you could do so with maybe only 20 repetitions—if you started out with the intention to recall them. Attention without intention is not enough!

To add zest, make a game out of remembering the names of people at church. I know a grandmother who gives her grandchild a dime for each extra name he can recall that she doesn't. Every Sunday at home, they write down the names of all

church newcomers, then compare lists. This is exactly how the professional memory experts can make their phenomenal demonstrations.

At a recent banquet, I saw one of these wizards casually drift through the hall and pick up the names of 60 people. He sat beside me during the dinner, but didn't eat and had only a few swallows of coffee. He had made a floor plan of the banquet hall and had written on it the names of the 60 folks at the various tables. Then he kept covering their names and drilling himself.

He was whispering to himself from 6:30 until he stood to speak at 9 p.m. Then, to the crowd's amazement, he recited all 60 names without an error! His secret was simply that he had started out with the intention of remembering, and had put in 2½ hours of constant drill.

Another great memory expert of stage fame met 120 men and women prior to a banquet. Later that evening he correctly identified 118 of the 120, and handed a $5 bill to each of the two he had failed to name correctly.

"How do you do it?" asked the incredulous chairman of the meeting.

"Well," replied the memory expert, "if you had agreed to pay $5 to everybody whose name you forgot, you'd be surprised how fast your memory would improve!"

2. *Use the new name as soon as possible.*

Suppose we were at a banquet and I introduced you to the principal speaker named, let us say, Jonathan Case. Most of you would pleasantly mumble, "Glad to meet you," not using the new name.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Case," is the proper way to lay a better foundation for recalling the new name. Then turn to your friends immediately and say, "I'd like to have you meet Mr. Case."

Use the psychological rule-of-three in such situations, meaning that you will repeat the new name a minimum of three times by quickly presenting the newcomer to several friends.

3. *Add as many sensory impressions of the new item as possible.*

At an introduction, your first impression is usually by ear. So visualize the new name or actually write it down. That's how James A. Farley astounded people while he was touring the country in behalf of former President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He kept a little book in which he recorded the names of new people he met in a town. The next time he visited that city, he got out his little book and refreshed his memory.

Certain memory courses also urge you to develop unique visual images involving the new material. If your wife sends you to the store for potatoes, milk, bread, and a dozen eggs, you might be advised to visualize a huge potato wearing a silk plug hat. Balanced precariously on the brim of the hat are the egg carton and bottle of milk. The loaf of bread rides triumphantly on top.

Sounds silly, doesn't it? But it keeps your attention on the new items for a longer time, which is a law of learning. And it adds more visual aspects to your memory.

When meeting Mr. Case, who, we'll say, has red hair, you might visualize a case full of strawberry-pop bottles. This bizarre visual association can often set a memory

PICTURE IN AN OLD FRAME

By FRANCES RODMAN

A place in town, they thought, might be the best,
Now that the children were grown up and gone.
The farm was too large now, and they could rest,
With nothing to care for but a tidy lawn.
Yet when the strangers came, the old stairs seemed
To groan with every alien tread: the floors
Cried out in protest, and the well chain screamed
In anguish at a touch. The nursery doors
Recalcitrant, resisted and stuck fast.
The whole house drew its old frame close, like one
Stripped of all save pride, and when at last
The city folks had left, the long day done,
The two sat on the porch and called to mind
The penciling on the doorframe, measuring
Each growing boy, and every rafter signed
By memory. Time was itself a thing
Shaped in strong beams and hewn to bear the weight
Of years and the familiar. Suddenly
His hand found hers. He said, "It's not too late
To change our minds . . . it's big for you and me . . ."
"It always was just large enough," she said,
"For love, for children. . . . Let's not let it go."
He nodded in relief, and turned his head,
Hearing the old house chuckle, just to show
Who was the winner in the end, which one
Wore rakish laurels in the setting sun.

impression so it will remain permanently.

Please be aware, too, that once you get a good set it will stay in your brain as long as you live. Nerve retention is a lifelong matter, so a poor memory is not due to a defective brain but to defective original learning.

4. *Go out to meet new ideas.*

One way is to attend church regularly. Then discuss the points of the sermon when you get home for dinner. Challenge your children or grandchildren to a memory contest. Another is to run a quiz show on the contents of any issue of TOGETHER.

When Harley L. Stuntz, a member of a Bible class at St. John's Methodist Church in Chicago, was 90, he invited the class president to a luncheon.

"'Tug' Wilson is the speaker," Mr. Stuntz said. "He's the Big Ten commissioner and he's going to describe the latest changes in football rules. I want to hear him, for I enjoy the game better when I know the rules!" Remember, he was then 90!

Mrs. Myrtle R. Walgreen, dynamic member of my Bible class at the skyscraper Chicago Temple, is 81. Perhaps you remember her pictures in the TOGETHER feature, *Many Look, Few See,* in October, 1958 [page 33]. She took me to lunch recently and, with her sharp-as-a-tack memory, introduced me to scores of people.

Sure, she missed a few names, but she didn't fret about it. She admitted her slip—usually with a quip—then went on talking. Chances are the mental nudge put her recall apparatus into motion, and presently the forgotten name slipped back to consciousness by the side door.

Easy does it! If you forget something, don't whip your memory or apologize for it. That would simply lock your mental blockage the tighter. Instead, have a buoyant confidence in your memory. Usually it will pay off.

So don't worry if you forget something once in a while. That's bound to happen to anyone at any age—from the absent-minded professor who wound up the cat and put the clock out to his student who flunked an exam when he couldn't recall the year of the War of 1812!

Raise YOUR Flag

By HELEN F. McKEE

AMY KOHLER was an ageless woman; in the 15 years I knew her she never seemed to change. She believed that if you had a talent you should share it. She cared, too, what happened to her friends and neighbors. When people needed help, Amy was the first on the scene. But she never spoke about the things she did. For her, kindness was a way of life.

One of her greatest talents was cooking, and she soon found how to link that with her concern for others: once a month she baked her luscious raised doughnuts—or friedcakes—and held open house for everyone from miles around. She took special pains to send word to the power-plant employees, many of whom got home only on weekends and were hungry for home-style baking.

Amy would then announce her open house to neighbors by hoisting a square of orange cloth on a pole in front of the home she and her husband, Gottlieb, occupied at the top of a hill. The invitation was visible to all in the valley below.

Sometimes, too, Gottlieb would spread the word on his way to the milk station in the early morning. He'd stop in the road in front of a farm and toot his horn three times. As soon as the door opened, he'd shout: "Amy's got the orange flag out today. She wants you folks to come up for friedcakes! Come any time—she's been up since five, mixing and baking."

Amy never stood on ceremony. She had work to do and couldn't always be in the house when someone walked in. A pot of coffee stood on the back of the stove over a warming flame. Paper cups, spoons, sugar, and cream were arranged on the kitchen table—in the center of which stood a tremendous bowl of the most delicious sugar-coated raised doughnuts ever made.

From morning till night, people walked in and helped themselves. There was an unwritten code about what each should take—one cup of coffee and two friedcakes. And because neighbors and strangers, brought in by someone else, respected Amy's hospitality, she never ran out of doughnuts.

Everyone has something he can share and a flag he can raise. Each must find out for himself what it is and display his banner so others will recognize it. It will encourage them to do the same, to follow the advice of the poet who said, "We have committed the Golden Rule to memory; now let us commit it to life."

COMMUTER. Mrs. Kean rides three "L" trains to her job.

OCTOGENARIAN LIBRARIAN. Thirteen years ago, when Mrs. G. Edna Kean was 70 years old, friends thought she was retiring when she resigned after 30 years as a medical-records librarian. But the "retirement" ended three days later when she started a new job at another Chicago hospital—Illinois Masonic. Now she leaves home in surburban Evanston at 7:30 each morning, hops a crowded elevated train, transfers twice en route, and puts in a longer, busier day than most young career girls. A widow for many years, she supports two invalid daughters.

Cheerful and popular, Mrs. Kean has won the praise of hospital officials for her careful work. (In 1952, staff physicians sent her to England for an international convention of medical librarians.) But she's busy off the job, too. A 50-year member of Evanston's Covenant Methodist Church, she's active in WSCS and in the Forty Plus Club's photography group. She rarely misses church school or Sunday worship. Keeping on the go helps keep her young, Mrs. Kean confides—and no one doubts it. From her high color and sprightly step, you'd never guess she'll be 84 in January!

Among the growing ranks of lively elders are many we'd all enjoy knowing. Here are four fine examples.

ORGANIZER EXTRAORDINARY. Since his graduation from Kentucky Wesleyan College in 1896, the Rev. William F. Oglesby has been, successively, a rural schoolteacher, a horse-and-buggy pastor, a missionary to Mexico, a horticulture teacher, a real-estate and insurance man, a fruit-and-grain farmer—and, most recently, a church organizer extraordinary. Almost single-handedly he has organized seven new Methodist congregations in California since 1947. He will be 91 years old on December 20.

Mr. Oglesby's simple, but effective, evangelizing technique: Walk, ring doorbells, make friends. He's made close to 30,000 door-to-door calls, most of them since 1952 and all without benefit of an automobile! Early this year reports spread that the dauntless supply pastor had retired at last. From Santa Ana, Calif., came immediate denial. In the first half of this year, Mr. Oglesby reported, he has knocked on 2,726 doors, found 289 prospective Methodist families.

BELL RINGER. Seven new California churches began with Mr. Oglesby's house-to-house campaigns.

RECORD MAKER. When Chief Justice John E. Hickman steps down from the Texas Supreme Court in January, he will have served the court longer (his total: 25 years) than anyone else in Lone Star State history. But the 77-year-old judge will not relinquish another position of leadership he has held almost as long—teacher of the men's class at Austin's University Methodist Church. As its leader for 22 years, he has pushed average weekly attendance up to 140. Among the members: Austin business leaders, University of Texas staff members, state officials.

Teaching in Methodist Church schools has been a lifelong service of the venerable jurist. A native of Liberty Hill, near Austin, Judge Hickman was a country schoolteacher six years before earning his law degree in 1910. He practiced law (and taught church-school classes) in Dublin, Breckenridge, and Eastland, Texas, until appointed a Supreme Court Commissioner in 1935. He became a judge 10 years later.

Judge Hickman holds one more major record. No one has served longer on the Southern Methodist University board of trustees. He started in 1921!

TEACHER. Justice Hickman won't retire from church.

Unusual Methodists

AMERICAN FAMILY DOCTOR. When the American Medical Association chose 71-year-old Dr. Chesley M. Martin as National Family Doctor of 1959, hometown folks in tiny Elgin, Okla., replied: "He's our family doctor every year!" And everyone in town recognizes he's much more than that. Since opening practice in the southwestern Oklahoma farm community in 1916, Dr. Martin has become "the most necessary man in town," as one resident put it. He served 31 years as Elgin's mayor and is in his 42nd year as chairman of the school board. As a hobby he designs buildings, one the new $60,000 Methodist church for which he furnished a cross, a communion table and service, a piano, and an organ.

A board member of the hospital in nearby Lawton, Dr. Martin was once its chief of staff. Serving an area of 1,200 square miles, he never refuses to answer a call, regardless of weather, time of day, or the patient's ability to pay. He treats many patients in their own homes; only about 500 of the 2,500 babies he has delivered were born in hospitals. Unassuming and almost embarrassed by the national attention he has received, Dr. Martin explains, "I'm just trying to be a country doctor."

"MOST NECESSARY MAN." Physician, leader, builder, Dr. Martin serves his town many ways.

Some people decry the scarcity of baby sitters today. This young mother voices a very different complaint . . .

My *Baby-Sitter* Problem Is Named *Mrs. Hale*

By CHARLOTTE H. SMITH

A Together in the Home feature

HAVE YOU had a good look at the baby-sitter problem lately? I have. My problem is named Mrs. Hale. And I won't beat about the bush; Mrs. Hale specializes in alienation of affections.

Mrs. Hale is short and plump. I'm told that when a boy sits on her lap, the lap "squishes in and makes you feel cozy, like putting your thumb in your mouth and holding your blanket."

You see?

She believes in holding boys on laps. Even leggy seven-year-olds, weighty with years of peanut-butter sandwiches and milk. She doesn't even say a word if sometimes the seven-year-old thumb strays back into the mouth at bedtime.

My mother didn't allow certain things, such as thumb-sucking and late bedtimes, and I'm inclined to go the same route. But this Mrs. Hale louses up all my theories.

Sometimes I put in a kind, reasonable word about not allowing the new little teeth to become crooked.

"I had four children, you know," Mrs. Hale sings out. "Of those four, three were thumb suckers. In fact," she adds cheerily, "for all I know, that 28-year-old son of mine may still suck his thumb!

"Anyhow, the only non thumb sucker in the bunch just happens to have crooked teeth and, besides that, she was the only one that was the teeniest bit neurotic!"

I retire in confusion. From the soft cushion of Mrs. Hale's lap, my son watches in quiet triumph, thumb near mouth. A seven-year-old!

Perhaps I need a little more gumption. My mother, for instance, wouldn't have had a baby sitter in the first place. Therefore, I have no precedent to which I may refer, nor any standard to which I may hold Mrs. Hale.

Mother believed that a good mother always looked after her own little ones. Mrs. Hale, though of Mother's generation, is of a decidedly more modern outlook:

"You need to get away from him occasionally, dear. It's good for you and good for him. You must never feel guilty about leaving him with me!"

Mrs. Hale is glad to come any time I need her. She usually instructs me blandly, "Give him a good afternoon nap, dear, because we plan to walk downtown and look in the toyshop windows. By the time we have cocoa and a little bedtime story, it may be after eight when he gets to bed."

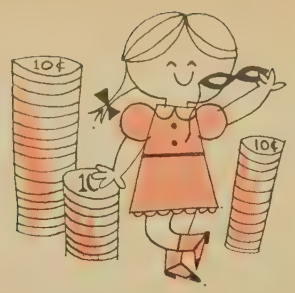
After eight? It's at least nine, even without the prayer, the extra story because they were too late to have one last time, the joke, the giggles, the reminiscences about Mrs. Hale's grown-up children, the remembrances of the worst of their childhood pranks.

I never say a word. Their relationship is something of which I may sound slightly disapproving, even somewhat jealous, yet I wouldn't change it in even the smallest detail. How precious—and how unforgettable—are one's first deep child-adult friendships!

Mrs. Hale taught him the joy of reading. They are a beautiful picture, curled up in a large wing chair, the soft little head nestled against her, the two of them so absorbed in the printed page and in each other.

We thought of that when we ordered that beautiful set of children's books for him last Christmas.

Trouble is, they're not dipping into the classics. She reads to him from a weekly news magazine, and it's always the same fare—advertisements



I Was a *Child Bandit*

FOR YEARS, my grandfather was the victim of an unwearying confidence artist who employed every stratagem she could imagine to obtain money from him. I know—I was that female "con man"!

I was eight when I began the rackets that kept dimes flowing into my hands. The idea came to me when I overheard my mother remark, "Gramp, Mrs. Parkes says you look 20 years younger than your age." Gramp beamed—and I began gathering fuel to feed the fires of Gramp's vanity. I eavesdropped on neighbors and asked leading questions.

"Don't you like my grandfather ever so much?" "Don't you think my grandfather is handsome?"

Everybody agreed, of course. Then I'd run to Gramp. But no amount of begging could persuade me to reveal the latest compliment until the coin was in my hand.

My system worked beautifully until Gramp became wary. Then, casting around for another way to exploit him, I decided to turn his curiosity into a movie ticket.

This took weeks of planning. I told him all about the latest developments in *The Perils of Pauline,* acting out the situations with all the dramatic talent at my disposal. On many a Saturday after that an elderly gentleman escorted a pig-tailed blonde to the local movies.

Later, I devoloped my patent-medicine dodge. Gramp always wanted to hear about any new medicine. So I'd stand by the drugstore window by the hour, memorizing patent-medicine claims. Then I'd hurry home to recite them to Gramp—for the inevitable dime.

When Gramp died, I lost more than a source of income. I lost a beloved companion. I'm sure now that he delighted in watching me produce the material he bought for those dimes. I wonder now who was really working a racket.

—KATHARINE P. HADLEY

for automobiles, spark plugs, tires, and batteries. She reads every word. Sometimes she reads until her voice is a low croak. After all, Daddy and I will read the children's library to him, but only Mrs. Hale can bear to read about motor oil and such.

Those rich evenings, those long, satisfying Saturdays, are pretty much "sometime" things. Mrs. Hale has a demanding daytime job. The sitting she does for us is a labor of love, which she refuses to call work.

"This boy is never any trouble," she informs me emphatically. "He's a joy and we get along just fine."

Well, I reckon so! At her house, she lets him make cookies. Naturally, he's enchanted. He shells nuts, sifts flour, rolls out dough, cuts out cookies, sweeps nutshells off the floor, washes pans, ices cookies, rinses out towels, and mops her floors where he's washed dishes and rinsed towels.

He doesn't have that much excitement at home from one year's end to the next.

I really can't say a word about the souvenir nutshells I find in his jeans, the cookies that go through the washer in the pocket of his shirt, the lack of appetite because he's full of cookies and milk. After all, he's full of contentment, too. But I wince when I stick those clothes in the water, and sifted flour turns it to the consistency of library paste.

Mrs. Hale has other small-fry enticements that are far more insidious. One night, for instance, she informed me: "We had fun! He wanted to use my stapler, and he was simply nice as can be!"

And no wonder. The evening's entertainment, it seems, consisted of the reckless pleasure of filling a large sheet of paper full of staples, then lovingly removing each one with a genuine staple remover. Then, when her charge wanted to keep the staple remover: "No, darling, you may borrow it another time. But here, take this big roll of cellophane tape instead!"

That's what I call spoiling the child. Why, I'm a grown woman, and I've never yet owned a really giant roll of cellophane tape in my whole life.

When he was three she allowed him to use her adding machine. "That's right, precious, let's take the phone book. See? Isn't this fun? Why, you're just as smart as anything!"

Nothing to it, really, just a simple tabulation of several pages of phone numbers. No wonder our quiet home routine seems humdrum!

She gives him stamps so he can write letters to himself on her typewriter, and then they walk to the corner to mail them. On the way back, they stop at the drugstore for a lemonade.

And food! In spite of all I can do, she lets him eat hot dogs without buns, all the bacon he wants at one time, and even to smuggle chocolate chips from the cooky-fixin' shelf. She lets him have cola drinks, popcorn, and other goodies my mother never gave us between meals. I remonstrate, feebly, but there's no use.

To tell the truth, Mrs. Hale isn't impressed by my theories about child rearing.

"I planned to rear my children strictly by the book, too, dear," she informs me crisply. "And so I did—my first one. After that, you find that the best thing to do with the book is to smack him with it occasionally across the seat of the pants.

"Not that *he* needs it, the precious thing," she adds fondly.

That's it. A sample of our baby-sitter problem. We admit we can't cope with her. Beyond that, we don't even want to.

It's true that Mrs. Hale is nothing like I remember my mother. Nevertheless, I try to be tolerant of her.

I try not to compare Mrs. Hale with my mother, but that's difficult. After all, I'm only human. And besides, she *is* my mother.

I am the first-born she tried to rear by the book, the one who didn't suck her thumb but got crooked teeth anyhow, the one who never ate hot dogs without buns, or stayed up later than eight o'clock, ever.

Bewildering, isn't it? But Mother—Mrs. Hale—as usual, has the answer. "You'll learn, darling, that there's all the difference in the world between your children and your grandchildren. Why, they're nothing alike!"

I believe her. My wonderful mother and my son's wonderful baby sitter are one and the same person. But believe me, they're nothing alike.

Even if you leave only a clock, it can tick on for you—if you take the right steps while among the living.

Your Will Can Be A Part of You

By CHARLES C. PARLIN
Methodist Lay Leader and Wall Street Attorney

IF YOU haven't done it, the time has come to take one of the most important steps you can take in life—the making of a will. Your age makes no difference. You may be a youthful newlywed, or you may be in the retirement years; you may have a great deal of property, or only a little. Everyone should leave a will.

Don't think of will making as a melancholy task. Rather, it's the opportunity for you, a mortal, joyously to project your personality into the future—carrying forward your ideas and ideals, your Christian concerns, and your compassions.

Usually we think of wills as delivering specific amounts of money to certain named people. Thus we continue to provide for loved ones, express affection for friends, and go on supporting favorite causes. And wills make it possible to bestow physical things—that grandfather's clock, for example, on your niece, who no doubt will find some way to fit it into her city apartment!

But what of odd or unexpected amounts left over? Here we lawyers have a useful device for you: the *residuary clause*. It covers that part of your estate, or any part thereof, remaining after the satisfaction of all debts, previous devises and bequests.

That's legal language, of course. For simplicity, just think of this as a way to pass along an *unspecified* amount—all or a part of what's left over after the bulk of your estate is distributed according to your plan. The recipient you name is a *residuary legatee*.

This example will show how it works: Let's say your estate will be $20,000 plus some property worth more than $1,000. Your will names recipients-to-be for the $21,000. Whatever the property nets over $21,000 is the residue—to go to your residuary legatees.

This idea hasn't caught on as well as it should—and now I'm thinking particularly of church people. We make bequests to family and friends and to causes, of course, by specific bequests. Why not use a residuary clause for our church and its agencies? The method is adaptable,

it costs nothing—and it opens the way for almost all of us to leave behind some part of our material possessions as a helpful ministry.

Do you have a special interest in the churches that serve slums, in erecting new churches or remodeling old ones? Would you like to provide something for a Methodist home for the retired? A home for unwed mothers? A home for orphans or retarded children? Perhaps you would like to aid a mobile ministry in the wooded hills of Kentucky or sand hills of Nebraska. We have 124 Methodist-related schools, colleges, and universities, and 12 graduate theological schools training young ministers. Abroad we have 1,632 missionaries and many mission institutions.

IT'S not hard to find out about Methodism's many-faceted interests. Any pastor, district superintendent, or bishop can tell you where to write or whom to see for information.

We who practice law are constantly amazed by examples of how even small bequests, well handled, can become important. There's a classic story about a little girl who died in Philadelphia many years ago and left behind an old, red pocketbook in which were 57 pennies. A note, in a childish scrawl, told how she had saved her pennies toward the building of a new church. The story got into the newspapers. Contributions poured in. Soon the 57 pennies became $250,000—then a church and a hospital, around which grew up a great university. What great work your bequest might inspire!

Men and women who will sums to religious and philanthropic organizations—either through outright grants or through residuary clauses in their wills—live and "walk about" in what they help create or maintain. Protestant churches and institutions have received more than $100 million in bequests during the past decade. Yet for the past 100 years, from all sources, religious groups in the U.S. have received less than one per cent of the national income. Of this one per cent, not more than 10 per cent has come from bequests and endowments!

You may say: "Why, the thought simply never crossed my mind. I have made a will, and I spent a great deal of time trying to decide how my estate should be disposed of . . . I was thinking of people. I had hardly even realized that I could continue giving to my church."

The making of a Christian will is an act of stewardship, just as surely as the annual pledge. I am sometimes disturbed to learn of large estates left by Christian people who, seemingly, forgot their church. Probably they just hadn't stopped to think that by one simple act—slipping a residuary clause into their wills—they can extend their Christian concern into the future.

Occasionally we hear that some thoughtful person has left a tape recording to be played back after death. It contains some message, some assurance, some words of comfort or help that someone wishes his loved ones to hear after he is gone. This, too, is a projection of self. Like a will, this is something that lives after death.

The chief enemy of making a will, I have found, is postponement. Most people do plan to make one—at some later date. One of the tragic things in life is to witness the aftermath of someone's negligence in this respect. An estimated 70 per cent of American property owners die without making wills.

One would hardly call Peter Marshall, the great minister, a thoughtless man. His thoughts were always for others. But he, too, failed to make a will. His widow, Catherine Marshall—who wrote *A Man Called Peter*—can testify to the confusion, red tape, and hardship involved.

"It seemed that almost daily everywhere I turned, legal proof of my husband's death was required . . ." she relates in her book, *To Live Again* (McGraw-Hill, $3.95.) "Then came the day when I had to reappear in probate court to be made Peter John's guardian. Since then, I have been required to give a detailed financial accounting of my guardianship to the court each year. This will go on until my son becomes of age. When I discovered the amazing amount of red tape involved even with such a small estate, I almost ran to a lawyer to get help in making a will of my own."

If you don't make a will, the state will, under its law, appoint an administrator and determine the distribution. Estate and court costs will be higher. Your property will be managed and distributed without any of the flexibility which can be provided by your will.

Your attorney can explain how your church or church program may become a residuary legatee. He can help minimize taxes and produce substantial reductions in the cost of transferring your property to your family, or elsewhere. He can show you how a properly prepared will may reduce inheritance and other taxes.

Your contributions to religious, charitable, educational, and similar worthy benevolence causes afford substantial savings in both federal and state taxes. This is not tax dodging! Philanthropic giving is encouraged by your government. When you make a contribution to institutions and organizations devoted to public purposes, you are actually imposing a tax on yourself. The government itself would have to provide many of these services if you did not.

Remember, however, the law cannot distribute property to your church unless it is stated in your will. Only you can sign your name to that will. Only you can revise it. Many people do revise their wills from time to time. Perhaps you would want to ask your lawyer to revise the one you now have by adding a residuary clause.

SUCH a revision could be compared to the grapevine planted by a newly installed Methodist minister in the garden of the parsonage. A member of the church, knowing how Methodism moves its pastors often, said jokingly:

"Parson, you'll never eat any grapes from that grapevine."

The new minister smiled and replied, "No, I know I won't—but my successor will."

Today you go to church, bringing with you a weekly offering to God as an act of worship. Tomorrow, when you are no longer here, your will carries on. The vine you have planted, that projection of yourself into the future, will continue to bear fruit for many years to come.

A Boy's Will

IN THE SOLITUDE of his room that lonely night, 12-year-old Dale Sander sat at his desk lost in meditation. Soon, he knew, he must undergo delicate surgery to correct a serious heart ailment. Slowly he removed a page from his school notebook and began to write: "If I die . . ."

A few days later, just before the operation, he told his parents and sisters, Laura and Ruth, about the will he had composed. Reproduced below, it is a simple document lacking legal polish and rhetorical perfection. But as a sincere, eloquent testament of love for family and friends, and as a recognition of obligation to one's church, it has few equals.

Thanks to a skilled surgeon, the will never came into force. Dale (left) today is one of the healthiest teen-agers in Rapid City, S.Dak.

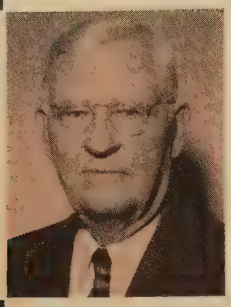
A boy's will, written in the valley of the shadow, shines as a beacon of faith and good will.

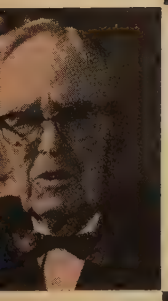
my Will

If I die my things as listed below will be given to the people and places marked below.

My globe - Laura Kay Sander
" Coin collection - my dad Harvey
" Airplane models - Dale Sander
" model house a train engin - my dad Harvey
" Model race car - my mother Carol
" money - my church
" Tinker toys - Ruth
" books - Laura Kay
" clothing - my mother Carol (to do with what she wants)
" Silva Boy Scout Compass - Kent Johnson
" Little toys - Ruth
" Brownie and Flash camers - Ruth + Laura
" Boxing gloves - my dad Harvey
" Foiton pen and ink - my mother Carol
" Boy Scout canteen - Brian Carey
" Scout cook kit - Ronald Miller
" Knapsack - Paul Dunberg
" 22 rifle - my dad Harvey + my mother Carol
" Paints - Laura
" Little pink angel - Ruth
" Wood burning set - Harvey, Laura, Carol, and Ruth
" Bike - my dad Harvey
" Scrapbook - my mother Carol
" money in Minneapolis - 15¢ mother = Carol
" Jackel box - my dad Harvey
" Fishing rod - Laura
" Wagon. Ruth - 5¢ - my Sunday School Class

Signed
Dale Sander





Light Unto My Path

FOUR RETIRED BISHOPS PROVIDE WEEKLY MEDITATIONS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

Herbert Welch, *New York, N.Y.*
Hiram A. Boaz, *Dallas, Tex.*
George A. Miller, *Lafayette, Calif.*
John Gowdy, *Winter Park, Fla.*

NOVEMBER 6

If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just, and will forgive our sins and cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1:9

THE KEY words of this almost incredible statement are clearly "confess," "forgive," "cleanse." Have I really anything to confess?

Let's face the facts with eyes open. Sin is a fact, despite the denials of some present-day teachers. Moral standards may vary in different countries and at different times, but sin is not the superstition of primitive man. It is the discovery of the developed man.

It is obviously true, as Walt Whitman claimed, that "the animals do not worry about their sins," but why should a man let himself down to their level? The more divine man becomes, the more keenly he feels that which causes him to fall far short of the glory of God; that is, sin.

We may not be bowed down by the agony of self-reproach which many men have suffered as they faced the truth. The realization of sinfulness may come rather as a sense of lack; a confession not of things done but of things undone; the bondage of bad habits; a consciousness of inner discord or of a wasting away of the higher aspirations of earlier days. Or it may come as a sense of alienation from God and from others, with no worthy central motive of life.

Whatever the form of the shortcoming, it is folly to try to conceal it, folly to treat it lightly. It is your life that is at stake! Admit the facts, confess!

The minute that is done, the healing process begins. He who came not to condemn but to save makes clear the deep concern and fatherly yearning of God. Such a God does not need to be propitiated; he is full of compassion and plenteous in mercy. I may sometimes question whether I can forgive myself; I must never doubt He can and will forgive.

I am not seeking to escape the penalty of my wrongdoing; let me take my punishment without whimpering. But what I do ask is the restoration of those happy and powerful relationships which sin has shattered. Forgiveness does not mean "letting me off," but "taking me on again." No more an alien, but a son.

And I want to know not only that my guilt has been removed and fellowship restored, but that the ugly slavery of sin has been broken.

Prayer: Wash us thoroughly, O God, that we may possess the peace that passes all understanding. Put in us a new spirit that we may sing aloud of thy deliverance. Amen.

—BISHOP HERBERT WELCH

NOVEMBER 13

I love the Lord, because he has heard my voice and my supplications.—Psalms 116:1

THIS PSALM of praise and thanksgiving is from an Israelite who had been in deep distress and had been delivered from all his troubles by the Lord of hosts.

Jewish tradition says it was written by Hezekiah. Evidently it was written by one who had been in much sorrow and distress and who had called upon the Lord: "O Lord, I beseech thee, save my life."

After being delivered from his troubles he tells us that he loves the Lord because He had heard his voice and his supplication and had delivered him. He declares that the Lord is gracious, merciful, and righteous, and that he will "walk before the Lord in the land of the living."

It would be difficult to find a better reason for loving the Lord than the psalmist has set forth. Gratitude readily grows into love.

Some of us at different times of our lives have been in distress and have called upon the Lord for deliverance. Our prayers have been heard, and we have been delivered. God is good and gracious, and we ought to love him with a great love.

There are others who, from the days of their childhood, have walked in the paths of righteousness and have not known such distress. They have an even better

reason for loving the Lord. God has been unusually good to them, and they ought to love God with a great love.

The author of this psalm did not know of the teachings of the Christ. It was many years before the star of Bethlehem was to appear. Newell Dwight Hillis has beautifully said: "Thus far scholars have discovered five intellectual giants whose work has been revolutionary and epoch making. But the distance between the intellectual giants and the rudest barbarian of the race is not so great as the distance between these intellectual giants and the Son of Mary whose work for home and friendship, religion and learning has been so great as to make His head strike among the stars."

During Christ's earthly ministry he was asked: "Teacher, which is the great commandment in the law?" He replied, "You shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your mind. And a second is like it, You shall love your neighbor as yourself."

Prayer: Almighty God, Creator and Preserver of all mankind, we, thy children, look to thee as the giver of all our good, the author of all our joy. Help us to be faithful even unto death. Help us to love thee with all our hearts, and our neighbors as ourselves. This we ask in his great name. Amen.

—BISHOP HIRAM A. BOAZ

NOVEMBER 20

Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name! Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Psalms 103:1-2

JUST HOW much worth are we getting from the extra 20 years of life that we have today? A man of 50 used to be old and broken down, wrinkled and gray, his work done. Today's man of 70 still possesses much of the vigor of youth and undertakes tasks and responsibilities quite beyond men of his age a generation or two ago.

But what are we getting from these extra years? Do they add to life's values as well as to the vigor of human existence?

Yes, we do live longer, and the text hints at a reason. People who "bless the Lord" at all times hold the key to the extra years. When all that is within us blesses God for all his benefits, we release the springs of existence and live on.

Unfortunately, all people do not make a practice of remembering "all His benefits," but modern physicians and scientists are continually revealing more and more the sources and secrets of long life and usefulness. Certainly, gratitude for blessings received and benefits bestowed has something to do with our length of days upon the earth. If we spent more time blessing the Lord for all his benefits, we might prolong our days.

There is more than automation, laborsaving devices, and household gadgets involved in this. There is a rhythm in human life, and David caught it. "All His benefits" do not come in neatly wrapped packages. There is an ebb and flow in human life, a rise and fall of the tides of experience. When we catch and work with it, life is enriched and extended. Consciousness that God is working with us, is really prolonging our lives, is a definite and positive factor in the make-up of years that add to the rhythm of life and works both ways. When we call on "all that is within us" to bless the Lord, something happens and life takes on new meanings.

In John Wesley's time there was talk of "prevenient grace," the grace that flows steadily into our lives, whether we deserve it or not. There is a Power in life that makes for health. That Power is with us at all times and definitely affects our length of life.

Prayer: Eternal God, the giver of all that is good, direct us in the direction of spiritual holiness. May thy age-old message provide us with that strength that is relevant to every generation. Amen.

—BISHOP GEORGE A. MILLER

NOVEMBER 27

Finally, be strong in the Lord and in the strength of his might.—Ephesians 6:10

IN EVEN A brief study of the New Testament one is impressed with the frequent recurrence of such an exhortation as "be strong." It apears also in the new version of the Epistles of Paul, translated by J. B. Phillips into everyday English. Using passages taken from this version, readers may realize that many of the problems confronting young churches nearly 20 centuries ago have their counterpart in the crises for Christians today.

In these days, as in those, there is a distinct awareness of an approaching crisis. The Chinese expression for crisis is "dangerous opportunity." How should we face the danger? How discover the opportunity? What advice did Paul give to the early Christians? "The armor is ready. Put it on." Do you now have more courage to face the enemy? Do you recognize him when you see him?

"Our fight is not against any physical enemy: it is against organizations and powers that are spiritual. We are up against the unseen power that controls this dark world, and spiritual agents from the very headquarters of evil. Therefore you must wear the whole armor of God that you may be able to resist evil in its day of power."

One trembles at the very thought of contending with such a foe. But when this same enemy comes to us disguised, as he usually does, we are deceived and often fall before we realize we have been tempted. Do you feel yourself letting down a bit? Quick! Get a firmer grip on your shield of Faith. Be instantly ready to wield the sword of the Spirit.

The word "stand" occurs several times in Paul's instructions to the Christian soldier. The picture given in Phillips' translation is that of a soldier, fully armed, but halting a few moments to get a clearer view of the situation. Is not this pause the opportunity brought out by the very crisis itself? Pause again and pray. Pray that you may gain a deeper realization of the tremendous reinforcements ready to support you in your struggle against sin.

May not each of us appropriate for himself the resources claimed by Paul in his prayer for those early believers—that you may know "how tremendous is the power available to us who believe in God." When we believers are thus empowered, nothing can be impossible in our experience.

Prayer: Our Father, we who are weak would be strong. Provide us with that power whereby we may find victory against those forces, both corporate and private, that keep us from purity. Amen.

—BISHOP JOHN GOWDY

These Pinkettes getting their daily work assignments are (from left): Judy Cockrill, Anne Suddendorf, Nancy Martens, Mary Louise Anderson, and Karen Olsen. Inset shows the pin they earn for 50 hours of service.

HOSPITAL VOLUNTEERS

Teen-agers find an outlet—and a challenge—in serving others.

Nancy, Judy, Mary Louise, and Anne take wheel-chair patients for a ride on pleasant days. Many young volunteers are from church youth groups and Girl Scout troops in Rochester, Minn.

THESE TEEN-AGERS serving as volunteers at Methodist Hospital in Rochester, Minn., certainly aren't members of the beat generation—even though they're often bushed in the evenings. The girls report to the hospital after school, on weekends, and during vacations to do odd jobs that brighten the day for patients, particularly the elderly. They distribute newspapers and magazines, read to patients, fix trays, run errands.

And how do the vivacious teen-agers benefit?

"It's a maturing experience," says Harold Mickey, hospital administrator. "It gives teen-agers a chance to grow up and take responsibility. Also, in past decades children were exposed to grandparents in the home. There's less of this now, with smaller houses and with people constantly on the move. Our program brings these vital young people in contact with the elderly."

Both ends of the age spectrum seem to love it. The high schoolers are finding new wealth in their friendships with oldsters. As one girl put it, "We've learned that a difference in age isn't very important when we like the same movie." And the older folks seem to eat better, feel better, and look better when their young companions are around.

The teen-age volunteer program in Rochester started five years ago when two girls offered to push the pink carts that carry reading matter and candy around to the patients. They were daughters of Pink Ladies, the hospital voluntary auxiliary, and soon became known as Pinkettes. This year, 70 are helping out regularly.

Their only material reward is a pin for 50 or 100 hours of duty. Yet during the summer, some of the girls work six, even seven, days a week—and relish every minute of it. They find a special satisfaction in serving others.

And the patients? Said one smiling oldster, summing up the teens' contribution: "They're the best medicine for my morale."

Judy and Mary Louise (above) share an after-hours soda. Hospital volunteer work has pointed several girls toward nursing careers.

Being in traction isn't much fun, but the time passes more comfortably (above) when someone like Judy reads a magazine.

A moment of silence and of prayer, away from clanking hospital carts and hectic routine. Here, Jane Olson escorts an elderly patient into the chapel.

Stanny Squirrel LEARNS TO SHARE

By DANA BROOKINS

STANNY SQUIRREL scurried off toward Farmer Bailey's orchard.

"Morning, Stanny," called Mrs. Polly Squirrel. "You're up bright and early. Going to gather nuts?"

"Yes'm!" Stanny called back. "I went hungry last year because Queen Winter came too soon." He hurried on.

"Morning, Stanny," called Grandfather Amos Squirrel. "Going to gather nuts?"

"Yes, sir!" Stanny called back. "I went hungry last year because Queen Winter came too soon, you know."

A little farther on he met Mrs. Emma Squirrel. "Morning, Stanny," she called. "Going to gather nuts?"

"Yes'm!" Stanny called back. "I went hungry last year because Queen Winter came too soon."

Soon Stanny skittered to a stop at Farmer Bailey's orchard. He sat on his haunches and rubbed his forepaws delightedly. Everywhere, as far as he could see, nuts lay upon the brown earth. Stanny popped two of them into his mouth. Then, with

cheeks bulging, he scampered homeward.

When Stanny reached the hollow elm tree that was his home, he raced up the trunk and dropped the nuts through the hole-door. "Plunk!" went the nuts hitting the bottom. Then Stanny was off to gather more.

Once again he passed Mrs. Polly. "Stanny," she called, "will you help me gather nuts this year?"

"After I've gathered my own," Stanny called back.

Mrs. Polly had a husband too sickly to gather nuts and a very large family besides. Last year Stanny had helped her first. Then, before he had been able to gather enough nuts for himself, Queen Winter dropped her snowy blanket. This year he would gather his own nuts first and then help Mrs. Polly. A hungry tummy was no fun.

Soon he passed Grandfather Amos. "Stanny," the old squirrel called, "will you help me gather nuts this year?"

"After I've gathered my own," Stanny called back.

Grandfather Amos was very old, with white tips on his whiskers. Last year Stanny had helped Grandfather gather nuts. This year he would gather his own nuts first and then help Grandfather Amos. A hungry tummy was no fun.

A little farther on he met Mrs. Emma. "Stanny," she called, "will you help me gather nuts this year?"

"After I've gathered my own," Stanny called back.

Last year Mrs. Emma's husband had been caught by a hunter. She herself had been injured in the leg and could no longer scurry. Stanny had helped her gather nuts last fall, but this year he would first gather enough nuts for himself. A hungry tummy was no fun.

Day after day, Stanny Squirrel hurried to the orchard. At last, on a nippy morning, Stanny pushed one last nut into his tree hole. Then he sat back on a limb and rubbed his forepaws happily. He had food enough to last all winter.

"Stanny," called three weary voices from below, "*now* will you help us gather nuts?"

"Of course," Stanny called back. "I'll be glad to."

Stanny raced over a hilltop to a spot where there were still a few nuts on the ground. He felt happy to be helping Mrs. Polly and Grandfather Amos and Mrs. Emma. But he was glad he had gathered his own first. A hungry tummy was no fun.

Stanny had time to gather only a few nuts for his friends before Queen Winter began to fill the skies with gray clouds. She announced her arrival with an icy blast of her wind trumpet that made the big branches near the squirrels' houses squeak and creak.

The next morning, Stanny raced outside, planning to gather more nuts for the others. He stopped short. A deep snowy blanket covered the earth. Sadly, Stanny hurried home and fell sound asleep. He was snug and warm, and he had food enough to last all winter.

From time to time, Stanny woke up and ate a nut. Then he would slumber off again. One night a noise woke him. It sounded like the cries of small squirrels. Stanny knew the cries belonged to Mrs. Polly Squirrel's children. Suddenly he remembered that a hungry tummy was no fun. He popped two nuts into his mouth and scurried down the tree. Plop! He landed on the icy snow and hurried to Mrs. Polly's home.

"Here are some nuts, Mrs. Polly," Stanny chattered when she answered the door. "A hungry tummy is no fun."

"Oh thank you!" Mrs. Polly cried. "We ran out of food yesterday. Children! Look here. Stanny has brought us supper!" The tiniest baby stuck her head out the door and planted a big kiss on Stanny's nose. Stanny blushed with pleasure.

Suddenly an idea struck him. Perhaps Grandfather Amos and Mrs. Emma needed food, too. Stanny raced home and filled his pouches again. Then he hurried to Grandfather Amos' door. The old gentleman opened the door and blinked.

"Here are some nuts," Stanny chattered. "A hungry tummy is no fun."

"Thanks! Thanks!" Grandfather Amos cried happily. "I was just down to my last three acorns."

A few minutes later Stanny knocked on Mrs. Emma's door. "Here are some nuts," he smiled. "A hungry tummy is no fun."

"Oh thank you!" cried Mrs. Emma. "I ate my last nut this morning. You're right. A hungry tummy is no fun."

Right then Stanny knew what he must do. He would spend the whole night carrying nuts to his friends. Maybe he would get a little hungry before Queen Spring chased Queen Winter away, but it didn't matter. What was the use in being full when other tummies went hungry? Besides, Stanny was brimming with another kind of fullness—the happy kind that comes with sharing!

NEXT MONTH . . .

Remember last December when we asked our Small Fry friends to draw pictures of "the nicest thing about Christmas"? Next month some of the drawings will appear in TOGETHER. *Be sure to watch for them—one might be yours!*

ON THIS

Thanksgiving Day

For all the grandmas in the world,
For all the grandpas, too,
For Mommy and my daddy,
For happy things to do,
For food to eat, for friends to love,
Dear God, I want to say
That I am very thankful
On this Thanksgiving Day.

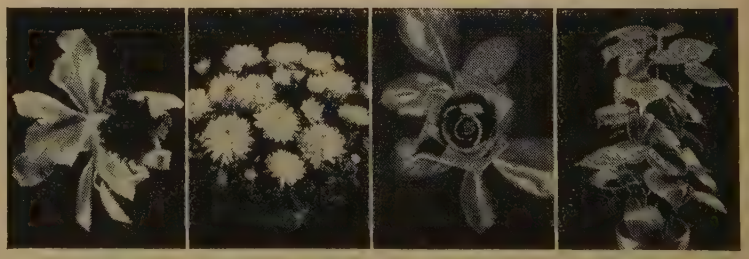
—RUTH RAMSEY

How to say "I love you"

Give her flowers — and she gets your message, for flowers speak the language of the heart.

When you want to say, "I love you", "get well soon", "thanks", "I share your sorrow" — say it with flowers. And to bring the joy of flowers into your life... the joy of creating a brighter home... always keep something green or blooming in your home.

Consult your professional florist for best values.
Flowers and plants may be wired anywhere in the world.



ORCHID POTTED POMPON ROSE PHILODENDRON

Special Values of the Season

SOCIETY OF AMERICAN FLORISTS

Say it with FLOWERS

Ride a Hobby That Pays!

By FRANCES HATHAWAY

"DID YOU ever wonder what becomes of people who are retired—'laid on the shelf' against their will—at age 65? I, for one, found the rocking chair impossible, the checkerboard boresome, and shuffleboard aimless. The park bench was slow death."

That's Lewis A. Lincoln speaking—a Methodist-reared former trade-magazine editor and now a retiree living in Denver, Colo. But he isn't complaining. Listen to how he has solved his problem of inactivity:

"I found nothing so unbearable as idleness, so I decided to try working with my own two hands. A man paid me 50 cents apiece to dig 30 postholes. The cash gave me a new feeling: by being able to earn money, I was still a necessary cog in the economy.

"Then I put in some windows for another man and painted still another's basement. Finally I began to collect tools. Without ever planning it, I was in the odd-jobs business. I was keeping physically fit and meeting as many wonderful people as ever.

"Now I feel that I'm a sort of missionary. I am more important to society than ever. I'm teaching my fellow men that useful labor is dignified labor—that it's the man that dignifies the job and not vice versa."

This man is lucky. He's doing something he likes and earning money besides.

But how about you? Will you retire with nothing to do? If you've never had an opportunity to develop a hobby, now could be the time to start. And if you can, why not ride a hobby that pays?

One important word of warning, however: don't expect miracles. There are people who have become financially independent in hobby ventures, but there are many more who have not. Your measure of financial success will depend on your originality, perseverance, and business acumen. And, by the way, if you watch the mail for those monthly Social Security checks, you won't want to earn more than $1,200 a year or the checks won't come so often.

There are numerous ways to put your own plan into action, however, just by using some ingenuity. A book such as *How to Earn an Income While Retired* by Norman Ford (Harian, $1.50) will help, too.

In it is the story of Bob Bowles, who loved to fish. After he retired in Florida, Bob could usually be found angling off the nearest pier. Soon his refrigerator was jammed with trout and sheepshead, and he began selling his catches to a local fish shop. Other retired men, he found, earned $3 to $4 a day this way.

Then he began to save his daily earnings. In two weeks, he bought a nine-foot casting net. It took him a few afternoons to achieve the dexterity to throw it without losing his teeth (no joke—you hold the net with your teeth!) but soon he was catching 150-200 mullet each night and morning and selling them. Next, Bob invested in a 15-foot inboard motorboat; a bit later, a seine net.

Well, there was no stopping him. He could earn as much or as little as he needed, and he was finally getting his fill of a long-loved hobby.

Shutterbugs, too, will find that photography can pay dividends. Here are a few possibilities:

Photograph homes on speculation and print one copy of each on a post card for sale to the owners. Do the same on calendars for business establishments. Enter photo contests. That snapshot you took for fun may be a winner!

Magazines, trade journals, and newspapers may also be a market for photographs or articles. Many older folks feel their retirement years are an opportunity for fun with free-lance writing. With a lifetime of experiences and a study of prospective markets, this can become the source of extra money, too.

If you've retired near the seashore and love the outdoors, comb the beaches for sea shells, driftwood, unusual rocks, seaweed, and plants. All these may be a source of income.

Many hobbies that happily fill leisure hours can earn pin money, too.

Indoors, there are scores of hobbies on which you may capitalize.

Miss Minnie Stone, for example, a Methodist from Jacksonville, Ark., makes "hairpin braid," a type of lace.

Entering contests is fun, too, and if you follow rules of neatness, originality, and patience—well, you never know!

Baking is an art that too many relegate to the cake-mix box, so if you're noted for your home-baked bread, cakes, and cookies, waste no time in combining such pleasure with business.

Many older people are spare-time weavers, and there are many more handicraft hobbies which can turn pastimes into profit: aluminum work, ceramics, copper tooling, linoleum-

block making, and painting in oils and water colors, to name a few.

For women who have always doted on their grandchildren, baby-sitting can be an ideal and profitable service.

For those who love to wrap beautiful gift packages, there is a ready market composed of all the fumble fingers who can't tie a decent bow.

A retired Methodist minister, the Rev. Charles S. Applegath of Bethel, Conn., hit upon a remarkable idea after watching his grandson and a neighbor girl, with bowed heads, saying grace at the dinner table. He took a photograph of them, had an artist paint a picture of it, and composed a brief prayer. A pottery then turned out children's plates and cups with the picture on them and a simple prayer children read aloud. The retired pastor sold them, and within three years was able to say:

"When I was in the active pastorate I had two parishes of 2,000 people, and naturally felt that I was exerting considerable Christian influence. But I little dreamed that when I reached 77 years of age I would be guiding the daily worship in 60,000 homes with my prayer plates."

Then there's the hobby that's paying off for retiree G. W. Randall. The Randalls left Chicago for Arkansas when he stopped working years ago. Settling deep in the heart of the Ozark Mountains, they soon found that they were visited daily by large numbers of birds.

Randall built a few houses so that the birds would remain there, and Birdhaven was begun. Mrs. Randall suggested that the birdhouse village be equipped like a real town—"with a courthouse, church, radio station, country store, and so on." Her husband liked the idea, and soon tourists were coming to view the unique feathered community.

One day, a visitor wanted to buy one of the houses to take home as a souvenir of the Ozarks, and Randall was soon in the birdhouse-building business. Now he sells hundreds of birdhouses all over the country, but still keeps the business within retirement limitations.

"I just don't want a booming business," he says. "I'm 75 years old now and only want something to keep me busy—something that at the same time is useful."

Mrs. Ida Downs, a pert Methodist octogenarian, feels just about the same way. She found her present hobby many years ago.

"When I was younger," she says, "I worked nights in a restaurant and sought something worthwhile to do during the day. I got the answer from the local children's aid society—making toys and dolls for needy children."

For the next three years, she turned out 100 toys annually, making countless children happy and providing herself with an income-producing hobby when she retired.

Now Mrs. Downs lives at the Biscayne Methodist Home in Miami, Fla., and her rag dolls—usually monkeys made from old socks and clothed in bright costumes—are still delighting youngsters.

She sells some now for a small amount, and the profits have helped her buy a television set, a big rug, and a silver service for the Methodist home where she lives.

What's her secret for making the sunset years a time of enjoyment and contribution? "Hold on to your enthusiasm for things and people," she says, "and you can do that best with a hobby that really interests you—one that keeps you in touch with all kinds of folks."

This attitude, being voiced by many of the 16 million retirement-aged persons around the nation, is beginning to drown out the rumbles of futility and boredom that characterized the senior citizen who felt too young to cease profitable endeavor.

Whether these young-at-hearters are riding their hobbies for pay, or just working hard at enjoying them without monetary reward, they're a happier group for it.

They're retired—and they love it!

Join the $1,000,000
WINNERS FROM EVERY STATE!
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Name Your Hobby

IN FOUR YEARS we've listed 3,500 hobbyists in this department. If you'd like to use this free service, send your name, address, and number one hobby to Hobby Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill. Please allow at least three months for publication.—EDS.

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BUTTONS: Mrs. J. B. Norcross, 1437 NW Lawnridge Ave., Grants Pass, Oreg.

CHRISTMAS SEALS: Mrs. J. O. Lane, Stevensville, Md.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Virginia Brosier, RR 4, Box 234, Greenfield, Ind.; A. B. Duffield, 2734 Stafford St., Pittsburgh 4, Pa.; Sydney B. Gaither, 718 Mill St., Dallas, Oreg.; Mrs. E. E. Gardner, 6310 McCorkle Ave., SE, Charleston, W.Va.

CLOCKS: Cash D. Bryan, 462 Schaum Ave., Zanesville, Ohio (antique).

COINS: Dennis Olson, 1510 Jefferson, Oregon City, Oreg. (souvenir).

CUPS: Mrs. Oliver Thompson, Hendricks, Minn. (old mustache and gold patterned).

DOLLS: Andrea Finkle, Hubbell Hill, Margaretville, N.Y.

GENEALOGY: Edna Hatfield, 104 N. 12th, Tonkawa, Okla. (Schrom, Kluss, Miller, Stickney, Beaty, Leach, Frazier, Hughes); Earl R. Brown, 604 E. 12th St., Indianapolis 2, Ind. (Brown, Conklin, Gunning, Lowry, McFall); Rollie Greeno, Box 288, Milbank, S.Dak. (Greeno, Neisen, Woods, Myers, Harkless, Coulter, Burton, Bentley, Maynard, Reeves, Stamper, Cartwright); Mrs. W. T. Files, Parkdale, Ark. (Caldwell, Bayse, Paul, Files, French, Erion); Mrs. Gaylord Frantz, 4761 Ave. 224, Tulare, Calif. (Frantz, Puckett, Shawver, Livisay, Rogers); Mrs. Richard MacDougal, Bayberry Hill, Ipswich, Mass. (MacDougal, Finney, Raymond, Abell, Abel, Allger, Boutelle, Boutwell, Boyd, Brown, Burwell, Campbell, Coleman, Crocker, Durand, Fisher, Follansbee, Fullensby, Hall, Hazen, Howlett, Isham, Lewis, Macklin, McLinn, Perry, Pettes, Potter, Russell, Sampson, Snell, Spear, Spottswood, Sutton, Ward, Weed, West, White); Mrs. Roger Stevenson, 3113 Kellogg Rd., North Little Rock, Ark. (Wills, Snodgrass); Mrs. Charley Kent, 110 Sunset, Amarillo, Tex. (Kent, Bales, Niedens); Mrs. Elery L. Hansen, 2111 Lipscomb St., Amarillo, Tex. (Greer, Harris, Randall, Garrett, Gordon, Hamilton, Scafe, Bartlett, Douthwaite, Hanks, Clarke, Bissett, Shuff, Blaney, Wilcox, Friend); Mrs. K. H. Heusser, 515 Douglas Ave., Tillamook, Oreg. (Isham, Isom, Wynn, Winn, Wenn); Mrs. A. C. Wells, Bakersfield, Vt. (Camp, Dickerman, Rich, Randall); Reeva Schmidt Spies, 2460 Citrus View, Duante, Calif. (Schmidt, Krause, Hammill, Avery, Closs, Barnum). Mrs. W. D. Hill, 111 N. Finlay Ave., Battle Creek, Mich. (Hill, Finlay); Mae Manley, 104 N. 2nd St., Pleasantville, N.J. (Ludlam); Margaret A. Lapham, 40960 Lake Shore Blvd., Mentor, Ohio (Lapham, Nye, Barnard, Waite, Parker, Guthrie, Pressler, Farr, Abbey); Mrs. Ralph R. Anderson, 1004 Metropolitan Ave., Leavenworth, Kans. (Day, Campbell, Brown, McGhee, Duncan, Phillips, Philips, Cox, Davis, Barker, Allen, Macy, Woody, Hockett, Marley). Mrs. Sarah Shields Pfeiffer, 3784 Vermont Rd., NE, Atlanta 19, Ga. (Davenport, Cheatham); Irvin L. Peffley, 3407 Van Buren St., Amarillo, Tex. (Peffley, Peffly, Pefley, Peffile, Pfaeffle, Pfaffel, Pfafflin, Pfaffly, Pfaffl, Pfaffle); Amy V. Holbruner, 612 Venable Ave., Baltimore 18, Md. (Bender, Carmack, Crumbacker, Formwalt, Hamburg, Hewitt, Otto, Phillips, Plaine, Stem, Stoner, Warfield, Zimmerman).

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MAGAZINES: Najmudean F. Bhaiji, Box 70, Mombasa, Kenya; Robert H. Burns, 1317 Garfield St., Laramie, Wyo. (early issues of *Breeder's Gazette*).

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MUSIC: Sandra Gabel, 122 Waldo St., Holyoke, Mass. (flamenco); Ursula Winiarski, Strasse der Freundschaft 9, Schlema 1/b Aue., DDR-German Democratic Republic (jazz).

NAPKINS: Cheryl Lanning, RD 1, Malvern, Ohio (foreign).

NEEDLEWORK: Bernice Cully, Republic, Mo. (making bobbin or pillow lace).

PENCILS: Mrs. Bessie Stokes, Box 202, Ovid, Colo. (advertising).

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Rogue Valley Manor

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Unretouched photo of Rogue Valley Manor taken August 1, 1960. A Christian Retirement residence of distinction. First members will begin moving into their charming modern apartments right after the first of the year (January, 1961).

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Roadman Family Reunion

Their Iowa farm home was too small—so they rented a summer camp for the week. Children and grandchildren came hundreds of miles to have a jolly time—and, as these pages show, to demonstrate ties of Christian love that unite old and young.

"Even an oldster like me can learn a lot by listening to his grandchildren. Here I'm with Keene Roadman, who's a sophomore this year at Mary Baldwin College."

"I don't suppose our family was ever without a pet. This is Pato, a sometimes irascible wood duck, posing with Chip of Virginia (left) and Larry of Maryland. The little duck is Chip's."

Roadman Reunion *(continued)*

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a good deal longer.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes

FOR EARL and Irma Roadman, 74, the echoes kept coming back late last summer on the eve of their golden-wedding anniversary. A family reunion, the biggest ever, was underway in the lush, green heart of Iowa. The elder Roadmans, with children and grandchildren from six states, had taken over a Quaker summer camp near Eldora (where one of the Roadman boys was born during the father's two years there as pastor). The youngsters knocked baseballs, punted footballs, penetrated the woodlands, splashed in the lake, pitched horseshoes, and gobbled sweet corn from the 500-acre Roadman farm nearby. Their elders watched and talked and relaxed.

Things happen at a family reunion. There was laughter everywhere. Grandfather Earl leaned forward on the cane acquired after an auto mishap he and his wife had had a few days before. ("I'm glad Irma's black eye has cleared up. It would be hard to convince the kids I've been good to her for 50 years!") His memories were warm and ever-present, but just for now, he said, "I want to sit in the center of things and enjoy our grandchildren."

A Methodist minister since 1914, he retired in 1956 after serving nine years as president of Dakota Wesleyan University, Mitchell, S.D., and 20 years as president of Morningside College, Sioux City, Iowa. The sudden miracle of children growing up is nothing new to him. He handed college diplomas to thousands, among them his own four daughters and two sons. He married other thousands, including four of his own.

The Roadman progeny make up as vital, intelligent, and dynamic a clan as ever crowded around a groaning dinner table. It began after his marriage back in 1910 to dark-eyed

Irma Keene, a coed from Iowa State Teachers College. Irma devoted her life to rearing a Christian family and preparing them for their own years ahead. In 1957, she was Iowa's Mother of the Year; and, now, as she saw the entire clan together for the first time, she was very pleased.

Their names are Youle, Roadman, Fishbeck, Scott, and McLaughlin. Cousins, nephews, and nieces met for the first time. Last to arrive at mid-week was Kathie Fishbeck, a member of a Wisconsin district's Methodist Family of the Year, who flew in from Germany where she was an exchange student.

There had been something of a reunion 13 years ago, when grandchildren were few. That time the adults went fishing in Canada, leaving the youngsters at home in custody of a nurse and two college girls. One child promptly came down with the measles, another fell and broke an arm. The nurse quit on the spot.

"We thought that would be the last time—but here we are again!"

When the week ended at Eldora there was a church service and an open house at the Roadman Roadside, Earl and Irma's farm home near Dike, Iowa. After a Sunday church service stressing "to whom much has been given, much shall be required," the couple kissed everybody goodby.

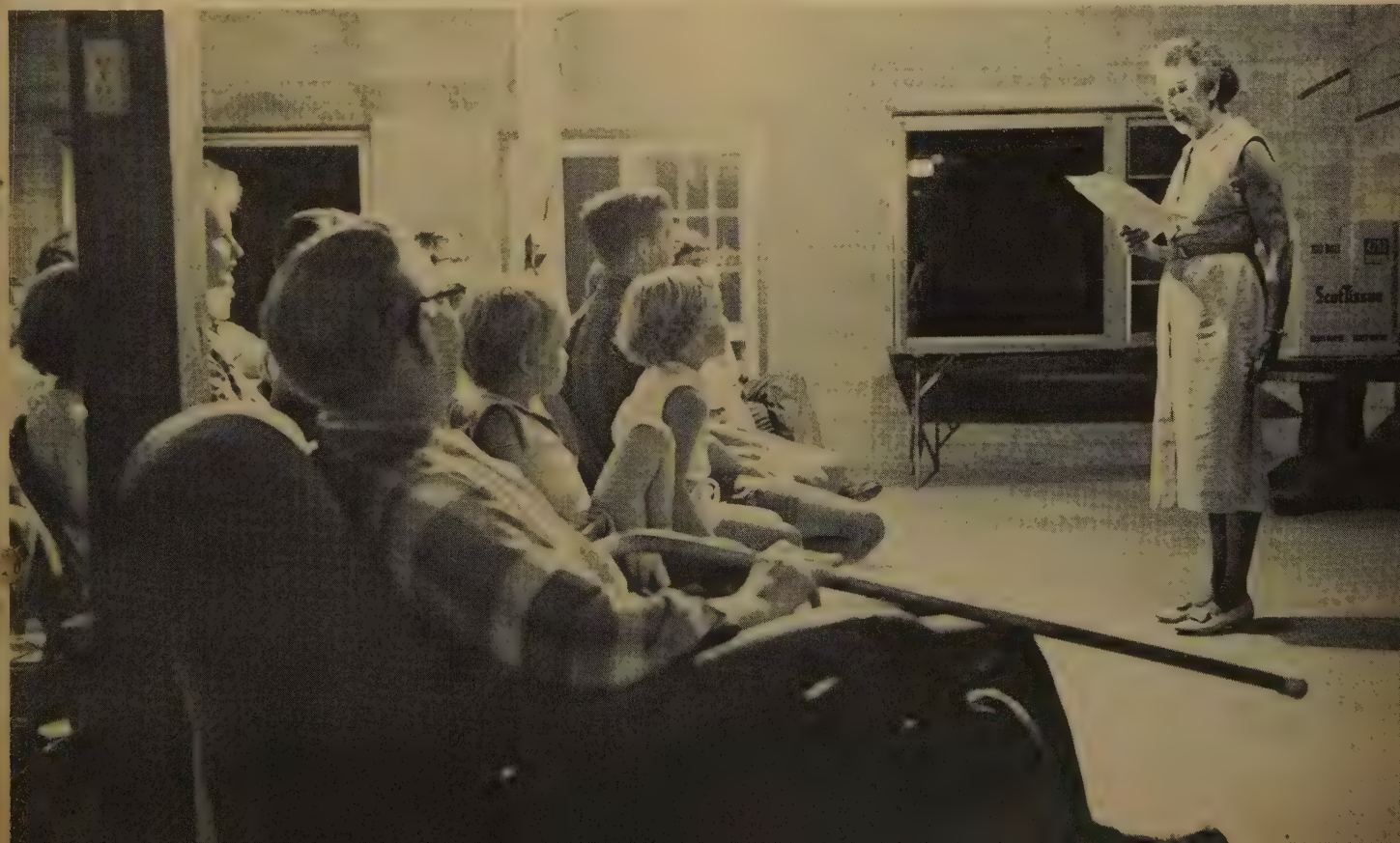
"Grandma and I sat this one out. But such healthy, fun-loving grandchildren have convinced us that there can be a sort of heaven-on-earth."

"Tom McLaughlin performed the improbable feat of hitting himself twice atop the head with a croquet ball."

"Irma and I want to live out our lives on this farm," Earl said. "This land has been in the family since my mother and father came here in a covered wagon in 1874, driving two horses named Spank and Bones. What we've seen this week has made us very happy. Our children have married well. Our grandchildren are more wonderful than any grandparents have a right to expect. We planned the reunion for months, we pictured it a thousand times, and we will recall it a thousand times."

Down the highway, heavy machinery carved out a roadside park on land donated by Earl in memory of his father. Many tourists will stop there and wonder who the Roadmans are. Many Methodists in Iowa and South Dakota already know!

"This is Grandma dipping into the pages of the diaries she kept while our own kids were growing up. Her hilarious excerpts became the high light of our week's reunion. Everybody should keep a diary to help him relive happy years on his 50th wedding anniversary!"



Barnabas

Looks at New Books

Escaping from Damascus, the Apostle Paul was let down over the city wall in a basket. The Kingdoms of Christ *pictures it in this carving from the Cathedral at Hildesheim, Germany.*

TWO little books about the same size (slightly over 200 pages each) offer pleasant diversion and common-sense advice to persons looking ahead to their sunset years. They are ***The Secrets of Long Life*** (Geis, $2.95) by **George Gallup** and **Evan Hill**, and ***How to Enjoy Life After Sixty*** (Herman & Stephens, $3.95) by **Pierre Boucheron**.

Gallup turned loose 300 interviewers among the 29,000 Americans who are 95 or older to discover the secrets of longevity. They found "five significant and vital factors that can prolong or shorten our lives: heredity, diet, exercise, temperament, and self-indulgences."

Without benefit of pollsters, Boucheron, a retired naval officer, found "the big six for a long and happy life: eating, exercising, rest and relaxation, peace of mind, accident prevention, and moderation in everything we do."

Gallup and Hill have written a book that is fun to read even though their "secrets" have long been known to many. Boucheron is inclined to offer advice, but it's sound and readable. Both books are worth at least a glance.

One funny thing, though. Boucheron's picture on the jacket of his book belies its title—he doesn't look as if he'd ever enjoyed life, before or after 60!

An inspiring story is made even more beautiful by some 400 unusual illustrations in ***The Kingdoms of Christ***, by **Peter Bamm** (McGraw-Hill, $8.95).

It begins in the days when the Apostles set out to "go forth into the world and teach all peoples . . ." and ends in the early Middle Ages, when the gospel had been spread to almost all the countries of the Old World.

The book's wealth lies in pictures of rare documents, early Christian sites, and Christian art. You don't need to be a regular attender at church school to enjoy them—but 'twould help.

The appearance of a new book by **C. S. Lewis** always makes me glow. So if I'm a bit euphoric it's because this fall we're blessed with two.

Mere Christianity (Macmillan, $1.25) brings material that was published before in three parts into one meaty paperback book. Here Lewis discusses right and wrong, Christian beliefs, Christian behavior, and first steps in the doctrine of the Trinity.

In ***The Four Loves*** (Harcourt, Brace, $3.75), Lewis tackles the world's greatest literary theme, love, in its various phases. The encounter is a fortunate one. He explores the problems of sex, possessiveness, jealousy, false sentimentality, good and bad manners in loving, and the need for more laughter and less solemn technique between lovers. It's Lewis at his best.

Wives: Will your husband's retirement mean reorganization of the household? Is he to be efficiency expert on your house-cleaning schedule? Is he going to demand a full-course meal for lunch?

Mollie Hart tells how such dilemmas almost happened to her in ***When Your Husband Retires*** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.50). Wittily, but more in truth than fiction, she provides a guidebook for all wives who may soon be called to sail around strange reefs in the marital seas.

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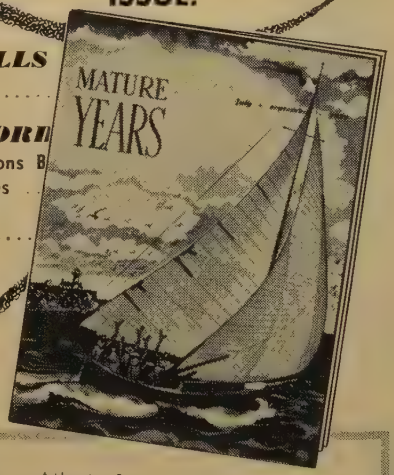

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times. "And they *were* good years," relates **Walter Lord**, "because there was great optimism—a feeling that the period would never end." Lord, in ***The Good Years*** (Harper, $4.95), transmits the optimism of the early part of this century well, and brings back to life those who inhabited it. From President McKinley's assassination to high society life and the suffragette movement, it is exciting and picturesque reading.

Here's Hawaii (Coward-McCann, $4.50) will give you an idea why **Bob Krauss** is Honolulu's best-read newspaper columnist.

It's a book bounding with people—atomic scientist Wernher von Braun taking his first surfboard lesson, Jack Benny reunited with the teacher who taught him to play the violin back in Waukegan, Ill., beach boys, Honolulu housewives, deep-sea divers, archaeologists, Hawaiian kings, and Daniel K. Inouye, America's first congressman of Japanese descent [see *Unusual Methodists,* December, 1959, page 33].

Through these people and Krauss' lively descriptions of the islands themselves, the reader soaks up some of the magic of our 50th state.

With worldly wit, the tongue loosely placed in cheek, **Emery Kelen** has come up with one of the funniest satires of this year in ***Platypus at Large*** (Dutton, $2.95).

Admitting responsibility for both text and the profuse cartoon illustrations, Kelen takes his hero, one Duckbill

"Take a cosmogram to Earth, Sugar: 'Mice arrived safely stop send cats.'"

Platypus, on an enlightening tour of the international political jungle. The result (see the sample here) is a constant chuckle from the reader.

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MATT. 25:35, 36

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book about which so many books have been written.

One of the best recent ones is **Charles M. Laymon**'s ***The Message of the Bible*** (Abingdon, $1). This brief volume looks at the types of literature found in the Bible, at the viewpoints of the authors, and suggests study helps. A "guidebook to guidebooks," you might call it.

Glenn H. Asquith wrote the 54 devotions in ***Lively May I Walk*** (Abingdon, $2) for older people. They take the view that the best years of life are ahead—and beyond that a far better life awaits.

Each devotion begins with a scripture verse and ends with a prayer. They're quick to read, easy to understand, and large type makes them available to failing eyes.

Grace Noll Crowell's poems have been an inspiration to poetry lovers for many years. TOGETHER feels a special kinship with this gracious lady from Texas because we've been privileged to publish two of her poems [October, 1957, page 75; July, 1959, page 65], and because she's a Methodist. So I was delighted to see her newest volume of verse, ***Songs of Triumph*** (Harper, $1).

"I have written and assembled these poems that they might bring renewed courage and hope to all those who find themselves disturbed and troubled by the manifold man-made obstacles placed across the roadways of life," Mrs. Crowell says. Her own faith and courage shine through every line.

"If you put things in proper perspective, you will find that a good many things you have been doing and the way you have been doing them have been wholly unnecessary."

I ran across that sentence in **Dr. Eugene B. Mozes**' ***Living Beyond Your Heart Attack*** (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), and it seems a gem worth passing along, whether you're concerned about your health or not.

Most books reviewed this month are for mature adults. But an announcement for Children's Book Week, November 13-19, reminded me of some awards that've gone to books for the youngsters in recent months.

The two most coveted honors are the John Newbery Medal and the Randolph Caldecott Medal, for these go to books chosen by school and children's librarians representing different areas of the U.S.

The Newbery Medal, for the "most distinguished contribution to children's literature" in 1959, went to ***Onion John*** (Crowell, $3.50) by **Joseph Krumgold**. This has the somewhat unlikely but sympathetic theme of a

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12-year-old's friendship with a whimsical occupant of the city dump.

Marie Hall Ets and **Aurora Labastida** won the Caldecott Medal for 1959's "most distinguished American picture book" with ***Nine Days to Christmas*** (Viking, $3.25).

The Thomas Alva Edison Foundation has cited ***Willie Joe and His Small Change*** by **Marguerite Vance** (Dutton, $2.50) for "special excellence in contributing to the character development of children"; **Franklyn M. Branley**'s ***Experiments in Sky Watching*** (Crowell, $3.50) as the "best children's science book"; and ***IGY: Year of Discovery*** by **Sydney Chapman** (University of Michigan Press, $4.95) as the "best science book for youth."

And now I have a nomination of my own—a book I think might be

Harrison Cady's animal drawings for Old Mother West Wind *have the same magic today they had 48 years ago.*

mentioned with these award winners. It's **Thornton W. Burgess**' inimitable collection of nature stories, ***Old Mother West Wind,*** beloved of children for 50 years. It's out in a golden anniversary edition (Little, Brown, $3.95).

Reading outside of books, I came across a thought particularly appropriate to this issue. It's from 92-year-old Methodist layman and former Rotary International President, **Russell F. Greiner**, who wrote in *The Rotarian* for October, 1960:

"Some 20 years ago I hit upon a little plan that has helped me avoid much of the unhappiness that accompanies a fault-finding old age. It makes friends for me, puts a smile on my face and a spring in my faltering step. That plan is simply this: I have made it a 'must' every day to write a letter, to make a telephone call, or to pass along some words of cheerful tone to someone who has contributed something worth while to right living. I have found it a most helpful means of enriching human relationship. . . .

"Mark Twain once said, 'I can live two months on a compliment.'"

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THE OTHER DAY I met a man at a Methodist meeting, and we had a chance to talk together for about 10 minutes. He said that although this was the first time we had met he felt as if he knew me, mainly because of *Together*. He spoke of how much he likes the magazine and, of course, this pleased me very much. Then he went on to say that he read *Browsing* and had fallen into the habit of picking out and reading one of the books I mentioned. He said he read it in a kind of conversational mood with me.

Sometimes he would think the book better than I had suggested; other times he would insist it was worse. He would look at the points I had raised, then decide whether, in his judgment, these were the main things or not. He said we had talked together more times than he could tell—although I had not been aware of it.

This is a good way to read. A man ought to be raising questions and coming to tentative conclusions. The reader needs to talk back to the author, to say nothing of the critic. Only that kind of reading stimulates our minds and sharpens our thoughts. Books cannot talk back, it is true, but they can stir up the mind. And that is a very wonderful thing indeed.

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less he has been through it himself. But that is not entirely true, because with the help of the imagination—which can be stimulated by the good writer—we enter the experiences of another person.

This is a story of a man who has tuberculosis and a tracing of the path that led him to the sanitarium. There is a pathetic loneliness about it and a frustration that will not help you to forget your troubles or pass an easy hour. You do not discover a shining hero, by any means, but you find a man who has groped for something better and has often been his own worst enemy.

I had the feeling that I had met this fellow many times, and that he sometimes looks back at me from the mirror. If you like to pop your gum while you read, *From the Hand of the Hunter* had better be postponed.

MRS. 'ARRIS GOES TO NEW YORK, by Paul Gallico *(Doubleday, $2.50).*

I think I talked about *Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris.* If you liked that one, you will like this one. The London char comes to America with a special mission: to find the father of little 'Enry. The boy is the offspring of an American soldier and an English girl and has been left to the cruel mercies of the next-door neighbors. Mrs. 'Arris, however, succeeds in kidnaping him and getting him ashore, with the help of the French ambassador. It is all very "schmaltzy" and enjoyable. The Mrs. 'Arrises of the world are the ones who hold things together, the real heroines. I never had a congregation which didn't contain at least one of them; more often, there were several. You can bet your lives on them, and they make the glamour girls of Hollywood look like 10 cents worth of cold potatoes.

TONGUE OF FIRE, by Ernest Frankel *(Dial, $4.95).*

Sooner or later there had to be a fictionalized life of Joe McCarthy, and this is it. I never knew enough about the late junior senator from Wisconsin to tell whether details of this novel are accurate or not. This is a minor matter, in any case, for the main story is here with all its frightening judgment on a poor period of American history.

I still meet people who want to pretend that McCarthy did a great deal of good. I wish they would read this novel and realize that a little more of that so-called "good" would just about ruin us. This is not in the class of *Advise and Consent,* but it is one of the better fictional insights into recent American political life.

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NEWS of the world parish

CHURCH JOINS MASSIVE ASSAULT ON HUNGER

The Methodist Church, through its Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief, will participate in a massive five-year United Nations program to combat hunger in poorer regions of the world.

The program, launched last summer by the UN's Food and Agricultural Organization, calls upon cultural and religious organizations to join in securing freedom from hunger for every man, woman, and child in the world.

Besides providing food to help meet this goal, the program will attempt to make known to the "haves" the extent of malnutrition and starvation in the world and to educate the "have-nots" in the causes of and cures for low productivity.

The UN program has been accepted quickly by members of the World Council of Churches. Virtually all, including The Methodist Church, have been active for years in programs assisting undernourished peoples. Discussions in Geneva, Switzerland, last April by 50 Protestant and Orthodox leaders spurred rapid development among Council members of an awareness of united Christian responsibility for health, economic stability, leadership training, and social betterment.

The Methodist Church, through MCOR, has endorsed the UN plan—but this is not a new departure. For 20 years, MCOR has spent an average of $1 million annually to relieve suffering among starving, uprooted, homeless, and destitute victims of war and disaster in 59 countries on five continents.

NCC to Mark 10th Year

The triennial general assembly of the National Council of Churches will be held December 4-9 in the Civic Auditorium at San Francisco, Calif., marking the NCC's 10th anniversary since its founding in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1950.

Council President Edwin T. Dahlberg reports that 694 men and women will be official delegates, representing 33 Protestant-Orthodox member denominations.

Under the chairmanship of Methodist Bishop John Wesley Lord of Boston, Mass., the program committee has been working for almost two years lining up a program that will include such notable Christian leaders as Eugene Carson Blake, Franklin Clark Fry, Joseph Sittler, Jr., Harold Stassen, Charles C. Parlin, and retired Methodist Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam.

Meeting simultaneously will be the 24th quadrennial convention of the Sunday School Movement.

Underfed children, like these in Haiti, and people in lands where malnutrition is known soon will be aided by a UN program to feed the hungry of the world.

Religion Seen as Definite Election-Campaign Issue

Disturbed by a rising sentiment against his candidacy on the part of Protestant groups, Democratic presidential candidate John F. Kennedy, a Roman Catholic, held a conference with Baptist leaders in Washington and endorsed a statement that "political power as a means to religious ends" should be renounced by all churches.

The 30-minute conference was held with Dr. C. Emanuel Carlson, executive director, and the Rev. W. Barry Garrett, associate director of the Baptist Joint Committee on Public Affairs, which represents all major Baptist Conventions in the U.S.

Dr. Carlson said that Senator Kennedy agreed that "a frank renunciation by all churches of political power as a means to religious ends would greatly improve the political climate and would seem to be a legitimate request by both political parties."

The conference, which produced one of the Massachusetts senator's most forthright stands on the separation of Church and State, came several days after *Osservatore Romano,* Vatican City newspaper, strongly asserted the Roman Catholic Church's right to guide Catholics in politics.

In a front-page article aimed at the political situation in Italy, the newspaper said that the hierarchy has the "duty and right to guide, direct, and correct" the faithful in the political field, just as it has in other aspects of life.

Meanwhile, Methodist Bishop W. Ralph Ward, Jr., of the Syracuse Area, speaking at a church-camp building dedication, declared:

Politics and Preaching

Four Methodist ministers give their views of what should be preached from the pulpit about the forthcoming presidential election in a symposium appearing in the October 13 issue of the CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE, Methodism's official journal for clergymen.

Expressing widely varying opinions on the candidates and issues are Dr. Wilson O. Weldon, Charlotte, N.C.; Dr. Henry Koble, Garrett Biblical Institute, Evanston, Ill.; Dr. Warren B. Martin, Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, and Dr. Paul A. Duffey, Montgomery, Ala.

"We deplore religious controversy. It is the character of Methodists to think and let think. We trust our people when all the facts are in to make their judgment in the light of reason and conscience as they cast their ballots.

. . .

"But we should not dodge the religious issue of this or any campaign. For we believe that religion is relevant. In fact, it is so relevant that it is primary and not secondary. What a man—what a president—believes makes a great difference in how he acts, and what a president does has great relevance for a democracy, for this free society and free people.

"Political candidates must not dodge the issue in this campaign. Let us raise the issue without rancor or ridicule, without bigotry and narrow sectarianism—but let us raise it because, above all other issues, it is relevant to the crisis which faces us and all mankind at this hour."

As the general election drew near, there were these other developments:

• Senator Kennedy announced the appointment of James W. Wine, associate general secretary for interpretation in the National Council of Churches, as a special assistant for community relations in his campaign. Accepting the appointment, Mr. Wine, an active Democrat, said he was "convinced the presidential campaign puts squarely in question the Protestant position on religious freedom and religious liberty."

• Methodist college students in southeastern states gave Vice-President Nixon a small majority over Senator Kennedy in a straw vote taken at a church-training conference at Lake Junaluska, N.C. The informal vote was 160 to 133. Only 24 voted for Nixon because of the religious issue.

Condemn Sex Before Marriage

Sexual relations before marriage and drinking were heavily scored by Methodist leaders at the National Youth School of Moral Concerns at Oklahoma City University.

Addressing the 71 young delegates attending the school, the Rev. Dale White of Stoughton, Mass., charged that premarital sexual relations are "tragic and destructive" acts that violate the trust of friends, relatives, and society.

The Rev. Jameson Jones, editor of *motive* magazine, told delegates that a Christian's responsibility to God and his fellow man is "incompatible with even moderate drinking."

Commission Picks Parlin

Attorney Charles C. Parlin of Englewood, N.J., has been elected chairman of the Methodist Commission on Interjurisdictional Relations. The MCIR is charged with implementing recom-

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CENTURY CLUB

TOGETHER's Century Club this month adds the names of three more Methodists who have celebrated enough birthdays to qualify for membership. They are:

Mrs. Leroy Beaty, 100, Nashville, Tenn.

Mrs. Elizabeth West, 100, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Mrs. R. H. Ebersole, 101, Lima, Ohio.

Since the start of the Century Club 20 months ago, 98 Methodists (72 women, 26 men) have become members. The oldest are Robert Early, 111, Corbin, Ky., and Mrs. Nettie Minick, 109, Harlan, Ky.

Century Clubbers are spread through 38 states, but 42 come from six states alone: California (9); New York (8); Missouri (7); Indiana (7); Pennsylvania (6), and Illinois (5).

Names of other Methodists 100 years or older, and not published previously, will be listed as received from readers.

mendations of a previous commission he also headed which studied the Methodist jurisdictional system.

The 36-member commission, established for the 1960-64 quadrennium by the 1960 General Conference, will take over the church's continuing program to promote interracial brotherhood and achieve a more inclusive church.

Other officers elected are Dr. James P. Brawley, Atlanta, Ga., vice-chairman; the Rev. D. Trigg James, Atlanta, secretary, and Leonard D. Slutz, Cincinnati, Ohio, assistant secretary.

Paging Methodist 'Hams'

Christian friendship is being promoted by radio, and a search is on for all Methodist radio amateurs and shortwave listeners, particularly in the U.S.

The program is directed by the Rev. A. W. Shepherd of Nottinghamshire, England, who several years ago founded the World Association of Methodist Radio Amateurs and Clubs. As secretary, he hopes that Methodist radio operators throughout the world will join the association, known as WAMRAC, to promote world-wide Christian friendship by radio. The group operates in association with the World Methodist Council.

With headquarters at 75 Park Road, Mansfield Woodhouse, Nottinghamshire, England, Mr. Shepherd is currently preparing a directory of membership.

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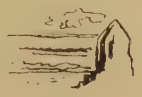

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For this purchase, Abingdon Press, book-publishing branch of The Methodist Publishing House and publisher of the comprehensive biblical commentary, presented Mrs. Johnsen with a $100 cash gift and a specially bound 12-volume set of *The Interpreter's Bible.* She'll also receive a complete set of the *Interpreter's Dictionary of the Bible* when it is published.

The millionth copy was returned to Nashville, Tenn., for a place of honor in the Abingdon library.

Mrs. Johnsen bought the book, Volume Seven, as a gift for her son, Dale, now studying for the ministry at the University of Dubuque Theological Seminary, Dubuque, Iowa. The purchase was made at the United Presbyterian Women's Conference at Black Hills Teachers College, Spearfish, S.Dak. Norman Trein, manager of the Westminster Book Store in Chicago who arranged the display from which the volume was purchased, made the sale. He received $250 from Abingdon.

Volume Seven, in which New Testament commentary begins, was published in 1951 as the first volume of the set. Two volumes were published annually until the 12-volume set was completed in 1957.

Mission Memberships Climb

Booming memberships in mission conferences and outposts have become one of the most unusual growing edges of The Methodist Church. The five Mission Conferences combined—Alaska, Puerto Rico, Indian Mission (Oklahoma), Rio Grande, and Hawaii, have had membership gains of 69 per cent in the past 10 years.

Dr. Allen B. Rice, executive secretary, section of home missions of the Methodist Board of Missions, said that

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Mission	1950	1960	Growth
Alaska	945	3,136	232%
Puerto Rico .	3,450	8,436	147%
Indian Mission (Okla.) ...	5,599	8,640	54%
Rio Grande .	9,818	14,447	47%
Hawaii	3,412	4,644	36%
Total ...	23,224	39,303	69%

Bishop Corson to Head World Methodist Council

Bishop Fred P. Corson of Philadelphia, Pa., was elected president-designate of the World Methodist Council by its executive committee, meeting in Zurich, Switzerland.

He will take office when the Council meets in Oslo, Norway, in August, 1961, succeeding Dr. Harold Roberts of England, who's been titular head of the world community of 40 million Methodists for the past five years.

Bishop Corson

One goal of the '61 Council meeting will be to bring about closer co-ordination of work by the 20 independent bodies belonging to the WMC. Another objective is ending duplication of Methodist work in the mission field.

In this connection, Atty. Charles C. Parlin of New York is scheduled to present a report pointing out the logistic inefficiency of British Methodists carrying on missionary work in the West Indies, near the U.S., while American Methodists have a mission program in Belgium, just across the English Channel.

At the executive committee's annual meeting, Parlin presented a paper which sought to discover "how far our separate denominations should and can go at this time in delegating work and authority to a world body of Methodism."

"World evangelism should be done by and in the name of a world Methodism and not by a 'sending church,'" he said. "Sending churches carry with them the flags of their nations."

MYF Delegates Back Sit-Ins

Ending a six-hour business session that lasted well past midnight, delegates to the National Conference of the Methodist Youth Fellowship pushed through several resolutions with strong human-rights flavor.

Meeting at Nebraska Wesleyan Uni-

UPCOMING EVENTS

Of Interest to Methodists Everywhere

NOVEMBER

1-3—Northeastern Regional Briefing Conference on Christian Social Concerns, Buck Hill Falls, Pa.
1-30—Religion in American Life Month.
4—World Community Day.
13—Stewardship Day.
14-17—Indiana Area United Nations Seminar, New York City.
15-18—Council of Bishops of The Methodist Church, Chicago.
18-20—District Superintendents Convocation, Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago.
20-27—Share-Our-Surplus Week, nation-wide drive for aid to world's needy, sponsored by Church World Service.
24—Thanksgiving Day.
25-27—National Lay Committee on Evangelism, Columbus, Ohio.
27—First Sunday in Advent.
28-29—Ohio Methodist Inner-City Conference, Columbus, Ohio.

WSCS STUDY TOPICS: General Program—Interpretation by Mrs. Frank G. Brooks of the ecumenical movement in missions; Circle Program—*Take the Name of Jesus With You*, by Miss Elizabeth Watson and Mrs. Maude White Hardie.

versity, Lincoln, Nebr., the youths went on record favoring social and racial integration of all MYF groups; abolition of the Central Jurisdiction; support for recent nonviolent sit-in demonstrations and a study of Communism by Methodist youth in order to "oppose it more effectively."

All these resolutions passed unanimously or with only a few dissenting votes.

Four Churches Merge In Inner-City Experiment

An experiment aimed at solving the inner-city church problem began in Washington, D.C., during the summer when four Methodist churches in the Capitol Hill area merged to form one church.

The Rev. Edward B. Lewis and his assistant, the Rev. Thomas C. Starnes, are directing the new Capitol Hill parish, formed by merger of the Trinity, Waugh, Wilson Memorial, and North Carolina Avenue churches.

"This is the first time a merger has been attempted in this way," Mr. Lewis said. "The object is to keep the Christian impact and to serve the community on Capitol Hill, which is fast becoming a historic section of the city."

He further explained that "we want this to be a parish on 'the Hill' of which Methodism can be proud."

In recent years, membership of the four churches has been declining, with families moving out of the area. Many

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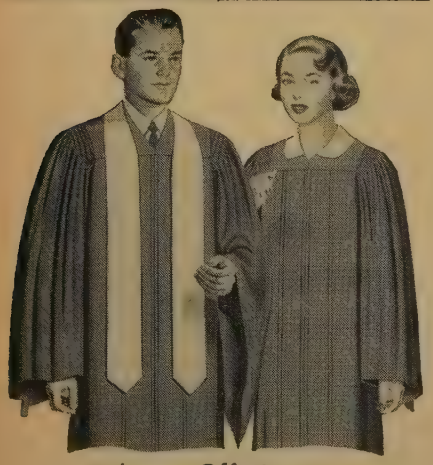

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of the old homes are being reconditioned, however, and the area is developing into what has been called "another Georgetown in Washington." Georgetown is a fashionable and historic area in southwest Washington.

Working to develop a program geared to the area's needs, the two ministers are conducting Sunday services in each of the churches until a new building can be erected.

Communion for Shut-Ins

An unusual approach to serving Communion to its sick and aged members was used by the North Methodist Church, Columbus, Ohio, on October 2, World Wide Communion Sunday.

Dr. Walter C. Eyster, pastor of the 1,200-member congregation, reports senior and junior youth groups cooperated in making the service a success. The youths distributed Communion elements to homes of North Church's sick and elderly on the Saturday before Communion.

On Sunday morning, the shut-ins tuned to a special half-hour service over radio station WMNI. Then, at Dr. Eyster's invitation, they joined in the sacred rite.

CAMERA CLIQUE

EVER COVER A SUNSET? *Mrs. R. F. Bennett of Pewaukee, Wis., showed everyone how when she exposed 35mm Kodachrome at 1/50 second, f/9, to snare this month's cover photo. Actually, sunset photography is fairly simple if you'll follow these rules: Never shoot directly into the sun unless it's dulled by clouds or haze and you can see its outline distinctly. The presence of direct rays (which show up as glare in your view finder) causes lens flare and ghost images—and ruined pictures. If no clouds or haze are present, shoot from behind an object that shields your lens from the sun. If the horizon line is monotonous, include some foreground objects. They'll show up dark, perhaps starkly silhouetted, but will add interest to your pictures. Proper exposure? Shade your meter from the sun's direct rays and point it at the sky area you wish to photograph. After that, it's a snap!*

•

Here are the photo credits for this issue:

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CHRISTIAN EDUCATION DIRECTOR DESIRED, training necessary. Young man or woman. Write Kingsburg Methodist Church, Kingsburg, California.

HOUSEPARENTS — MARRIED COUPLES (WITHOUT own children); cottage living with children, Methodist Homes. Husband receives maintenance, part-time work. Wife, same, plus salary, full-time. Vacation, social security. Age 21 to 50; high school graduation minimum. Write Board of Hospitals and Homes, 740 Rush Street, Chicago 11, Ill.

METHODIST CAMPUS MINISTER—There is an opening for a Methodist Campus Minister who will direct the Wesley Foundation program, serving students and faculty members at a California state college. For further information, please write Box T84, TOGETHER Magazine, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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LETTERS (*continued from page 12*)

Norman Rockwell's picture of a little boy and his grandmother saying grace before a meal in a small cafe [November, 1956, page 1].

Mr. Longsworth doesn't like the "innumerable photographs." I have been inspired by them and have seen them on many bulletin boards in the school where I teach.

The "ill-written pulp"? I was moved to tears by the story of how a young bride faced death [*Lesson for the Living,* January, 1959, page 11]. I have found myself continually referring to the "pulp" in preparing Sunday-school and other lessons. Authors of such "pulp" have been Albert Schweitzer, Norman Cousins, Jessamyn West, Carlos Romulo, and Donald Culross Peattie.

TOGETHER has helped, inspired, informed, and challenged me. Yet, according to Mr. Longsworth's well-written letter, it is irrelevant.

I wonder what is relevant!

Swampbuggers!

MRS. DAVID HENRY
South Miami, Fla.

We thoroughly enjoyed *Let's Go Dunebuggin' With the Easters* [July, page 77] because we are *swampbuggers!*

We, too, get several families together for a picnic, only we go into the Florida Everglades. Out there, it is beautiful—nothing but God's work, all undisturbed nature.

Swampbuggers: they like picnics, too.

Local Churches at Fault?

MAHLON H. SMITH III
Paramus, N.J.

I would like to commend you for what I consider the best article ever to appear in TOGETHER—*God Roars in the Pines* [September, page 26]. As president of the New Jersey Methodist Student Movement and as one who has had experiences similar to those of John Turner, I pray the church will listen to what we say.

The attitude he portrays is one held by the vast majority of students in our colleges and universities. Because their early training hasn't given them

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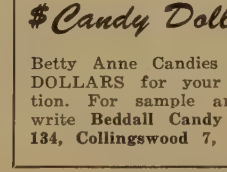

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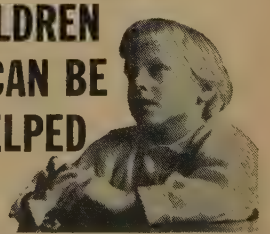

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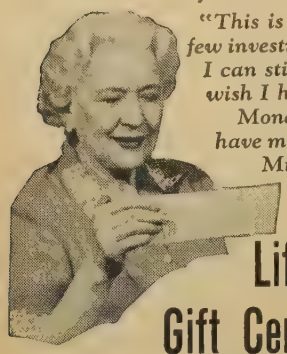
Says Wise Annuitant



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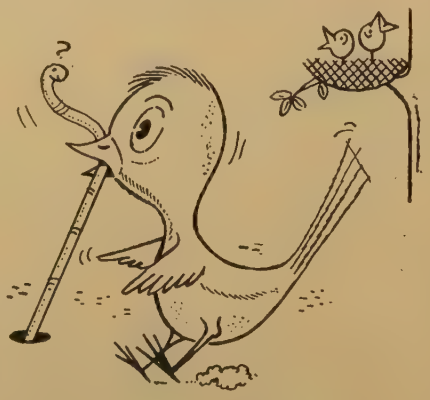
a faith to meet the intellectual challenges of college, most become disillusioned with Christianity, assuming it to be mere superstition or something passé. Local churches must meet this problem or find themselves losing the majority of our college-educated people.

'Robin' the Cradle

MRS. HARRY A. CHEW
Wheeling, W.Va.

In regard to *Push the Fledglings Out!* [August, page 32], one may well ask if parents should ever stop being parents. I say no! Isn't it our Christian privilege to guide even our older children's footsteps toward a more rewarding life? What matter the sacrifice of a few hours of dirty dishes and sleep!

Let's help our children not by "pushing them out" but by giving them the guidance during childhood that will



Mother Robin: when does she quit?

make them adult Christians we can be proud of!

P.S. Doesn't the parent robin continue to dig worms for the young many days after they have left the nest?

We don't know.—EDS.

Psalm Pictures: For All Ages

MRS. ESTHER H. ANDERSON
Mesa, Ariz.

Your color pictorial illustrating the *23rd Psalm* [May, page 37] deserves superlative praise! As a Sunday-school teacher, I know these pages illustrate the 23rd Psalm to children of all ages. Yet they also can be used to picturize the 23rd Psalm to adults or the most aged. Warm cheers to Floyd A. Johnson, the artist. He knows color harmony to the fullest!

Truth Stranger Than Fiction

FRANK HERRON SMITH
Retired Methodist Missionary
Glendale, Calif.

Your story of the Kamikaze flier [*Kamikaze for God,* July, page 48] brought to mind an experience I had. A minister's widow at Kokura wrote of a Kamikaze boy in the hospital there. His legs were shot off at the hips and he was on the verge of suicide. Food and magazines from America helped to perk him up and he went home to his village in the mountains above Yamaguchi. In the hospital, he had seen pharmacists at work, and believed he could become one.

Through MYF groups in Pennsylvania, and with the help of Dr. John B. Cobb, the first Methodist missionary to return to Japan after the war, our legless flier, Shuji Fukumura, was able to go to the university. He was baptized by one of our Kyoto pastors and after his graduation was accepted at a Christian hospital at Osaka.

Capt. Fuchida, who led the squadron which attacked Pearl Harbor, also became a Christian and an evangelist after the war.

Truth *is* stranger than fiction!

Mr. Smith was a missionary in Japan beginning in 1905. He is also a great-nephew of Jedediah Smith, featured by TOGETHER *in June* [*see* History Catches Up With Old Diah, *page 34*].—EDS.

He Likes 'Six-legged Friends'

R. H. NELSON, *Exec. Secy.*
Entomological Society of America
College Park, Md.

I would like to extend the congratulations of a professional entomologist to you for publishing and to Duane Valentry for writing *Our Six-Legged Friends* [May, page 62]. The article is factual, non-sensational and well written—rare attributes in popular science writing today.

America Judged by City Life?

MRS. R. W. EMERSON
Chehalis, Wash.

In regard to your August *Powwow* [*Seeing Ourselves as Non-Americans See Us,* page 20], I wonder if Mrs. Horioka has ever visited rural America. Too many people, even Americans, judge America by life in cities. I know people who do not have TV, who still cook on wood-burning stoves, and who boil all water on top of the stove.

We don't all have as soft a life as she sees it.

Twenty Years of 'Released Time'

MRS. OLIVER THOMPSON
Hendricks, Minn.

I particularly liked *'Released Time' for Religious Instruction?* [September, page 20] because we have had a released-time program in our school here for 20 years. The class meets one-half hour a day, five days a week, and is open to anyone who cares to attend.

How just the one teacher handles 250 children is beyond me, but the programs they put on are beautiful. I wish I had colored slides of them to send along to you.

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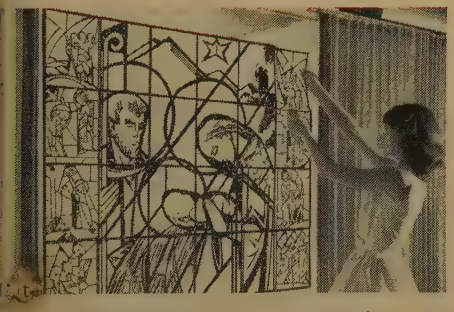

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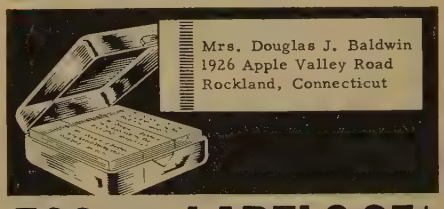

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See how **The Sound Way to Easy Reading** can help him to read and spell better in a few weeks. New home-tutoring course *drills* your child in phonics with records and cards. Easy to use. University tests and parents' reports show children gain up to *full year's grade* in reading skill in 6 weeks. Write for free illustrated folder and low price. **Bremner-Davis Phonics, Dept. B-81, Wilmette, Ill.**

TOT'S 'TICK-TOCK' WATCH—59c

Realistic toy Watch *ticks* just like mommy's and daddy's. Keeps its lucky owner fascinated! Ticking never stops—this wrist Watch is self-winding. Has stem, working hands and sturdy band. Shock-proofed to take lots of knocking about. Sure to become a child's proudest possession. Proven gift for all young children. They'll really adore this! *Guaranteed to please or your money back!* TICKING WATCH, only 59¢, postage paid. Or order 4 for only $1.98 from **Sunset House, 251 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, Calif.**

Encourage teacher's efforts with this practical token of your appreciation: **HAND-GIENIC,** the automatic pencil that holds any school chalk. Ends forever messy chalk dust on hands and clothes . . . prevents fingernails scratching on board, screeching or crumbling chalk, chalk allergy. At the push of a button, chalk ejects or retracts. Makes chalk writing or drawing a smooth pleasure.

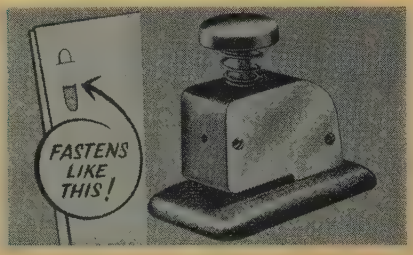
"DIFFERENT" GIFT OF LASTING USEFULNESS

Every teaching hour teacher will bless **HAND-GIENIC** . . . and your child. 1-YR. WRITTEN GUARANTEE. Jewel-like 22K gold plated cap contrasts beautifully with onyx-black barrel. Send $2 for one, only $5 for set of 3. Postage free. Satisfaction or money back. Same day shipment. **ORDER TODAY. Exclusive! Not sold in stores.**

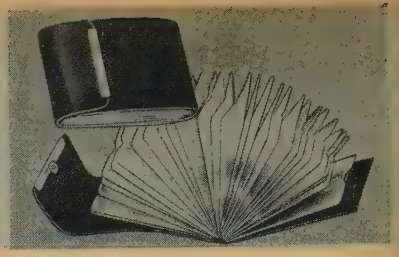
HAND-GIENIC, Dept. 316, 2384 W. Flagler St., Miami 35, Fla.

Peek-A-Boo Cannisters—Trim beauties designed for the efficient kitchen. Mother just peeks in the plastic windows to keep check on staples always. Steel, with chrome, imported from Holland. Set of four, 4, 5, 6½, 8 inches tall. White, yellow, or red. $5.95.
Pampered Kitchens, Dept. T, 220 Fifth Ave., New York 1, N.Y.

Flower Pin—In flower language, the pansy stands for "I'm thinking of you." You'll keep her thinking of you with this lovely handwrought sterling lapel pin. Made by native craftsmen of So. Carolina. 1⅝" pin, earrings, or adjustable ring, $2.75 ea.; ¾" pin, $1.40.
Lion's Novelties, Dept. 110, 139 Payson Ave., New York 34, N.Y.

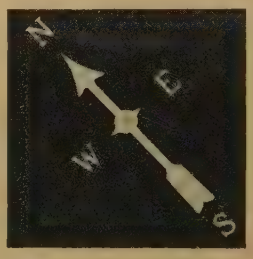


Clipless Wonder—This amazing paper fastener never needs staples. It makes its own clips right out of the paper itself. Fastens up to 10 sheets at a time. An excellent gift for college or high-school students. You'll like one for your desk at home, too. $2.69.
Gifts Galore, Box 272, Dept. G-31, Culver City, Calif.

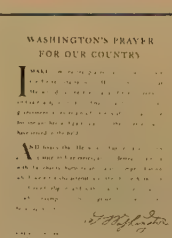


Friendship Case—If your Miss Teen's like many another, she has a wallet bursting with photos. Then she'll be mad for this 80-window photo case! Doting grandparents won't find it hard to fill, either. Genuine red cowhide, 40 plastic envelopes, 2¾x4¼. $1.10.
Carol Beatty, 31 Beatty Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

Token Gift—These personalized comb and file sets make wonderful tokens of appreciation for mailman, delivery boys, church helpers, teachers. Order each set with different initials or name. Print names or initials. Two sets, $1; 12 sets, $5; 25 sets, $10.
Handy Gifts, 53 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.



Patio Motif—At whatever point of the compass you live, enhance the beauty of your paved terrace with a *Northpoint compass insert.* Solid cast brass, ¼" thick, with bonding lugs. Easily installed. About 10x26 with letters, $17.75. Write for other designs.
Manor Crafts, Dept. T, 173 S. Main Ave., Albany 8, N.Y.



WASHINGTON'S PRAYER FOR OUR COUNTRY

Only $1.

A beautiful two-color reproduction of Washington's Prayer for Our Country, which you will always cherish. It reveals his humility and faith in the divine guidance of our nation and is as timely and prophetic today as when written in 1783. An unusual and charming gift for proud and patriotic display. We'll gladly mail to your friends—with your gift cards or ours. On rich diploma parchment paper, 8½x11 inches, well margined for framing. Only $1 ppd.

Dept. ZD
THE FIFE & DRUM Valley Forge, Pa.

FINE SATIN RIBBON 50-yard roll, just 39¢

Regularly 44c in our catalog

Special to readers of this magazine! 50 yards of fine quality acetate satin ribbon, just 39c. Regularly 44c in our catalog. Use for gift tying, sewing, hair ribbons. Choose red, emerald green, pink, white, light blue, royal blue, orchid, light green, yellow, cocoa brown, silver, gold. 7/16" wide.

50-yard roll, 39¢ each, postpaid.
We ship within 24 hours.
Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

Walter Drake & Sons
2611 Drake Bldg.
Colorado Springs 8, Colorado

Send for Free Catalog

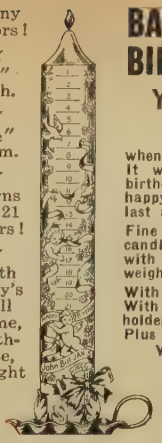
Sea Decor—From Haiti come these slender, graceful fish to add aquatic serenity to a bare wall. Group them with plants, an aquarium, over a fisherman's desk, in any room. Tawny Taverneau wood, hand carved, 12" long, nonmarring, self-adhesive backs. Set of 3, $2.98.
Deer Hill Co., Dept TG11, College Point 56, N.Y.

Home Hair Drier—Practically like drying at the beauty shop—only more comfortable. Relax in a soft chair, watch TV, read. Electric unit with hot-cold air blower, hose, washable plastic hood that directs air right to your hair. UL approved. AC only. $9.95.
Drake's, TO-31 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Shimmering Yule Tree—Sparkling splendor, an aluminum tree! What glory if you use a revolving color wheel! Or shine a green light on it. Needs no other decorations. 6½′ flameproof tree, 24" branches, metal stand, $9.95. 3′ tree shown, $2.98. Accessories available.
Bancroft's, Dept. T, 2170 Canalport, Chicago 8, Ill.

Table-Top Tenpins—Not a game of skill, you say? Just try to swing the ball and knock all the pins down! A pull on a weight beneath sets up the pins you've hit. Try it for family fun after dinner, or on a rainy day. Wood set, 11" high, 6" dia. $1.50.
What's New Shop, Dept. TG, Wynnewood, Pa.

Many Colors!
★ 17" high.
★ 1½" diam.
★ Burns for 21 Years!
★ With Baby's Full Name, Birthdate, Weight



BABY'S PERSONAL BIRTHDAY CANDLE

YOU GET A BIG "THANK YOU"

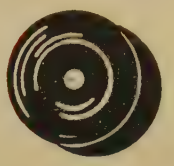
when you give this unique candle. It will burn for hours on every birthday 'til baby is 21, creating happy childhood memories that will last a lifetime.

Fine colorful custom made 1 lb. candle is permanently personalized with full name, birthdate and weight.

With wrought iron holder ...$3.45
With cadmium plated (silver color) holder $3.95
Plus 25c postage for each candle

WEDDING ANNIV. CANDLE
A charming gift for a young couple: Personalized Wedding Anniversary Candle with markings and correct symbols for 60 years. $4.20

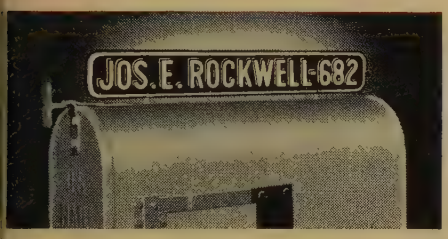
LION'S NOVELTIES, INC.
Dept. 52, 139 Payson Ave., New York 34, N. Y.



Christmas Bells

From your church tower or as background music for Christmas entertaining. Carols, Christmas hymns, and Vesper hymns beautifully played on 100 bell Symphonic Carillon. Send only $5.00 for 2 beautiful 12" LP records (regularly $3.98 each). We pay the postage. Money refunded if not delighted.

MAAS-ROWE CARILLONS
Box 39726-Los Angeles 39, Cal.



Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker $1.95

Your name (or any other wording you want, up to 17 letters and numbers) appears on both sides of your Day-n-Night Mailbox Marker—in permanent raised letters that shine bright at night! Fits any mailbox—easy to install in a minute. Rustproof—made of aluminum; baked enamel finish, black background, white letters. Your marker shipped within 48 hours. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Only $1.95 postpaid from Spear Engineering Company, 440-C Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

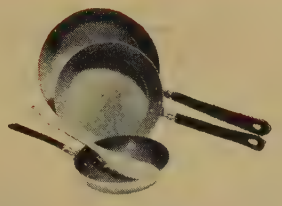
REAL FURS FOR Dolls FROM $1

COMPLETE 3-PIECE SET

The price is fantastically low . . . but a thousand dollar present couldn't please a small girl more than these adorable genuine furs for her doll. They're the choicest of bunny furs . . . deep-piled, sheared, snow-white . . . and lined with luxurious white satin. Lavish, fluffy cape and hat are trimmed with darling pompons; cuddly muff has wrist band!

Same-day shipment. For 8"-10½" dolls—**$1.00**
Money-back guarantee. 11"-22½" dolls—**$2.29**
23"-30" dolls—**$2.98**
31"-36" dolls—**$3.98**

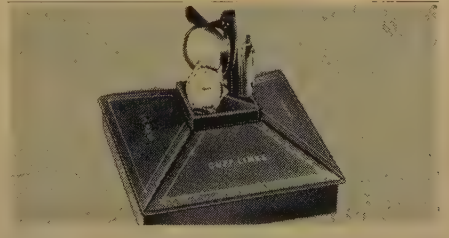
DEER HILL CO.
Dept. T110, College Point 56, New York



"MAGIC" FAT-LESS SKILLET

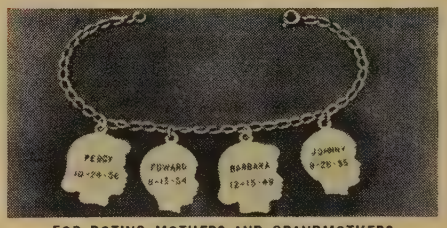
Fry, saute your favorite foods without fear of added pounds. Fat-free cooking with magic Swiss skillet. Silken-smooth silicone lining lets you fry an entire chicken in half a pat of butter—prevents even stickiest foods from adhering to pan. Heat proof plastic handles. Imported spatula free with each order. Top rim diam. 7⅛" $5; 9½" $7.50, 11" $9.50. SPECIAL—all 3 for $20. Add 50¢ postage. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED—free catalog.

PAMPERED KITCHENS, INC. 220 5th Av. NY 1



MAN'S DRESSER ORGANIZER – $3.98

Man's best friend is this lazy susan DRESSER VALET! It holds his collar stays, cuff links, tie clips, watch, loose change, rings, glasses and wallet—each in a separate compartment. He knows where everything is! Spins around to make him feel extra efficient. Handsomely gold tooled "sun-tan" leatherette, moire-lined. Practical gift for any man! *Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!* Only $3.98, postage paid. Order DRESSER VALET from **Sunset House, 251 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.**

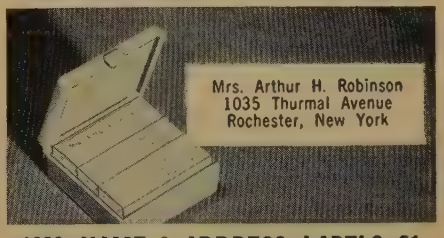


FOR DOTING MOTHERS AND GRANDMOTHERS

She will wear her heart on her wrist when she encircles it with a bracelet of our Boy and Girl Silhouettes. Each charm, ¾" across, is engraved with a child's name and birthdate. Up to 11 letters and spaces per line. Beautifully polished, of excellent weight! Sure to become the family heirlooms! Choose Rhodium-finished STERLING SILVER or 12K GOLD-FILLED.

EACH BOY SILHOUETTE .....$1.00 ppd.
EACH GIRL SILHOUETTE .....$1.00 ppd.
7¼" CHAIN BRACELET .....$1.00 ppd.

MOTHER HUBBARD
DEPT. Y-5, 95 SOUTH ST., BOSTON 11, MASS.



1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1

Any 3 Different Orders $2 ppd.

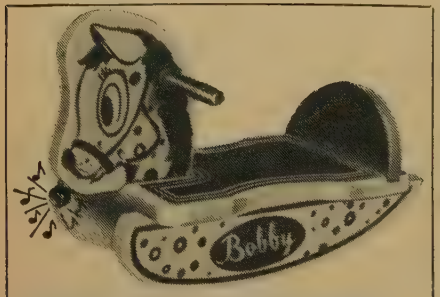
Sensational bargain! Your name and address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packed with FREE, useful Plastic GIFT BOX. Use them on stationery, checks, books, cards, records, etc. *Beautifully printed* on finest quality gummed paper—1000 only $1. SPECIAL—SAVE MONEY! ANY 3 DIFFERENT ORDERS $2. Makes an ideal gift. If you don't agree this is the buy of the year, we'll refund your money in full. HANDY LABELS, 1134 Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, Calif.

LIKE WALKING ON AIR—bouncy foam crepe soles. Over 223 sizes in stock! Choice leather, handlaced, flexible, smartly styled and quality made. Red, Smoke, Taffytan, White, Black. No extra charges for the hard-to-fit! All purchases subject to exchange or money-back. Fast delivery—COD's accepted. Factory-to-you Special Offer: $5.95 plus 50c post. **MOCCASIN-CRAFT, 58-YS Buffum St., Lynn, Mass.**

"CIDER" Barrel . $5.75

This IMPORTED miniature barrel, built exactly to scale, holds 1 full quart of your favorite cider. It is skilfully HAND-CRAFTED from seasoned OAK with metal stays and plated spigot. Perfect as a decoration for your FAMILY ROOM. Ideal as that unusual GIFT. Add 75 cents for postage and packing.

LATIN VILLAGE BOX J-94 Old San Diego, Calif.



BABY'S FIRST ROCKING HORSE

Little buckeroos ride in safety . . . only 4½" off the floor. Their very own Rocking Horse, "branded" with ANY NAME you choose. Red and blue spotted pony will not tip or fall. Silvery bell on pony's nose tinkles a merry tune as cowhand rocks. Sturdy hang-on handlebars. 10½"x7"x19". Give name. Order No. 689-P Rocking Horse, Only $3.49. No C.O.D.'s. Add just 20c for Postage and Handling.

BANCROFT'S 2170 So. Canalport Avenue, Dept. TG 997, Chicago 8, Ill.

GENUINE PIGSKIN WALLET ONLY $1.00 PPD.

For boys and girls of all ages. Complete with change purse, 2 picture compartments, identification card, and 2 make-believe bills. Personalized with first name or initials, in tan or red leather.

3 FOR $2.75 POSTPAID

Pa. Residents Add 4% Sales Tax. Sorry No COD's

THE ADDED TOUCH

WYNNEWOOD TO 11, PENNSYLVANIA

Western Checkers—Texas-size board for a Texas-style checker game with cowboys vs. Indians, and a unique way to crown kings. Cowboy "kings" get cowboy accessories, chiefs get suitable Indian gear. Plastic 24x24 roll up board, 24 three-inch figurines, accessories, $2.
Mother Hubbard, Dept. WC-12, 95 South St., Boston 11, Mass.

Attention-Getter—A distinctive touch for your mailbox. Informs and lends an air of dignity to your entrance way, or makes your mailbox stand out in a group. Aluminum, black with white reflecting letters; 6 spaces at top for letters, 17 at bottom, any wording. $3.95.
Spear Engineering, 100-I Spear Bldg., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Presidents Pencil Set—Learning about our presidents is fun if your child has this set of 33 fine pencils. Each one has a picture, years in office, place and date of birth and death, if dead, of each president from Washington to Eisenhower, plus 28-pg. information book. $1.98.
Gifts Galore, Box 272, Dept. G-31, Culver City, Calif.

Fragrant Mists—It's really Christmas in the air when you spray a whiff of *bayberry* about. Or be truly feminine with a mist of *lavender* in your room, among clothing. Freshen a sickroom, too. 6-oz. aerosol, $1.50. Gift box: Bayberry mist & 2 bayberry candles, $2.
Lavender House, P.O. Box 83, Dept. T, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y.

Berry Good Box—Slow-cooked, old-fashioned, yum-yum berry jam'n hot buttered biscuits! Friends'll visit from miles around. What a tasty gift for a breakfast treat, to give jar by jar, or by the box. Five assorted 4½ ounce jars, berry packed and berry good. $3.65.
Ron & Elinor Blundell, P.O. Box 3145T, Salem, Ore.

Junior Pardner's Get Up—Duded up in his western togs, your calf puncher'll corral all the hearts in his territory, and rustle a herd of compliments. Red & black washable cotton. Sml., med., lrg., xtr. lrg., for babies up to 18 mos., $4.95. Long pants style for 1 to 4 yrs., $5.95.
Sacks, San Antonio, Dept. T, 612 W. Magnolia, San Antonio 12, Tex.

45 REFILLS for $1

Double shot, fits all standard pens. Red, Blue, Black or Green ink.

BRASS REFILLS ($4 value) **24 for $1**

Triple shot silver tipped, fits all pens including "Scripto", "Wearever" "Paper Mate", and over 200 others (except Parker). Red, blue, black or green ink.

SPECIAL COLOR REFILLS 12 for $1 Yellow, Gold, Lavender, Aqua, Pink, Brown

TOP ACTION PENS ($3 value) 100 for $4.95 **20 for $1**

Choice of red, blue, black or green. Add 10c shipping charge. Money back guar. Quantity and imprint prices on request.

Write on your Company Letterhead for FREE imprinted pen sample.

AUDITOR'S FINE POINT

PENS 4 for $1 Choice of red, blue, black or green ink.

BARCLAY DISTRIBUTORS, Dept. 89-L
170-30 Jamaica Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.

Miniature Play Foods—48 for $1

Mouth-watering miniature play foods will thrill any little girl . . . *and her dolls!* 36 different foods and 9 slices of bread. Artistically colored to look absolutely real. Chicken, steak, lobster, vegetables, snacks, fruits . . . mouth-watering watermelon, bananas — even a bunch of grapes! They're all non-toxic and *guaranteed to please any child!* Set of 48 pieces for only $1, postage paid. Order DOLLY'S FOOD SET from **Sunset House, 251 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.**

Maine Coast. Irregularly laced by countless bays and inlets, it is 2,379 miles long.

PSALMS 119:27

I Will Meditate on Thy Wondrous Works

Reflections by Lowell Thomas, World-Famed Traveler

SINCE THE beginning, as man has won respite from daily labor, he has turned to his Creator, pleading reverently with the psalmist: "Make me understand the way of thy precepts, and I will meditate on thy wondrous works." On these pages I would share with fellow Methodists my favorite "wondrous works" of the Western Hemisphere, each an invitation to meditate.

Start with Maine's rugged coast at Pemaquid Point Lighthouse (above). Here man oft has bowed his head in prayer; here the rocks bear witness to the might of the Hand that made them. Observing the sky, the sea, and the land, many have felt as I have the timelessness of creation, and the short span man has to observe it. The rough and jagged shore bespeaks a reality that can be grim. Yet the sky and sea and land can dazzle mere mortals with light and color, a reminder that life also can be good and that the life to come will be better.

Each man has his own trove of treasured memories. On the pages that follow I draw upon mine for places where meditation has brought deeper understanding of God's wondrous works.

Antarctica. *Scientists, like these of Operation Deep Freeze, occasionally visit this ice-covered continent at the bottom of the globe where only a few birds and insects live.*

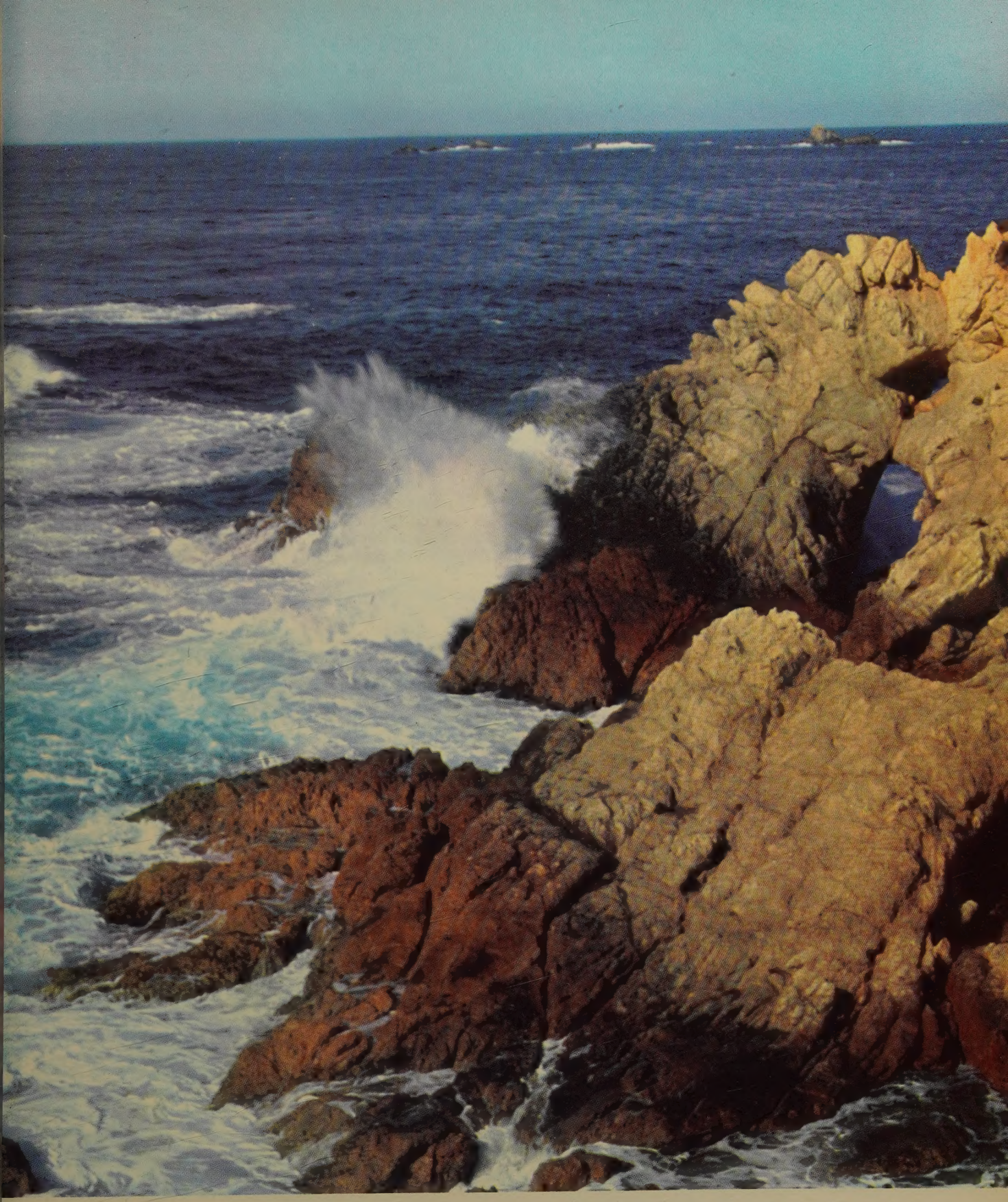
In the frigid Antarctic, man is tested to the limit of his endurance and confronts his conscience and his God in the most personal way. Many men have been lost here, and many others have been led to pray as never before.

Mount Rainier. *This 14,410-foot volcanic cone 50 miles southeast of Seattle, Wash., has 28 glaciers which cover some 50 square miles of its steep slopes.*

Mountain climbing is one of the best ways of getting close to God, and of our American mountains this is the one I would choose. As man begins his slow ascent, he feels very small, very humble, and very religious.

Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is 217½ miles long, 4 to 18 miles wide, and over a mile de[illegible] at some points—the show place of a 673,575-acre national park.

It is impossible to stand at the edge of this incredible gorge without marveling that the Creator's tool for carving such a huge gash in the face of the earth was a mere river, seemingly a ribbon at the canyon bottom.



Pacific Ocean. *The world's largest and deepest body of water, it is twice the size of the Atlantic, covers one third of the earth, and is almost 11,000 miles wide at one point.*

Nowhere is the insignificance of man illustrated more clearly than by this mightiest of oceans. Nothing on earth is larger or more powerful, yet the Pacific reminds us of one great Power it—or we—cannot exceed.

YOUR HAPPIEST YEARS CAN BEGIN TODAY

CONSTRUCTION has begun on a home that can be yours in sunny Southern California. In lovely La Jolla, you can soon enjoy the freedom from care you've always wanted, at modest cost. Every morning you will look out on Mission Bay, the blue Pacific and nearby San Diego. You will probably spend your days in community projects and share your evenings with congenial companions. Living will be relaxed, or as active as you choose. This is the kind of retirement you've always wanted. This is permanent security, *including complete medical and surgical care,* underwritten by Pacific Homes, a non profit corporation of the Methodist church.

WESLEY PALMS is far more than a multi-storied building on a 40 acre slope, surrounded by home-like cottages. This is the ultimate in retirement living . . . and the transition from your present abode will be just a delightful experience. Comfort is paramount here. Comfort means wide, covered, nearly level walks without steps, between cottages and the main building. It means safety and extra conveniences in bathrooms, in illumination and walk-in type closets. It means that San Diego's near constant temperature is supplemented by circulating air and thermostatically controlled heat in every unit.

Apply now. Permanent security is a reality for applicants already accepted. Your happiest years could begin today. *Mail coupon now.*

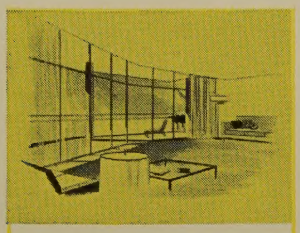
COSTS

A man, age 65, pre-pays $36,679 which, if considered on the basis of the remaining years of his life, would be $2,150 per year, or $179.17 per month. Costs at other ages are less.

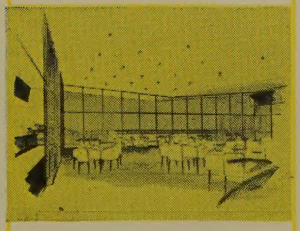
Examples

AGE	FOR LIFE
70	$31,891
75	27,254
80	22,946

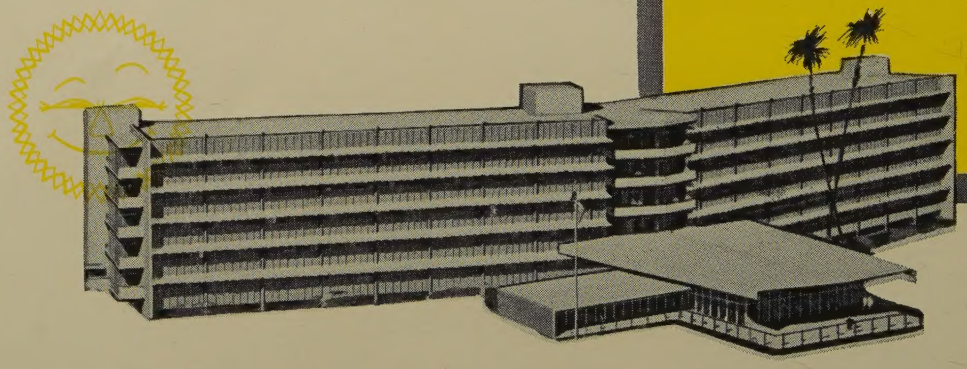
Figures above are based on a $7,500 single apartment and include complete life care. Costs, effective at time a contract is signed, cannot be increased; there are no other charges except for personal incidentals. Withdrawal allowed at any time by paying pro-rated cost for period of residency. For a limited number, partial pre-payment, with balance payable monthly, can be arranged.



California sunshine brightens the solarium on each floor, one of many attractive centers in the main building.



Meals, specially planned by a dietitian, are served in this cheerful dining room.



Wesley Palms

949 Turquoise Street
SAN DIEGO 9, CALIFORNIA

One of the retirement homes owned and operated by Pacific Homes, a non-profit corporation of the Southern California-Arizona Conference of THE METHODIST CHURCH.

Mail this coupon TODAY

M. D. WOODBURY, Sup't., Wesley Palms, 949 Turquoise St., San Diego 9, California.

Please send descriptive brochure and complete information on Wesley Palms.

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STREET _____

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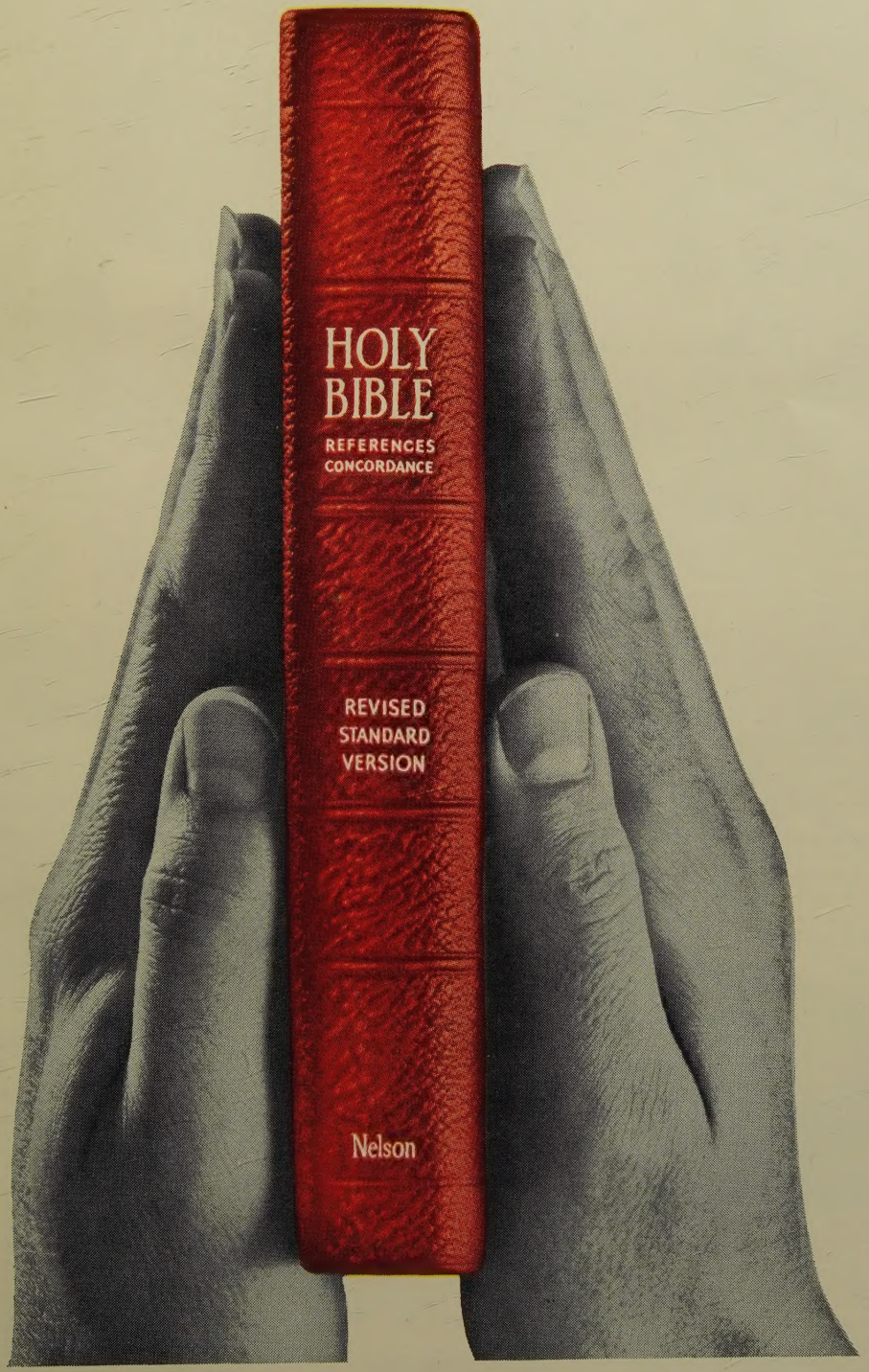

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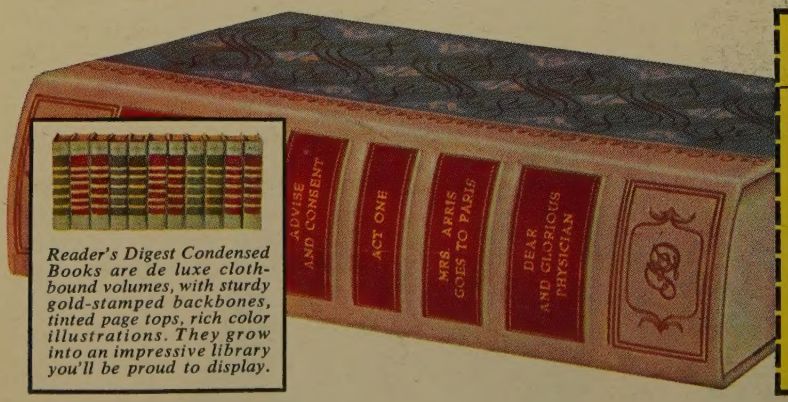

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